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P.T.O.

THE
BOOK OF FRENCH SONGS.



MARIE'S DREAM.

THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

THE
BOOK OF FRENCH SONGS.

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
MISS COSTELLO'S EARLY FRENCH POETRY.



LONDON AND NEW YORK:
EDERICK WARNE AND CO.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE two works published together in this volume have long been popular with the reading Public. Together, they afford, we think, a good representation of the early and later song literature of France.

TO Mr. OXENFORD'S "Book of French Songs," a few additional translations—the property of the Publishers—have been added : they are distinguished by initial letters.

IN Miss COSTELLO'S "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France," the slight change has been made of transferring the "Song of Richard Cœur de Lion" from the Appendix to that which appears to be its due place in the body of the work. M. MICHEL'S letter to Miss COSTELLO on the "Trouvères" has been omitted ; the subject of Troubadours and Trouvères having been discussed in the Introductions to both works. One or two small notes in which there was some repetition have also been omitted. Both these talented writers have passed from us, Mr. OXENFORD quite recently.

JOHN OXENFORD was born in 1811, and was educated for the law, but preferred the profession of literature, and became a dramatic author. He was also theatrical critic to the *Times*, and translated from the German the "Autobiography of Goëthe," and from the French the "Songs" here published.

Miss LOUISA STUART COSTELLO began her literary career early in life by the publication of a volume of poems which

attracted the notice of MOORE. They were followed by "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France," by which she first became generally known as a writer.

Miss COSTELLO has written some very charming travels, fiction, biography, and many well-known songs. Few ballads have been more popular than her "Queen of my Soul." This accomplished woman died in April, 1870.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

WHERE there is so abundant a song literature as that of France, a small volume like this cannot be free from sins of omission. Perhaps every reader may have in his mind some song that he will think ought to have had a place here, and that he will be surprised to find has been passed over. To all objections on the score of omission I can only answer by remarking, that where from a huge mass a very limited quantity is to be extracted, the work of selection must always bear an arbitrary appearance. However, I believe I am not going too far when I say that, in spite of the narrow compass of the collection, no class or style of song (fit for the general reader) has been left unrepresented.

As the book is intended for *reading*, the rhythm of the songs has not been in all cases so rigidly observed as it would have been if the translations had been written to music. With few exceptions, however, the translations are in the same metre as the original.

To research I do not pretend. The bulky collection of MM. Dumersan and Noel Ségur, together with the songs of Béranger, contained nearly all that was necessary for my purpose, and it is only for two or three songs of early date that I have gone to any other source. To MM. Dumersan and Ségur I am also indebted for the matter of the Introduction.

In some cases I have given the original French of the

songs. This is either where they have some peculiarity about them which can be scarcely represented in a translation, or where, through circumstances, they have acquired the rank of historical "facts." For the latter reason, nearly all the Revolutionary Songs, and likewise those anonymous songs that have almost become national property, are given in French.

I would conclude by expressing a hope that this little unpretending volume will be only judged according to the fidelity with which the spirit of the originals has been reproduced in my own language. I have endeavoured to give a type of every class of song, and I would not have it for a moment imagined, that where I have selected, I have always admired.

J. O.

INTRODUCTION.

FRANCE has always held a prominent position among nations as a land of song writers. In the middle ages no songster vied with the French Troubadour, and the nineteenth century can exhibit no lyrist, out of France, who has had an influence on the mass of his countrymen worthy to be compared with that exercised by Béranger on the citizens of Paris. Song seems always the natural expression of a Frenchman's joy and sorrow, enthusiasm and contempt. The memory of Henry IV. still lives in song; the battles of the Fronde were fought as much with songs as with bullets; the great Revolution has a song literature of its own, which becomes monotonous from its very copiousness; the victory of the allies over France has its rhymed record in songs of hate and defiance; and the revolutions that have followed the Restoration have their representatives in songs of triumph and in the cynical strains of communism.

The origin of French song is traced by antiquarians as far back as the origin of the French monarchy, and it seems that a Latin song sung by the French in the year 600, to celebrate a victory gained over the Saxons, is still in existence, together with two others of the same period and in the same language, one of which has the peculiarity of a *refrain* or burden. After this date, to be sure, a gap ensues which extends over five centuries, but this gap may fairly be attributed not so much to a loss of the poetical gift on the part of the nation, as to a want of efficient means to preserve its fruits.

nation from fanciful pursuits. There were, however, some stars amid the darkness, and the bibliophiles of France still talk of Jean Froissart, Guillaume de Lorris, Martial de Paris, Jean Lemaire, Guillaume Créton, Jean de Meuse, and Alain Chartier—especially the last—as respectable personages in the history of French poetry. A love of the beauties of nature in her tranquil moods, accompanied by a power of accumulating pleasant details, was the characteristic of the best poets of this epoch.

The origin of the word *vaudeville*,—which once denoted a kind of song, but now denotes a dramatic piece,—is placed in this period. Olivier Basselin, a fuller of Vire in Normandy, who distinguished himself from his more refined and more pious predecessors, by chanting coarse jovial strains in praise, not of fair ladies or of saints, but of wine and cider, is supposed to be the inventor of the *vaude-vire*,—a word which has since been corrupted into *vaudeville*. It is questionable, however, whether this honour of originating the *vaudeville* really belongs to him, and still more questionable whether his works have come down to posterity in the form in which he wrote them.

By the side of the *vaudeville*, which was the song of mirth, flourished the “*complainte*,” which was the strain of woe, and as there was no lack of sad events in the fifteenth century, the melancholy muse was never silent for want of a fitting subject.

Another poet of this time was François Corbeuil, commonly called Villon, who, according to Rabelais, was a *protégé* of Edward IV. of England, and whose “ballads” are still preserved. These are marked in many instances by a coarse comical moral, and are said to have been studied with much profit by the famous La Fontaine.

Francis I. was himself a poet, and his age was an age of poetry. The great events that occurred during his reign, and those of his next successors, were a constant source of inspiration to a series of poets, who were illustrious in their day, and whose songs fill many a collection now preserved in the National Library of

France. Among the most precious is a vellum manuscript, containing all the songs of Francis I. The great names in this age, which may be extended to the end of the sixteenth century, are those of Clément Marot, St Gelais, Du Bellay, Jodelle, Ronsard, Belleau, Passerat, and Baïf. To the last of these is attributed the honour of being the first person who endeavoured to enrich the French with a national music of their own. He was the inventor of those *ballets* which formed so essential an amusement at the royal courts till the reign of Louis XIV., and which may be considered, in some measure, the origin of the French opera.

The troubles of the League gave an impulse to song writing. Most of the songs had reference to the politics of the time; but licentious ditties were also in vogue, and so far exceeded the bounds of propriety, that at an assembly of the States General, held at Fontainebleau, a project for checking a license which seemed so detrimental to morality was discussed. The most famous song writers of this period were Desportes and Bertaut. They were the immediate predecessors of Regnier and Malherbe, the latter of whom is usually considered the first classical writer of French poetry. King Henry IV., so illustrious as a sovereign, also takes a high place among the poets of his day; and perhaps no song has retained general popularity for so long a time as the well-known "Charmante Gabrielle," which he addressed to his mistress, the famous Gabrielle d'Estrées.

During the reign of Louis XIII. and the minority of Louis XIV., song took an eminently satirical turn, and the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin were constant objects of metrical attack. The Bacchanalian Song, which indeed has always occupied an important place in French lyrical poetry, from the days of Olivier Basselin to the present time, was also much cultivated; and the Marquis de Racan, who was one of the earliest members of the French Academy, gained a reputation in this class of literature which is not yet extinct.

It should be observed that these poets for the most part

belonged, or at any rate were attached, to the higher class of society, with whom verse writing was an elegant amusement. However, shortly before Richelieu's death, two artisans, Adam Billaut of Nevers, and Olivier Massias of Angoulême, created a great sensation by their rhymes. The songs of the first of these, who is generally called Maître Adam, are considered models of their kind, and obtained for the poet the honour of an introduction to the King and Richelieu.

In the reign of Louis XIV., song, like every other branch of French literature, rose to a most flourishing condition; and so much was sung on every subject, that a history of the period could almost be constructed by a proper arrangement of ephemeral poems. An attempt to name the poets of this long and prolific reign would only produce a tedious list of authors, many of whom no longer live in the memory of the people. Among the poets of the King's minority we may mention Voiture, Scarron, and Bois Robert, who was esteemed the best song writer of his day, but whose productions are now little respected. A great but transient popularity was attained by the Baron de Blot, surnamed Blot-l'Esprit, who chiefly distinguished himself by satirizing Cardinal Mazarin. Dufresny and the Abbé de Lattaignant, whose songs were fashionable at the court of Louis XIV., are celebrated even at the present day.

Songs, nominally pastoral, but really artificial in the highest degree, were in vogue at the time to which we are now referring; and works of that Phyllis-and-Chloe school of poetry, which once deluged the lyrical world in England, are to be found in great abundance among the treasures of French song. All this sort of thing has long past away, and is deemed not antique, but old-fashioned. With Panard, a convivial poet who flourished during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, begin that modern school of French lyrical poetry which still exists in full vigour, and he may fairly be called the poetical ancestor of Béranger.

During the minority of Louis XV., in which licentiousness was

carried to so great a height that the word *Regency* has almost become the symbol of general immorality, song attained the same freedom from moral restraint which was observable in actual life. All the lyric poets of the day were in the habit of meeting at the house of a tradesman named Gallet, who, together with Piron, Crébillon the Younger, and Collet,—all, as well as himself, poets of celebrity,—founded in 1733 a singing club entitled *Les Diners du Caveau*.

In the reign of Louis XVI. the gaiety of song had passed away; or, more properly speaking, gaiety, even where it did prevail, was tinged with ferocity. The famous *Carmagnole*, with which the Parisian mob insulted the unfortunate King and Queen during their imprisonment in the Temple, stands as a curious monument of ribald joviality by the side of those more sublime revolutionary songs, in which the aspirations of the French republicans are eloquently set forth; and we have still specimens of comic poetry on the subject of the guillotine, written during the horrors of 1794. The poets whose songs we may term the classics of the Revolution were Rouget de Lisle and Marie Joseph Chénier.

The proclamation of a sort of theatrical free-trade in 1792 led to the establishment of a particular theatre for the performance of those light musical pieces, which are so familiar to every *habitué* of the French drama by the name of *vaudeville*. During the Consulate of Napoleon, song once more lost its solemn and ferocious character, and in 1804 the principal poets of the new theatre formed themselves into a club entitled *Diners du Vaudeville*. The fortunes of the theatre greatly regulated the fortunes of this society, for, according to a standing rule, composed in rhyme, no person could be admitted as a member who had not produced three pieces, two of which had escaped condemnation. Thus, as the number of successful authors increased, the dinner parties, which were held in the house of an actor named Juliet, became larger.

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did not last long, and in 1806 Armand Gouffé and Capelle revived the old *Caveau*, founded by Gallet and his friends in 1733, giving it the name of the *Caveau Moderne*. Many of the members of the extinct *vaudeville* club joined the revived society, and the meetings were held once a month at the *Rocher de Cancale*, a restaurant celebrated at the time for fish dinners. The perpetual president was Laujon, a veteran bard and *bon vivant*, who sang of love and wine at the age of eighty-four, and died, it is said, humming a joyous tune; and one of its brightest ornaments was Désaugiers, a song writer whose name is only second to that of Béranger himself, from whom at the same time he is perfectly distinct. During the ten years of its existence the *Caveau Moderne* published an annual collection of its productions, for it must be borne in mind that the members of these vocal societies wrote songs on purpose to be sung at the meetings. In 1815 it was dissolved, in consequence of the diversity of political opinion that prevailed at that period. It revived, indeed, in 1826, but its reputation did not revive with it. Béranger was one of the members of the *Caveau Moderne* in its best days, but he did not attain his high celebrity till after 1815, when he stood as the chief poetical opponent of the court and the aristocracy.

Vocal societies, emulous of the fame of the *Caveau Moderne*, were founded in several French towns, and also in Paris itself, for the admission of persons who could not be received into the *Caveau*. The first of these minor Parisian societies was the *Société de Momus*, rendered illustrious by the name of Emile Debreaux, one of the most popular poets that France ever produced. The example being once set, the formation of similar societies proceeded with such rapidity, that in 1836 their number in Paris and the *banlieue* was estimated at four hundred and eighty-five. In 1832 the supremacy among these societies was held by the *Gymnase Lyrique*, which had been founded in 1824, and which, in imitation of the *Caveau*, published an annual volume of songs. This society was dissolved in 1841, and its great success was

shown by the fact that, in the very year of its dissolution, it was impossible to obtain a complete collection of its publications at any Parisian bookseller's.

The Revolution of July 1830 brought with it, not only a revival of the republican songs of the last century, but also several new compositions, the most famous of which were by the illustrious dramatist, Casimir Delavigne. For a while songs in a strain of enthusiastic nationality eclipsed every other kind of lyrical expression, and the lighter themes, which had been so happily touched by the French poets for many ages, began to be disregarded. Béranger, who, before the Restoration, had sung the joys of a happy poverty, and since that event had been the constant scourge of the elder Bourbons,—Béranger, who had raised French song to a classical importance never before known,—even Béranger, who heartily sympathized with the Revolution of July, began to think that the “reign of song was over.” The great poet, however, was not only wrong in his belief, but in the year 1834 a new impulse was given to song by the formation of a society called *La Lice Chansonnère*, which was open to the poets who could not afford to become members of the *Caveau* or of the *Gymnase Lyrique*, where meetings were always celebrated by expensive banquets. The founder of this society was Charles Lepage, an eccentric poet, who sometimes earned a good livelihood by writing motto-verses for the vendors of *bon-bons*. According to the rules of *La Lice Chansonnère*, the meetings were held in public, every member had a right to sing a song, an annual collection of songs was published, and prizes were given to authors of the best works. Several of the most popular songs owe their origin to this society.

A new epoch in French song was created by the Revolution of 1848. The revolutionary songs of the last century were violently warlike and republican, but they were free from that communistic tendency which now so frequently accompanies the profession of republican sentiments. At the head of the most modern school

of French lyric poets we must place the admirable Pierre Dupont, and for the most characteristic specimen of his tendency, point to that vigorous outpouring of stern discontent,—*Le Chant des Ouvriers*.

Here ends the history of song considered as complete in itself, and independent of the drama.



SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.



BALLAD.

KING FRANCIS I. Born 1494, died 1547.

As at my window—all alone—
I stood about the break of day,
Upon my left Aurora shone,
To guide Apollo on his way.
Upon my right I could behold
My love, who combed her locks of gold;
I saw the lustre of her eyes,
And, as a glance on me she cast,
Cried, “Gods, retire behind your skies,
Your brightness is by hers surpassed.”

As gentle Phœbe, when at night
She shines upon the earth below,
Pours forth such overwhelming light,
All meaner orbs must faintly glow.

Thus did my lady, on that day,
 Eclipse Apollo's brighter ray,
 Whereat he was so sore distressed
 His face with clouds he overcast,
 And I exclaimed, "That course is best,—
 Your brightness is by hers surpassed."

Then happiness my bosom cheered ;
 But soon Apollo shone once more,
 And in my jealous rage I feared
 He loved the fair one I adore.
 And was I wrong?—Nay, blame who can,—
 When jealous of each mortal man,
 The love of gods can I despise?
 I hope to conquer fear at last,
 By crying, "Keep behind your skies,
 Ye gods, your lustre is surpassed!"

ORIGINAL.*

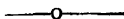
ETANT seulet, aupres d'une fenestre,
 Par un matin, comme le jour poignoit,
 Je regardai l'Aurore à main senestre,
 Qui à Phœbus le chemin enseignoit,
 Et d'autre part, ma mie qui peignoit
 Son chef doré, et vis ses luisans yeux,
 Dont me jetta un trait si gracieux,
 Qu'à haute voix je fus contraint de dire :
 Dieux immortels, entrez dedans vos cieux ;
 Car la beauté de ceste vous empire.

Comme Phœbé, quand ce bas lieu terrestre,
 Par sa clarté, de nuit illuminoit,
 Toute leur demcuroit en sequestre :
 Car sa splendeur toutes autres minoit.
 Ainsi ma dame en son regard tenoit
 Tout obscurci le soleil radieux,

* The peculiarity, that every stanza has the same terminations, should not be overlooked, though it has not been adopted in the translation.

Dont de dépit, lui triste et soucieux,
 Sur les humains lors ne daigna plus luire;
 Par quoi, lui dis: Vous faites pour le mieux;
 Car la beauté de ceste vous empire.

O que de joie en mon cœur sentis naistre,
 Quand j'apperçus que Phœbus retournoit!
 Car je craignois qu' amoureux voulust estre
 Du doux objet qui mon cœur détenoit.
 Avois-je tort? Non: car, s'il y venoit
 Quelque mortel, j'en serois soucieux.
 Devois-je pas doncques craindre les dieux,
 Et despriser, pour fuir un tel martire,
 En leur criant: Retournez dans vos cieux;
 Car la beauté de ceste vous empire.



SONG.

(Philis qui me voit le teint blême.)

FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBES. Born 1555, died 1628.

François de Malherbes is regarded as the father of modern French poetry. Earlier writers are without the pale of classicality.

PHILLIS sees me pine away,
 Sees my ravished senses stray,
 Down my cheeks the tear-drops creeping.
 When she seeks the cause of pain,
 Of her charms she is so vain
 That she thinks for her I'm weeping.

Sorry I should be, forsooth,
 Did I vex her with the truth.
 Yet it surely is permitted
 Just to point out her mistakes,
 When herself the cause she makes
 Of a crime she ne'er committed.

'T was a wondrous school, no doubt,
Where she found her beauty out,
Which, she thinks, can triumph o'er me;
So that, deeming her divine,
I can languish, weep and pine,
With so plain a truth before me.

Mine would be an easy case
If a happy resting-place
In her den she could insure me;
Then for solace to my woe
Far I should not have to go,—
E'en the vilest herbs might cure me.

'T is from Glycera proceeds
Grief with which my bosom bleeds
Beyond solace or assistance.
Glycera commands my fate,
As she pleases to dictate
Death is near or at a distance.

Sure of ice that heart is made
Which no pity can invade,
Even for a single minute;
But whatever faults I see,
In my soul still bideth she,—
Room for thee is not within it.

ORIGINAL.

PHILIS qui me voit le teint blême,
Les sens ravis de moi-même,
Et les yeux trempés chaque jour,
Cherchant la cause de ma peine,
Se figure, tant elle est vaine,
Qu'elle m'a donné de l'amour.

Je suis marri que la colère
Me porte jusqu'à lui déplaire;
Mais pourquoi ne m'est-il permis
De lui dire qu'elle s'abuse,
Puisqu'à ma honte elle s'accuse
De ce qu'elle n'a point commis?

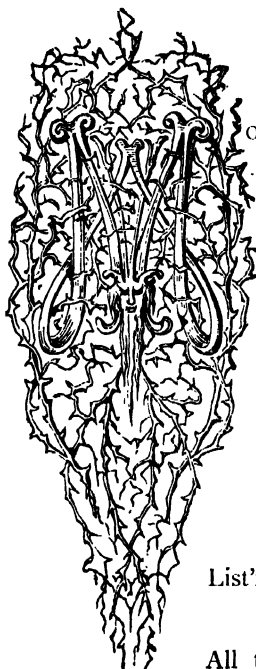
En quelle école n'ompareille
Auroit-elle appris la merveille
De si bien charmer ses appas,
Que je pusse la trouver belle,
Pâlir, transir, languir pour elle,
Et ne m'en appercevoir pas ?

Oh qu'il me seroit desirable
Que je ne fusse misérable
Que pour être dans sa prison !
Mon mal ne m'étonneroit guères,
Et les herbes les plus vulgaires
M'en donneroient la guérison.

C'est de Glycère que procèdent
Tous les ennuis qui me possèdent,
Sans remède et sans reconfort :
Glycère fait mes destinées ;
Et comme il lui plaît, mes années
Sont ou près ou loin de la mort.

C'est bien un courage de glace,
Où la pitié n'a point de place,
Et que rien ne peut émouvoir ;
Mais, quelque défaut que j'y blâme,
Je ne puis l'ôter de mon ame,
Non plus que vous y recevoir.





SONG.

Attributed to KING HENRY IV. Born 1553, died 1610.

MORNING bright
 Rise to sight,
 Glad am I thy face to see;
 One I love,
 All above,
 Has a ruddy cheek like thee.

Fainter far
 Roses are,
 Though with morning dew-drops bright,
 Ne'er was fur
 Soft like her—
 Milk itself is not so white.

When she sings,
 Soon she brings
 List'ners out from ev'ry cot,
 Pensive swains
 Hush their strains,
 All their sorrows are forgot.

She is fair,
 Past compare,
 One small hand her waist can span.
 Eyes of light—
 Stars, though bright,
 Match those eyes you never can.

Hebe blest,
 Once the best
 Food of gods before her placed;
 When I sip
 Her red lip
 I can still the nectar taste.

ORIGINAL.

VIENS, Aurore,
Je t'implore,
Je suis gai quand je te voi.
La bergère,
Qui m'est chère,
Est vermeille comme toi.

De rosée
Arrosée,
La rose a moins de fraîcheur ;
Une hermine
Est moins fine ;
Le lait a moins de blancheur.

Pour entendre
Sa voix tendre
On déserte le hameau,
Et Tityre,
Qui soupire,
Fait taire son chalumeau.

Elle est blonde,
Sans seconde ;
Elle a la taille à la main ;
Sa prunelle
Etincelle
Comme l'astre du matin.

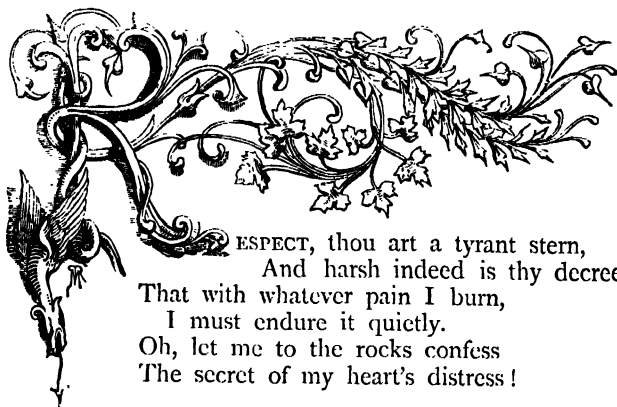
D'ambrosie,
Bien choisie,
Hébé la nourrit à part ;
Et sa bouche,
Quand j'y touche,
Me parfume de nectar.

SONG.

(Cruel tyrant de mes desirs.)

MARQUIS DE RACAN. Born 1589, died 1670.

Honorat de Bueil, Marquis de Racan, was one of the most celebrated poets of the seventeenth century, and one of the first members of the French Academy.



RESPECT, thou art a tyrant stern,
 And harsh indeed is thy decree,
 That with whatever pain I burn,
 I must endure it quietly.
 Oh, let me to the rocks confess
 The secret of my heart's distress !

The silence of these woods is deep,
 My secret they will never tell ;
 Here constantly the echoes sleep,
 And here repose will ever dwell.
 The zephyrs only can confess
 The secret of my heart's distress.

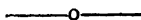
These shady boughs, so thickly spread,
 Consoling to my grief appear ;
 The bitter tear-drops that I shed
 Seem to receive a welcome here.
 Here, only here, I can confess
 The secret of my heart's distress.

Though passion urges me to speak
 Whene'er the lovely nymph is near,
 She, who my heart can captive make,
 Then makes my tongue her fetters wear.

To her I do not dare confess,
E'en by a sigh, my heart's distress.

Her eyes seem not of mortal birth,
Nought rivals their celestial fires,
The Maker of the heavens and earth
In them His masterpiece admires;
Her beauty,—that, I will confess,
Is worthy of my heart's distress.

If kindly fortune will, at last,
Show that I have not prayed in vain,
If after many seasons past,
My love its rich reward shall gain,—
Then to the rocks will I confess
How lovers taste true happiness.



I'LL LOVE THEE.

Anonymous.

I'LL love thee while the rosy-fingered dawn
Heralds the day-god's coming reign of light;
I'll love thee while the goddess Flora's gifts
Adorn fair bosoms with their blossoms bright.

I'll love thee whilst the swallows to their nests
Return upon the breezes of the spring;
I'll love thee while the turtles of the wood
Their mournful love-lays on the branches sing.

I'll love thee while the tranquil wave reflects
The light and colour of the summer heaven;
I'll love thee while great Nature's precious gifts
To us and to the earth are yearly given.

I'll love thee while the shepherd trusts his dog,
The faithful guardian of his fleecy care;
I'll love thee while the butterfly delights
To hover o'er June's blossoms, sweet and fair.

I'll love thee while upon the flow'ry mead
 The happy lambkin finds a sweet repose;
 I'll love thee—soul of my own life!—until
 The zephyr ceases to adore the rose.

I'll love thee while a spark of Love's bright torch
 Shall light the path of life with faintest ray;
 Our soul was given us that we might love,
 And I will love thee till my dying day!

THE AVARICIOUS SHEPHERDESS.

(*L'Avaricieuse.*)

DUFRESNY. Born 1648, died 1724.

Charles Rivière Dufresny was not only a poet, but also a musician and draughtsman, and an architect of some renown in the reign of Louis XIV. It was, however, as a poet he was most famous; and while he shone in light comedy, he is looked upon as the predecessor in many respects of the more celebrated Abbé Lattaignant.



HILLIS, somewhat hard by nature,
 Would not an advantage miss,
 She asked Damon—greedy creature!—
 Thirty sheep for one small kiss.

Lovely Phillis, on the morrow,
 Cannot her advantage keep;
 She gives Damon, to her sorrow,
 Thirty kisses for one sheep.

On the morrow, grown more tender,
 Phillis, ah! has come to this,
 Thirty sheep she will surrender
 For a single loving kiss.

Now another day is over,
 Damon sheep and dog might get
 For the kiss which he—the rover!—
 Gave for nothing to Lizette.

WISHES.

(Les Souhais.)

The ABBÉ DE LATTAINANT. Born 1690, died 1779.

Few writers have attained greater celebrity in their day than the Abbé Lattaignant, whose facility in writing and singing songs made him the delight of the fashionable circles in Paris towards the middle of the last century. This true specimen of the *Abbé Galant* of former days turned devout in his old age, and died in a monastic establishment.

OH, my dearest !
Oh, my fairest !
For thy favour I implore.
I will be
True to thee,
I will love thee evermore.

If I had an hundred hearts
Never should one stray from thee,
If I had an hundred hearts
Every one should feel thy darts.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If an hundred eyes were mine,
Thee alone those eyes would see ;
If an hundred eyes were mine
Every one on thee would shine.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If an hundred tongues I had,
They should speak of nought but thee ;
If an hundred tongues I had,
All should talk of thee, like mad.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If I were a potent god
Then immortal thou shouldst be,
If I were a potent god
All should worship at thy nod.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If five hundred souls you were
You for her should rivals be,

If five hundred souls you were
All should love this beauty rare.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

Had you reached your hundredth year—
Young with her would Nestor be,—
Had you reached your hundredth year
Spring through her would re-appear.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

ORIGINAL.

MA mie,
Ma douce amie,
Réponds à mes amours.
Fidèle
A cette belle,
Je l'aimerai toujours.

Si j'avais cent cœurs,
Ils ne seraient remplis que d'elle;
Si j'avais cent cœurs,
Aucun d'eux n'aimerait ailleurs.
Ma mie, &c.

Si j'avais cent yeux,
Ils seraient tous fixés sur elle;
Si j'avais cent yeux,
Ils ne verraient qu'elle en tous lieux.
Ma mie, &c.

Si j'avais cent voix,
Elles ne parleraient que d'elle;
Si j'avais cent voix,
Toutes rediraient à la fois:
Ma mie, &c.

Si j'étais un dieu,
Je voudrais la rendre immortelle;
Si j'étais un dieu
On l'adorerait en tout lieu.
Ma mie, &c.

Fussiez-vous cinq cents,
 Vous seriez tous rivaux près d'elle;
 Fussiez-vous cinq cents,
 Vous voudriez en être amants.
 Ma mie, &c.

Eussiez-vous cent ans,
 Nestor rajeunirait pour elle;
 Eussiez-vous cent ans,
 Vous retrouveriez le printemps.
 Ma mie,
 Ma douce amie,
 Réponds à mes amours.
 Fidèle
 A cette belle,
 Je l'aimerai toujours.

SONG.

(Ah Dieu ! que la flamme est cruelle.)

JEAN DESMARETS. Born 1595, died 1676.

Jean Desmarets occupies a conspicuous place in the annals of the Court of Louis XIII., on account of his share in the tragedies attributed to Cardinal Richelieu.



II, Heaven ! how cruel is the flame
 Which Love has destined me to
 feel !
 I wait upon a fickle dame,
 And though she's false, I love
 her still.

More constant is the roving wind,
 More constant is the rolling sea ;
 Proteus was apt to change, we find,—
 He never changed so oft as she.

On me she now bestows her grace,
 Love's not enough, she will adore ;
 Now lets another take my place,
 And vows she ne'er saw me before.

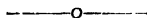
The other, boasting of my fall,
Soon finds his exultation vain ;
His bark is shattered by the squall,
And I am safe in port again.*

I try all art's and nature's tricks,
And all a lover's brain can plot,
Hoping this quicksilver to fix,
Yet ne'er advance a single jot.

But whatsoever faults I see,
This is the grief I most deplore,—
I cannot set my spirit free,
In spite of all, I must adore.

With jealous rage her door I spurn,
And swear I never will go back ;
But still I find my feet return,
'They will not leave the ancient track.

We quarrel now, and now forgive,—
Mine is a wretched case, no doubt ;
I plainly see I cannot live
Or with my tyrant or without.



THE ROSE-BUSH.

DE LEVRE. Died 1717.

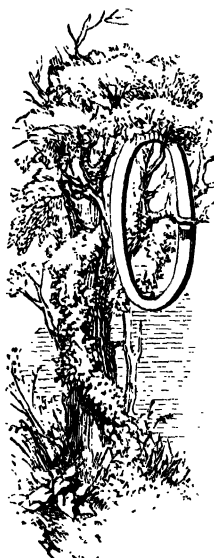
This romance is a French cradle-song—familiar to many generations.

I PLANTED it, I saw its birth,
'This lovely rose-bush—whence at morn
The song of birds upon its boughs
Is to my chamber window borne.

Ye joyous birds— a loving crowd—
For pity, sing no more, I pray ;
For my true love, who made me blest,
Is gone to countries far away.

For treasures of the rich New World
 He flies from love, and death he braves;
 With happiness secured in port,
 Why should he seek it on the waves?

Ye swallows of the wandering wing,
 Whom every spring return we see—
 Faithful, although ye wander far—
 Oh, bring my lover back to me!



OH! MAMMA.

(*Ah! vous dirai-je, maman?*)

What young lady, who has taken half a dozen lessons on the piano, is unacquainted with the air of "*Ah! vous dirai-je*," which is by some attributed to Rameau? The words, which are anonymous, are less generally known.

H, mamma, how can I tell
 In my heart what torments dwell?
 Since I saw that handsome swain
 Eyeing me, could I refrain
 From this little wicked thought:—
 Without loving—life is nought?

Me into a bower he took,
 And with wreaths adorned my crook,
 Which of choicest flowers he made.
 Then, "My dear brunette," he said,
 "Flora's charms are less than thine,
 Ne'er was love to equal mine.

Being formed with charms like these,
 You should love and try to please;
 Made for love, say teachers sage,
 Is the spring-time of our age;
 If a longer time we wait,
 We regret, when 't is too late."

Then I felt the blushes start,
 Then a sigh betrayed my heart.

Damon trained in Cupid's school
Showed he was no simple fool;
I had fled, but he said "No"—
Ne'er was maiden puzzled so.

Then I feigned to sink with dread,
Then I from his clutches fled.
But when I was safe at last,
Through my heart the question past
Mingling hope with bitter pain:
Shall I see his face again?

Shepherdesses, mark my words,
Nothing love, beside your herds.
Of the shepherds pray beware,
If they look with tender air,
If they tender thoughts reveal,
Oh, what torment you may feel!

ORIGINAL.

AH! vous dirai-je, maman,
Ce qui cause mon tourment?
Depuis que j'ai vu Silandre
Me regarder d'un air tendre,
Mon cœur dit à tout moment:
Peut-on vivre sans amant?

L'autre jour dans un bosquet,
De fleurs il fit un bouquet,
Il en para ma houlette,
Me disant: "Belle brunette,
Flore est moins belle que toi,
L'amour moins tendre que moi.

"Etant faite pour charmer,
Il faut plaire, il faut aimer,
C'est au printemps de son âge
Qu'il est dit que l'on s'engage;
Si vous tardez plus longtemps,
On regrette ces moments."

Je rougis et, par malheur,
 Un soupir trahit mon cœur ;
 Silvandre, en amant, habile,
 Ne joua pas l'imbécile :
 Je veux fuir, il ne veut pas :
 Jugez de mon embarras.

Je fis semblant d'avoir peur,
 Je m'échappai par bonheur ;
 J'eus recours à la retraite.
 Mais quelle peine secrète
 Se mêle dans mon espoir,
 Si je ne puis le revoir.

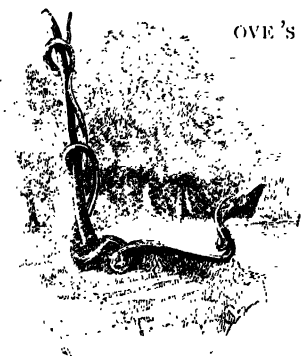
Bergères de ce hameau,
 N'aimez que votre troupeau,
 Un berger, prenez-y garde,
 S'il vous aime, vous regarde,
 Et s'exprime tendrement,
 Peut vous causer du tourment.

--O----

I'LL NOT SHOW OVER-HASTE.

(Je ne veux pas me presser.)

THE DUKE DE NIVERNON.



LOVE'S a foolish thing, no doubt,
 Mother says so every day ;
 Love we cannot do without,
 When we're handsome, young,
 and gay.
 Good mamma, when at my age,
 Youth's delights, no doubt,
 would taste ;
 I shall be, too,—I'll engage,
 When my time comes,—wonder-
 drous sage,
 But I'll not show over-haste.

At the dance the other night,
 Colin on me cast an eye;
 I appeared embarrassed—quite,
 Seemed as though I wished to fly.
 But my steps were very slow,
 Hurry would have been misplaced,
 No disdain I wished to show.
 When the men torment us so—
 We should fly, but not with haste.

Colin with his vows will come,
 When the light of morning breaks;
 When at night our flocks go home,
 Colin still profession makes.
 Most indifferent I appear,
 Though his words are to my taste,
 And my tender heart, I fear,
 I shall give it up, oh, dear!
 But I'll not show over-haste.

I have seen how turtle-doves,
 Though a tenderness they feel
 For their ardent feathered loves,
 Show a firm resistance still.
 For my pattern I will take
 Doves with so much prudence graced.
 Such their lovers ne'er forsake—
 Binding vows I, too, will make,
 But I'll not show over-haste.

POOR JACQUES.

(L'œuvre Jacques.)

MARCHIONESS DE TRAVANET.

This little song, which was quite the rage a few years before the first Revolution, owed its origin to a circumstance which occurred while the "Petite Suisse," an artificial Swiss village, was constructed at the Little Trianon, for the amusement of Queen Marie Antoinette. A Swiss peasant-girl, who was brought from Switzerland with some cows to heighten the illusion, was observed to look melancholy, and the exclamation "Pauvre Jacques!" showed that she was pining for a distant lover. The Queen was so touched by the girl's sorrow, that she sent for

Jacques, and gave her a wedding portion ; while the Marchioness de Travanez was moved to write the song of "*Pauvre Jacques*," to which she also composed the music.

POOR Jacques, when I was close to thee,
No sense of want my fancy crossed ;
But now thou livest far from me,
I feel that all on earth is lost.

When thou my humble toil wouldst share,
I felt my daily labours light ;
Then every day appeared so fair ;
But what can make the present bright ?

I cannot bear the sun's bright ray,
When on the furrowed plain it falls ;
When through the shady wood I stray,
All nature round my heart appals.

Poor Jacques, when I was close to thee,
No sense of want my fancy crossed ;
But now thou livest far from me,
I feel that all on earth is lost.

ORIGINAL.

PAUVRE Jacques, quand j'étais près de toi,
Je ne sentais pas ma misère ;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
Je manque de tout sur la terre. (*bis.*)

Quand tu venais partager mes travaux,
Je trouvais ma tâche légère,
T'en souvient-il ? tous les jours étaient beaux ;
Qui me rendra ce temps prospère ? (*bis.*)

Quand le soleil brille sur nos guérets,
Je ne puis souffrir la lumière :
Et quand je suis à l'ombre des forêts,
J'accuse la nature entière. (*bis.*)

Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étais près de toi,
Je ne sentais pas ma misère ;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
Je manque de tout sur la terre. (*bis.*)



THE INFIDELITIES OF LISETTE.

(Les Infidélités de Lisette.)

BÉRANGER. Born 1780, died 1857.

1926

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born at Paris in 1780, at the house of a tailor, his grandfather, who had the charge of his infancy. At the age of nine years he witnessed the taking of the Bastille, which made an indelible impression on his memory. Shortly afterwards he left Paris for Peronne, where he became apprentice in the printing establishment of M. Laisney, and the task of *composing* seems to have given him the first notions of literature. A primary school founded at Peronne, on the principles of Jean Jacques Rousseau, completed his youthful education; and when he returned to Paris, at the age of sixteen, he began to write epic, dramatic, and religious poems, inspired by studies of Molière and Chateaubriand. At the same time, however, while suffering the severest privations, he made several essays in that style of writing to which he owes his celebrity, and to this period of his life belong those lyrical expressions of a joyous poverty, of which *Roger Bontemps*, *Les Gueux*, and *Le Vieil Habit* may be cited as excellent specimens.

The poverty of Béranger proved at last too much for his patience, indomitable as this virtue appears in his effusions. In 1803, finding himself totally without resources, he sent a number of his poems to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul. Lucien was a patron of literature, and at once obtained for Béranger an allowance from the Institute. The fortunes of the poet now took a new turn, and in 1809 he obtained an appointment connected with the University, which he held for twelve years. His salary never exceeded 2,000 francs (£80), but as his habits were extremely simple, this was all he required, and his natural love of independence prevented him from soliciting a pension.

In 1814 he gained admission to the *Carnet* on the strength of two of his most popular songs, *Les Gueux* and *Les Infidélités de Lisette*, and now distinguished himself above the rest of the

members by those inimitable songs, in which hearty good-humour and a frank spirit of independence almost compensate for very lax morality. As yet his principal themes of song were the joys of the bottle and the charms of the *Grisette*; though he gave signs of his future political tendency by two of his most popular songs, *Le Sénateur* and *Le Roi d'Yvetot*.

It was after the Restoration that he assumed that indignant tone, in which he endeavoured to stimulate the hatred of the masses against the Court, the aristocracy, and the foreigners who had brought back the Bourbons. Through the freedom of the songs which he now wrote, he not only lost his situation, but was subjected to a heavy fine and three months' imprisonment. This punishment only served to increase his audacity. When the term of his imprisonment had expired, he again shone forth as the democratic poet *par excellence*, and the profanity of one of his songs (*Le bon Dieu*) furnishing a pretext for prosecution, he was again sent to prison in December, 1828, his term of confinement on this occasion being nine months.

The Revolution of July not only put an end to the persecutions of the poet, but opened a path to fortune. However, that love of independence, which is his noblest characteristic, would not allow him to accept any place even under a friendly government. He still continued to publish his songs, and even, when after the Revolution of 1848 he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly by more than 200,000 votes, he resigned his honours as speedily as possible.

As a happy appearance of spontaneity constitutes one of the principal charms of Béranger's poems, the following remarks by M. Destigny, who has written a tolerably elaborate article on the poet in the "Nouvelle Biographie Universelle," will probably surprise those who imagine that easy reading is an indication of easy writing:

"Béranger produces nothing at the first impulse, or as the result of a happy inspiration. He broods over his thoughts, matures them, analyses them, and connects them before he casts them into the mould which is to give them their form. It is not until he has got the *ensemble* of his work that he arranges the separate parts, and polishes it with that scrupulous care and inimitable tact which were employed by Benvenuto Cellini in the carving of a crown. Even in his most trifling songs it is impossible to discover a single useless epithet or forced expression. His style is clear, precise, and pure to a degree which sets all criticism at defiance."

The above biography may appear disproportionately long; but it should be borne in mind that Béranger is the song-writer of France *par excellence*, while many authors named in this collection are men distinguished as authors in other branches of literature. Moreover, there will be found frequent occasions to refer to the periods at which the different songs of Béranger were written, for there is no poet whose words have a more intimate connection with his own worldly condition and the history of his country.

LISETTE, who o'er my glass
Will, like a despot, reign,
Compelling me—alas!
To beg a drop in vain.
No chicken now am I,
Yet you my *quantum* fix;
When, dearest, did I try
To reckon up your tricks?
Lisette, O my Lisette,
You're false—but let that pass—
A health to the *grisette*;
And to our love, Lisette,
I'll fill another glass.

Young Lindor swaggers so,
Your cunning he defies;
I own he whispers low,
But then he loudly sighs.

Your kind regards for him
Alrcady he has told,
So fill up to the brim,
My dearest, lest I scold.
Lisette, O my Lisette, &c.

Clitander—happy knave—
With him I found you out :
The kisses that he gave
You took without a pout,
And then repaid him more :
Base girl, remember this,
And let my glass run o'er,—
A bumper for each kiss !
Lisette, O my Lisette, &c.

Mondor, who ribbons brings,
And knick-knacks which you prize,
Has ventured on strange things
Before my very eyes ;
I've seen enough to make
A modest person blush ;
Another glass I'll take
These rogueries to hush.
Lisette, O my Lisette, &c.

One evening to your door
I came with noiseless tread,
A thief, who came before,
From out your window fled.
I had, before that day,
Made that same rascal flee.
Another bottle, pray,
Lest I too plainly see.
Lisette, O my Lisette, &c.

Upon them every one
Your bounties you will heap,
And those, with whom you've done,
You know I'm forced to keep.

So drink with them I will,
 You shall not balk my vein.
 Pray be my mistress still,
 Your friends shall still be mine.
 Lisette, O my Lisette, &c.

ORIGINAL.

LISETTE, dont l'empire
 S'étend jusqu' à mon vin,
 J'éprouve la martyre
 D'en demander en vain.
 Pour souffrir qu'à mon âge
 Les coups me soient comptés,
 Ai-je compté, volage,
 Tes infidélités?
 Lisette, ma Lisette,
 Tu m'as trompé toujours;
 Mais vive la grisette!
 Je veux, Lisette,
 Boire à nos amours.

Lindor, par son audace,
 Met ta ruse en défaut;
 Il te parle à voix basse,
 Il soupire tout haut.
 Du tendre espoir qu'il fonde
 Il m'instruisit d'abord.
 De peur que je n'en gronde,
 Verse au moins jusqu' au bord,
 Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

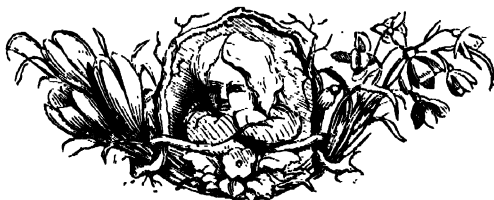
Avec l'heureux Clitandre
 Lorsque je te surpris,
 Vous comptiez d'un air tendre
 Les baisers qu'il t'a pris.
 Ton humeur peu sévère
 En comptant les doubla;
 Remplis encor mon verre
 Pour tous ces baisers-là.
 Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.



Mondor, qui toujours donne
Et rubans et bijoux,
Devant moi te chiffonne
Sans te mettre en courroux.
J'ai vu sa main hardie
S'égarer sur ton sein;
Verse jusqu' à la lie
Pour un si grand larcin.
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

Certain soir je pénètre
Dans ta chambre, et sans bruit,
Je vois par la fenêtre
Un voleur qui s'enfuit.
Je l'avais, dès la veille,
Fait fuir de ton boudoir.
Ah ! qu'une autre bouteille
M'empêche de tout voir !
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

Tous, comblés de tes graces,
Mes amis sont les tiens ;
Et ceux dont tu te lasses,
C'est moi qui les soutiens.
Qu'avec ceux-là, traîtresse,
La vin me soit permis :
Sois toujours ma maîtresse,
Et gardons nos amis.
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

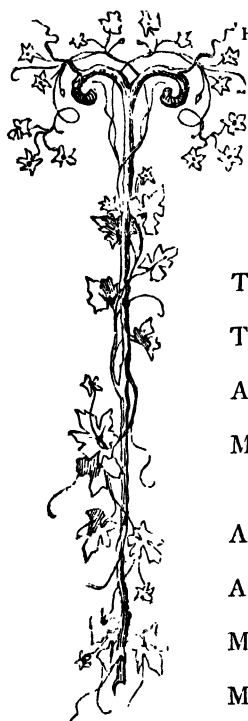


THE STORM.

(L'Orage.)

FABRE D' EGLANTINE. Born 1755, guillotined 1794.

Few would recognize the sanguinary revolutionist Fabre d'Eglantine in this simple pastoral. He was also celebrated as a dramatist, and his comedy "*Le Philinte de Molière*" is generally contained in collections of classical French plays.



THE storm gathering o'er thee,
The rain is fallin' fast,
Quick, drive thy flock before thee,
And to my cottage haste;
I hear the rain-drops patter,
As on the leaves they light;
Now comes the thunder's clatter—
Now come the flashes bright.

The thunder is awaking,
Its voice is drawing near;
Thy lover's right arm taking,
Come, hasten without fear.
Another step, another,—
There stands my cottage home,
My sister and my mother
To welcome us have come.

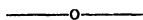
A welcome, mother, give me,
And thou, my sister, too;
A bride I've brought, believe me,
To pass the night with you.
My love, the fire will cheer thee,
Thy clothes will soon be dry,
My sister will sit near thee,
And here thy sheep shall lie.

Sure never flock was fatter!
We'll give them all our care,
And choicest straw we'll scatter
For this thy lambkin fair.

'Tis done; and now, my dearest,
We'll take our seats by thee;
In stays how thou appearest!
My mother, only see.

Thy place for supper take, love,
Sit close beside me—so,
For thee the log shall make, love,
A bright and cheerful glow.
In vain the milk invites thee,
No appetite hast thou,
The thunder still affrights thee,
Or thou art weary now.

Is't so? thy couch is this, dear,
Where thou till dawn shalt rest;
But let one loving kiss, dear,
Upon thy lips be pressed.
And do not let thy cheek, love,
Be thus with blushes dyed;
At noon thy sire I'll seek, love,
And claim thee for my bride.



I LOVE THEE!

FABRE D'EGLANTINE.

I LOVE thee, dear! I love thee, dear!
More than I e'er can tell thee, sweet!
Although each time I draw my breath,
Those ardent words my lips repeat:
Absent or present, far or near,
"I love thee!" are the words I sigh;
This only do I feel or speak,
Alone with thee, or others nigh.

To trace "I love" a hundred times,
Can now alone my pen engage,
Of thee alone my song now rhymes:
Reading—thou smilest from the page!

If Beauty greets my wandering glance,
 I strive thy look in hers to trace;
 In portraits or in pictures rare,
 I only seek to find thy face.

In town or country, wandering forth,
 Or if within my home I keep,
 Thy sweet idea I caress—
 It blends with my last thought in sleep.
 When I awake I see thy face,
 Before the day-beams win my sight,
 And my heart faster flies to thee,
 Than to mine eyes the morning light.

Absent, my spirit quits thee not;
 Thy words unheard my soul divines;
 I count thy cares, thy gentle steps—
 I guess the thought thy heart enshrines.
 Have I returned to thee once more?
 Heavenly delirious joy is mine!
 I breathe but love—and well thou knowest,
 Dearest, that breath is only thine!

Thy heart's mine all! my wealth! my law!—
 To please thee every thought I give!
 In thee—by thee—for thee alone
 I breathe, and only seek to live!
 What more can mortal language say?—
 My treasure! girl whom I adore!—
 Gods! that I love thee! and desire
 Only that I *could* love thee more!

ORIGINAL.

JE T'AIME TANT.

Je t'aime tant, je t'aime tant:
 Je ne puis assez te le dire,
 Et je le répète pourtant
 A chaque fois que je respire.

Absent, présent, de près, de loin,
Je t'aime est le mot que je trouve :
Seul, avec toi, devant témoin,
Ou je le pense ou je le prouve.

Tracer *je t'aime* en cent façons
Est le seul travail de ma plume ;
Je te chante dans mes chansons,
Je te lis dans chaque volume.
Qu'une beauté m'offre ses traits,
Je te cherche sur son visage ;
Dans les tableaux, dans les portraits
Je veux démêler ton image.

En ville, aux champs, chez moi, dehors.
Ta douce image est caressée ;
Elle se fond, quand je m'endors,
Avec ma dernière pensée ;
Quand je m'éveille je te vois
Avant d'avoir vu la lumière,
Et mon cœur est plus vite à toi
Que n'est le jour à ma paupière.

Absent je ne te quitte pas ;
Tous tes discours je les devine.
Je compte tes soins et tes pas ;
Ce que tu sens, je l'imagine.
Près de toi suis-je de retour !
Je suis aux cieux, c'est un délire ;
Je ne respire que l'amour,
Et c'est ton souffle que j'aspire.

Ton cœur m'est tout, mon bien, ma loi ;
Te plaire est toute mon envie ;
Enfin, en toi, par toi, pour toi,
Je respire et tiens à la vie.
Ma bien-aimée, ô mon trésor !
Qu'ajouterais je à ce langage ?
Dieu ! que je t'aime ! Eh bien ! encor
Je voudrais t'aimer davantage.

THE ROSE.

(La Rose.)

GENTIL BERNARD. Born 1710, died 1775.

Pierre Joseph Bernard, complimented by Voltaire with the appellation of "Gentil," which has become a part of his name, gained an immense reputation by his light poetry in the reign of Louis XV., and was especially patronized by Madame de Pompadour. His long poem "*L'Art d'Aimer*," which created a great sensation when read in the fashionable circles of the day, sank in public opinion as soon as it was printed.



TENDER offspring of Aurora,
Zephyr's favourite, lovely Rose,
Sovereign of the realms of Flora,
Haste thy beauties to disclose.
Nay, alas!—what have I said?—
Stay awhile,—the very day
That beholds thy charms displayed,
Also sees them fade away.

And a flower, newly blooming,
Is young Chloe, like to thee;
Both are now with beauty glowing,
Short-lived both are doomed to be.
From thy stalk at once come down,
Let her in thy hues be dressed;
Of all flowers thou art the crown,
Also be the happiest.

2926

On young Chloe's breast expiring,
Let it be thy throne and tomb,
I no other lot desiring
Shall be jealous of thy doom.
Teach her to give up her arms
To the god whose power is known;
Singing thy expiring charms,
Let her learn to use her own.

ORIGINAL.

TENDRE fruit des fleurs de l'Aurore,
Objet des baisers du Zéphyr,
Reine de l'empire de Flore,
Hâte-toi de t'épanouir.

Que dis-je, hélas, diffère encore,
 Diffère un moment à t'ouvrir,
 Le jour qui doit te faire éclore
 Est celui qui doit te flétrir. (*bis.*)

Palmire est une fleur nouvelle
 Qui doit subir la même loi;
 Rose, tu dois briller comme elle,
 Elle doit passer comme toi.
 Descends de la tige épineuse,
 Viens la parer de tes couleurs;
 Tu dois être la plus heureuse,
 Comme la plus belle des fleurs. (*bis.*)

Va, meurs sur le sein de Palmire,
 Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau,
 Jaloux de ton sort, je n'aspire
 Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.
 Qu'enfin elle rende les armes
 Au dieu qui forma nos liens,
 Et qu'en voyant périr tes charmes,
 Elle apprenne à jouir des siens. (*bis.*)

LOVE.

(*L'Amour.*)

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS. Born 1737, died 1815.

Stanislas, Chevalier de Boufflers, was one of the stars of the age of Louis XV., being celebrated in fashionable circles as the idol of the fair sex, and as a writer of that light poetry which was so much esteemed in his day. In the latter capacity he was one of the members of the *Académie des Sciences*. He also did good service of a more serious kind as Governor of Senegal.

YOUNG Love is a deceitful child,
 My mother says to me,
 Although his aspect is so mild,
 A very snake is he.
 But I am curious, after all,
 To know how one who is so small
 So terrible can be.

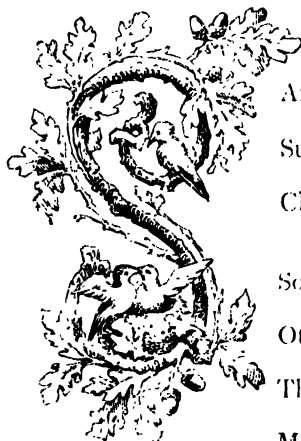
With pretty Chloe, yesterday,
 A swain I chanced to see:
 Such soft sweet words I heard him say,
 Sincere he sure must be.
 A little god I heard him name,
 And ah! it was the very same
 My mother named to me.

Now, just to find out what is meant,
 And solve the mystery,
 Young Colin,—'tis my firm intent,—
 Shall seek for Love with me.
 Though Love be ne'er so fierce and wild,
 We two for such a tiny child
 A match will surely be.

CUPID, SENTINEL.

(*L'Amour Sentinelle.*)

THE CHEVALIER DE CUPÉRI Born 1752, died 1820.



PORTING gaily with each other
 Through the groves the Cupids strayed,
 And Cythera's queen, their mother,
 Fondly watched them as they played.
 Suddenly they were united!
 To one spot at once they flew,
 Chloe's lovely face invited
 All the little sportive crew.

Some upon her forehead settled,
 Others in her eyes would rest,
 Others, who were higher mettled,
 In her tresses found a nest.
 Thus a picture was invented,
 Fitted to surprise and please,—
 Mighty Flora is presented
 Covered with a swarm of bees.

One young Cupid, who was perching
 Just upon her opened lip,
 Falling off—audacious urchin!—
 On her bosom chanced to slip.
 Then all thoughts of flight were over,
 For he loved his place so well
 That he ceased to be a rover,
 And remained a sentinel.

THE LOVE OF ANNETTE FOR LUBIN.

(L'Amour d'Annette pour Lubin.)

FAVART. — Poet.

Charles Simon Favart was one of the earliest poets of French
 the name given to the ellipse of the Opéra Comique at Paris.
 from which the above song is taken, was one of the

era, who still lives in
et Lubin, an opera

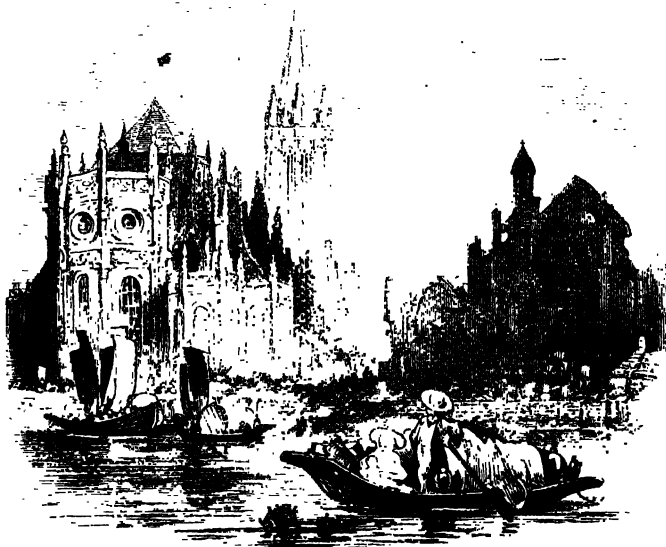


THOUGH young, and yet untaught,
 New feelings sway me now;
 This love I never sought;—
 It came, I know not how.
 Unknown its name has been
 Until this fatal day:—
 When we to love begin,
 To love are we a prey?

Thine accents seem to touch
 My soul, as with a charm.
 Thy words I love so much,
 They seem my heart to warm.
 Alas! from thee I feel
 A blank through every day.
 Will nought this anguish heal—
 Nought drive this love away?

The flowers thy dear hand gives
 With fond delight I wear;
 At eve thou pluck'st their leaves
 To make me perfumes rare.

Annette thou seek'st to please,
Thy care she would repay;
But ah!—what pains are these,
And what can heal them, pray?



MY NORMANDY.

FRÉDÉRIC BÉRAT. Born 1810, died 1855.

The air to the above words, which a few years ago was almost as popular in England as in France, was composed by the author, Frédéric Bérat.

WHEN gloomy Winter takes his flight,
When all begins to bloom anew,
And when the sun with softest light
Returns to deck our sky so blue;

And when the swallows we can see,
 And when fresh green o'erspreads the earth,
 I long for my own Normandy,
 For that's the land that gave me birth.

Among the glaciers I have been,
 Where from the vale the châlet peers,
 The sky of Italy I've seen,
 And Venice with her gondoliers;
 And, leaving all, I've said, "To me
 There is a land of greater worth;
 Nought can excel my Normandy,
 For that's the land that gave me birth."

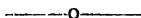
The life of man a period knows
 When every youthful dream must cease,
 When the tired soul desires repose,
 And in remembrance finds its peace.
 When dull and cold my muse shall be,
 And end her songs of love and mirth,
 Oh, then I'll seek my Normandy,
 For that's the land that gave me birth.

ORIGINAL.

QUAND tout renaît à l'espérance,
 Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
 Sous le beau ciel de notre France,
 Quand le soleil revient plus doux.
 Quand le nature est reverdie,
 Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
 J'aime à revoir ma Normandie,
 C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

J'ai vu les champs de l'Helvétie,
 Et ces châlets et ces glaciers.
 J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie,
 Et Venise et ses gondoliers.
 En saluant chaque patrie,
 Je me disais: Aucun séjour
 N'est plus beau que ma Normandie,
 C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

Il est un âge dans la vie
 Où chaque rêve doit finir,
 Un âge où l'âme recueillie
 A besoin de se souvenir.
 Lorsque ma muse refroidie
 Aura fini ses chants d'amour,
 J'irai revoir ma Normandie,
 C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.



THE PORTRAIT.

(*Le Portrait.*)

Anonymous, 1814.

DEAR portrait of a form that I adore,
 Dear pledge, which love was happy to obtain,
 What I have lost, oh, bring to me again!
 In seeing thee I feel I live once more.

Here is her look, her frank and winning air;
 With her loved features so adorned thou art,
 That I can gladly press thee to my heart,
 And think it is herself I'm pressing there.

But no; her living charms thou canst not show,
 Thou witness of my sorrows, mute and dead;
 Recalling pleasures that, alas! have fled,
 Thou mak'st my tears, thou cruel portrait, flow.

Nay, of my hasty language I repent,
 Pardon the ravings of my heart's distress;
 Dear portrait, though thou art not happiness,
 Its image to my soul thou canst present.

ORIGINAL.

PORTRAIT charmant, portrait de mon amie,
 Gage d'amour, par l'amour obtenu,
 Ah! viens m'offrir le bien que j'ai perdu,
 Te voir encore me rappelle à la vie. (*bis.*)

Oui, les voilà ces traits, ces traits que j'aime ;
 Son doux regard, son maintien, sa candeur.
 Lorsque ma main te presse sur mon cœur,
 Je crois encore la presser elle-même.

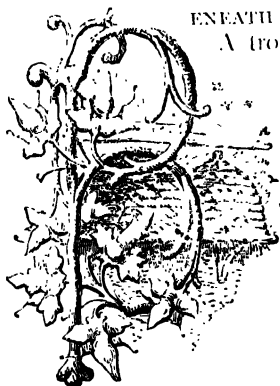
Non, tu n'as pas pour moi les mêmes charmes,
 Muet témoin de mes tendres soupirs :
 En retraçant nos fugitifs plaisirs,
 Cruel portrait, tu fais couler mes larmes.

Pardonne-moi cet injuste langage,
 Pardonne aux cris de ma vive douleur :
 Portrait charmant, tu n'es pas le bonheur,
 Mais bien souvent tu m'en offres l'image. (*bis.*)

ELVIRA'S CASTLE WALL.

(*Le Château d'Elvire.*)

Anonymous.



ENEATH Elvira's castle wall,

A troubadour, whose tuneful strings

Are moistened by the tears that fall,

Thus of his anguish sadly sings :

"When at the tourney thou didst reign,

A queen all rivals far above,

I felt indifference was vain,

And then I first began to love.

"A harmless wish inspired my heart,

I merely longed thy form to see ;

Why wilt thou—cruel as thou art—

From my adoring glances flee ?

No law of thine I ever broke,

Let my respect thy pity move ;

If once too heedlessly I spoke,

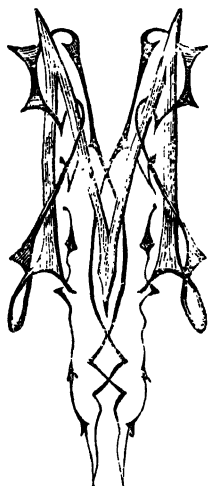
'Twas only once I told my love.

"The torch of life is flickering fast,
 And soon methinks 't will cease to burn;
 A glance upon my tomb thou'lt cast,
 My poor remains thou wilt not spurn.
 Thou'lt murmur in thy sweetest tone,
 And echoes to soft answers move,—
 The troubadour beneath this stone
 Loved once, and only once could love."

MY COAT.

(Mon Habit.)

BÉRANGER.

This song belongs to the same period as *Les Infidélités de Lisette*.

My poor dear coat, be faithful to the end:
 We both grow old; ten years have gone,
 Through which my hand has brushed thee,
 ancient friend;
 Not more could Socrates have done.
 If weakened to a threadbare state,
 Thou still must suffer many a blow;
 Even like thy master brave the storms of fate,
 My good old coat, we'll never part—oh, no!

I still can well remember the first day
 I wore thee,—for my memory's strong;
 It was my birthday; and my comrades gay
 Chanted thy glories in a song.
 Thy poverty might make me vain;
 The friends who loved me long ago,
 Though thou art poor, will drink to thee again;
 My good old coat, we'll never part—oh, no!

This fine-drawn rent—its cause I ne'er forget,—
 It beams upon my memory still;
 I feigned one night to fly from my Lisette,
 And even now her grasp I feel.

She tore thee, but she made more fast
 My fetters, while she wronged me so;
 Then two whole days in mending thee she past :
 My good old coat, we'll never part—oh, no.

Ne'er drugged with musk and amber hast thou been,
 Like coats by vapid coxcombs worn;
 Ne'er in an antechamber wert thou seen
 Insulted by the lordling's scorn.
 How wistfully all France has eyed
 The hand that ribbons can bestow!
 The field-flower is thy button's only pride,—
 My good old coat, we'll never part—oh, no!

We shall not have those foolish days again
 When our two destinies were one,
 Those days so fraught with pleasure and with pain,
 Those days of mingled rain and sun.
 I somehow think, my ancient friend,
 Unto a coatless realm I go;
 Yet wait awhile, together we will end,—
 My good old coat, we'll never part—oh, no!

EMMA'S TOMB.

(*Le Tombeau d'Emma.*)

PARNY. Born 1742, died 1814.

The Chevalier Evariste de Parny, though his name is rendered infamous by the authorship of the obscene and blasphemous poem *La Guerre des Dieux*, holds a high rank among the poets of Béranger's youthful period. Béranger has honoured his memory with a song, and the elegance of his classical compositions has obtained for him the name of the "French Tibullus."

AWAKE, my verse, sole comfort of my woe,
 And with my tears of sorrow freely flow.

My Emma's solitary tomb is here,
 Within this resting-place her virtues sleep;
 Like lightning, kindled but to disappear,
 Didst thou o'er earth, beloved Emma, sweep.

I saw death fling its sombre, sudden shade
Over the sunny morning of thy days:
Thine eyes unwilling seemed to quench their rays,
And slowly could I see their lustre fade.

The youthful throng,—that vain and empty crowd,
Who on her will like worshippers would hang,
And hymn her beauty forth in praises loud,—
Could see her die without a single pang.
When their dear benefactress they had lost,
Not e'en the poor, to whom she was so kind,
Within their hearts a single sigh could find,
With which to silence her complaining ghost.

Perfidious friendship, with its smiling face,
Now laughs as loudly as it laughed before;
The dying image it could soon efface,
And for a passing hour its mourning wore.
Upon this earth thy memory liveth not,
Thy tender constancy no more they prize,
But from thy tomb they coldly turn their eyes;
Thy very name is by the world forgot.

Love, love alone is faithful to its grief,
Not even Time can teach it to forget;
Within the shades of death it seeks relief,
And finds incessant sighs to mourn thee yet.
I come, ere morning breaks, my tears to shed,
My pain grows more intense in day's full light,
I weep amid the silence of the night,
And I am weeping still when night has fled.

Awake, my verse, sole comfort of my woe,
And with my tears of sorrow freely flow.



REMINISCENCES.

(Les Souvenirs.)

CHATEAUBRIAND. Born 1769, died 1848.

The name of François Auguste, Viscount de Chateaubriand, needs no comment. It is not on his songs that his celebrity depends, but *Les Souvenirs* deserves a place in every collection of French poetry.

My childhood's home—that pleasant spot
 By me can never be forgot!
 How happy, sister, then appeared
 Our country's lot.
 O France! to me be still endeared,
 Be still revered.

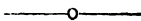
Our mother's form remember'st thou?
 I see her by the chimney now,
 Where oft she clasped us to her breast,
 While on her brow
 Our lips the white locks fondly pressed;
 Then were we blessed!

And, sister, thou remember'st yet
The castle, which the stream would wet;
And that strange Moorish tower, so old,
Thou'lt not forget;
How from its bell the deep sound rolled,
And day foretold.

Remember'st thou the lake's calm blue?
The swallow brushed it as he flew—
How with the reeds the breezes played;
The evening hue
With which the waters bright were made,
In gold arrayed.

One image more—of all the best—
The maid whom to my heart I pressed,
As youthful lovers we would stray,
In moments blest,
About the wood for wild flowers gay—
Past, past away!

Oh! give my Helen back to me,—
My mountain and my old oak-tree;
I mourn their loss, I feel how dear
My life must be;
But, France! to me thou wilt appear
For ever dear.



MARIE'S DREAM.

(Le Rêve de Marie.)

G. LEMOINE. Born 1786.

“AND you would quit, Marie,
Your mother dear,
And Paris you would see,
While she weeps here!

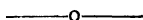
Yet stay awhile, oh, stay!
You need not go till morning break;
Sleep here until the day
Within my arms my child awakes.
'Tis better, poor Marie,
To pause as yet;
For all at Paris, they tell me,
Their God forget.
Perchance, you may, my poor Marie,
Your mother and your God forget."

The girl is sinking now
In dreams of bliss,
Upon her mother's brow
She prints a kiss.
But even while she sleeps,
The watchful mother still she hears,
Who by her bedside weeps,
And softly whispers through her tears--
"Tis better, poor Marie," &c.

She leaves her native home
With weeping eyes,
To Paris she has come,—
Oh, bright surprise!
There all appears to trace
In lines of gold her future lot,
And dazzling dreams efface
The image of her humble cot.
"Tis better, poor Marie," &c.

Heaven, when two years have past,
Bids her return,
To her Savoy at last
She comes—to mourn.
"Thérèse,—oh, happy day!—
My brother too I see.—
And where's my mother, pray?"—
"She died through losing thee."

At once the vision fled—
 She sleeps no more :
 The watchful mother at her bed
 Sits as before :
 She cries, "No Paris now for me,"—
 Her eyes with tears of joy are wet ;
 "For then, perhaps, your poor Marie
 Her home and mother might forget."



THE ROSEBUD.

(*Le Bouton de Rose.*)

PRINCE-DE-SALM.

BUD of the rose !
 Happier than I thou wilt be !
 For destined thou art to my Rose,
 And Rose is a blossom like thee—
 Bud of the rose !

On the bosom of Rose
 Thou goest to die, happy flower !
 If I were a bud of the rose,
 With joy I should die in an hour
 On the bosom of Rose.

The bosom of Rose,
 Thy rival, sweet rosebud, may prove ;
 Fret not, pretty bud of the rose,
 Nought equals in beauty or love
 The bosom of Rose.

Bud of the rose,
 Adieu ! My Rose coming I see !
 Ah ! if transmigration life knows,
 Ye gods ! I implore you, make me
 A bud of the rose !

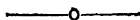
ORIGINAL.

BOUTON de rose !
Tu seras plus heureux que moi !
Car je te destine à ma Rose,
Et ma Rose est ainsi que toi—
Bouton de rose !

Au sein de Rose,
Heureux bouton tu vas mourir !
Moi, si j'étais bouton de rose,
Je ne mourrais que de plaisir—
Au sein de Rose.

Au sein de Rose,
Tu pourras trouver un rival ;
Ne joute pas, bouton de rose
Car en beauté rien n'est égal,
Au sein de Rose.

Bouton de rose,
Adieu ! Rose vient, je la vois !
S'il est une metempsychose,
Grands dieux ! par pitié, rendez moi
Bouton de rose !



MY FATHER'S COT.

(L'humble toit de mon Père.)

Anonymous.

Of palaces, temples, and trophies they boast,
Which lovely Italia lifts up to the skies,
The work of a fairy we deem them almost,
Their magical grandeur so dazzles the eyes ;
But oh ! in my heart they can ne'er rank above
My father's poor cot, where I learned how to love.

They talk of the gardens of Araby Blest,
 O'er which the bright sun ever scatters his hues,
 Where earth in spring's garment for ever is dressed,
 And never its flowers and fruits can refuse;
 But oh! in my heart it can ne'er rank above
 My father's poor cot, where I learned how to love.

Those countries which beauties so glorious adorn,—
 Those temples,—those flowers,—stir no envy in me.
 Though cold is the country in which I was born,
 We love there as well, and there life is more free.
 So hail to the North,—there is nought ranks above
 My father's poor cot, where I learned how to love.

THE WOODLAND FLOWER.

(*Petite Fleur des Bois.*)

EMILE BARATEAU. Born 1792.

M. Emile Barateau is one of the most prolific of modern song-writers, and *La petite Fleur des Bois* is one of the most popular of his productions.



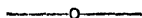
Thou little woodland flower
 Who always art concealed,
 Through forest and through field
 I've sought thee many an hour,
 That I might have the pow'r
 This simple truth to tell:
 Indeed, I love thee well,
 Thou little woodland flower.

Thy simple loveliness
 No gaudy colour shows,
 But yet true pleasure glows
 From thy white spotless dress.
 My lip I would incline
 Unto thy cup divine,

Knowing that nought is there
 To cause a single tear.
 Thou little woodland flower, &c.

Into a ray of flame
Our mutual love we bind,
Then in my soul I find
Our pleasures are the same.
I love the birds that sing,
The shade the branches fling,
The golden-winged fly,
As pleased he springs on high.

Each fair one seems to bear
A name of pow'r divine,
And such a charm is thine,
Thou mak'st me hold thee dear;
For thee I fondly seek,
To thee my griefs I speak,
And say, "Oh, come to me,
And let me dote on thee."
Thou little woodland flower, &c.



ALFRED'S TOMB.

(Le Tombeau d'Alfred.)

Anonymous.

This song is evidently a sequel to *Le Château d'Elvire* (see p. 37), and was written to the same air.

NIGHT o'er the face of earth was spread,
But still Elvira sleepless lay;
While in soft whispers near her bed,
A voice complaining seemed to say:
"It was thy coldness sealed my doom,
But death from thee was surely sweet;
Three days will pass, and in his tomb
Thy slighted Alfred thou wilt meet."

The morning now was bright and clear,
But though the phantom shunned the day,
Elvira fancied she could hear
The murmurs as they passed away.

She shrank from the impending doom,
 And trembling she would oft repeat,—
 "Three days will pass, and in his tomb
 The slighted Alfred I shall meet."

A fever burning like a flame
 Upon Elvira's vitals preyed,
 And then a fearful vision came,—
 She thought it called her—and obeyed.
 To hapless Alfred's tomb she went,
 The clock struck twelve,—her tott'ring feet
 Failed,—she, the fair indifferent,
 Has gone at last her love to meet.

GOD PROTECT YOU!

(A la grace de Dieu.)

G. LEMOINE.

The songs by M. Gustave Lemoine have about them a simple pathos which gives them a high rank among modern lyrical compositions. The sentiment they express is generally the regret felt by a rural inhabitant of the town for the pleasures of his native home. The regretted country is usually Bretagne; though in this poem, which is dated 1836, the subject is that emigration from Savoy which is often a pathetic theme with French writers.

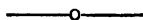


Now from our hills you must depart
 And wander through a world too wide,
 Torn from your tender mother's heart,
 Who can no longer be your guide.
 Parisians, you our children keep
 Bestowed on you by Heaven's hand,
 We poor Savoyard mothers weep,
 But send them from their native land.
 Saying, Adieu, adieu,
 May God above watch over you!

Should I ne'er see your face again!—
 The hour has come, and you must go,
 While your poor mother seeks in vain
 For strength her blessing to bestow.

Oh, pray to God in foreign climes,
And He will all your labours bless,
And on your mother think sometimes,—
The thought will give you happiness.
My child, Adieu, adieu,
May God above watch over you !

Away the lowly exile went
To toil beneath another sky,
The mother, on her form intent,
Followed the wand'rer with her eye ;
And when at last the form was gone,
Her grief through all its fetters broke,
She wept aloud,—the lonely one,—
While still her child departing spoke :
My mother dear, Adieu,
May God above watch over you !



MARIE STUART.

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS FLORIAN. Born 1755, died 1794.

IN vain I mourn: these prison walls
Alone my mournful sighs repeat ;
Memory, that former bliss recalls,
More bitter makes the woe I meet.
Beyond my prison bars I see
The sweet birds through the free air sweep,
Singing their loves at liberty,
Whilst I in hated fetters weep.

Whatever fate may crush me here
(Unfortunate but not to blame),
My heart will meet without a fear,
And to the future trust my fame.
Perfidious—cruel—barb'rous foe !
Hatred shall dog thy coming years,
While o'er the tomb where I lie low,
Pity will shed her tenderest tears.

Ye dreary vaults—abode of fears
And home of silence,—ah! how long
The captive's weary day appears,
Spent weeping o'er a cruel wrong!
I hear around my cell alway
The howling wind—the owl's cry—
The bell's deep toll: to me they say,
“Mary, thine hour strikes; thou must die!”

ORIGINAL.

EN vain de ma douleur affreuse
Ces murs sont les tristes échos;
En songeant que je fus heureuse
Je ne fais qu'accroître mes maux.
A travers ces grilles terribles
Je vois les oiseaux dans les airs:
Ils chantent leurs amours paisibles,
Et moi je pleure dans les fers!

Quel que soit le sort que m'accable,
Mon cœur saura le soutenir,
Infortunée, et non coupable,
Je prends pour juge l'avenir.
Perfide et barbare ennemie,
On détestera tes fureurs,
Et sur la tombe de Marie
La pitié versera des pleurs.

Voûtes sombres, séjour d'alarmes,
Lieux au silence destinés,
Ah! qu'un jour passé dans les larmes
Est long pour les infortunés!
Les vents sifflent, le hibou crie,
J'entends une cloche gémir,
Tout dit à la triste Marie:
Ton heure sonne, il faut mourir!

THE SWALLOW AND THE EXILE.

(L'Hirondelle et le Proscrit.)

This beautiful song, which is dated 1819, is published with the name of Fougas as its author. However, according to M.M. Dumersan and Segur, this is merely a *nom de guerre*, under which a very celebrated poet is concealed.



WHY, feathered wanderer, why
 this hasty flight?
 Come, swallow, rest awhile
 and perch by me:
 Why dost thou fly me thus when I invite?
 Know'st not I am a foreigner like thee?

Perhaps, alas! from thy dear native home
 A cruel fate has driven thee, like me.
 Come, build thy nest beneath my window, come;
 Know'st not I am a traveller like thee?

Both in this desert, Fate commands to dwell:
 Dear swallow, do not fear to rest by me:
 If thou complainest, I complain as well;
 Know'st not I am an exile e'en like thee?

But when the spring returns with smile so sweet,
Then my asylum thou wilt quit, and me;
Then wilt thou go, the Zephyr's land to greet;
Alas, alas! I cannot fly like thee.

The country of thy birth thou then wilt find,
The nest of thy first love; but as for me,
The chains of destiny so firmly bind,—
To me belongs compassion, not to thee.

ORIGINAL.

POURQUOI me fuir, passagère hirondelle,
Ah! viens fixer ton vol auprès de moi.
Pourquoi me fuir lorsque ma voix t'appelle,
Ne suis-je pas étranger comme toi. (*bis.*)

Peut-être, hélas! des lieux qui t'ont vu naître,
Un sort cruel te chasse ainsi que moi,
Viens déposer ton nid sous ma fenêtre,
Ne suis-je pas voyageur comme toi. (*bis.*)

Dans ce désert, le destin nous rassemble,
Va, ne crains pas de rester avec moi,
Si tu gémis, nous gémons ensemble,
Ne suis-je pas exilé comme toi. (*bis.*)

Quand le printems reviendra te sourire,
Tu quitteras et mon asile et moi:
Tu voleras au pays du Zéphire;
Ne puis-je, hélas! y voler comme toi. (*bis.*)

Tu reverras ta première patrie,
Le premier nid de tes amours . . . et moi,
Un sort cruel confine ici ma vie;
Ne suis-je pas plus à plaindre que toi? (*bis.*)

THE SWALLOWS.

(Les Hirondelles.)

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS FLORIAN.

How I love to see the swallows
At my window every year,
For they bring the happy tidings
Smiling spring is drawing near.
"In the same nest," soft they whisper,
"Happy love once more shall dwell;
Only lovers who are faithful
Tidings of the spring should tell."

When beneath the icy fingers
Of the first frosts fall the leaves,
Swallows gather on the house-tops,
Singing as they quit the eaves,
"Haste away, the sunshine's fading,
Cruel winds the snow will bring;
Faithful love can know no winter;
Where it dwells is always spring."

If—unhappy!—one be taken
By a cruel infant's hand,
Caged and parted from its lover—
Captive in the winter land;
Soon you'll see it die of sorrow,
While its mate, still lingering nigh,
Knows no further joy in sunshine,
But on the same day will die.

ED.

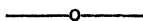
ORIGINAL.

QUE j'aime à voir les hirondelles
A ma fenêtre tous les ans,
Venir m'apporter les nouvelles
De l'approche du printemps.

"Le meme nid," me disent clles,
 "Va revoir les memes amours,
 Ce n'est qu'à des amants fidèles
 A vous annoncer les beaux jours."

Lorsque les premières gélées
 Font tomber les feuilles du bois,
 Les hirondelles rassemblées,
 S'appellent toutes sur les toits;
 "Partons, partons," se disent elles,
 "Fuyons la neige et les autans,
 Point d'hiver pour les cœurs fidèles,
 Ils sont toujours dans le printemps."

Si par malheur, dans le voyage,
 Victime d'un cruel enfant,
 Une hirondelle mise en cage,
 Ne peut rejoindre son amant;
 Vous voyez mourir l'hirondelle,
 D'ennui, de douleur, d'amour,
 Tandis que son amant fidèle
 Près de là meurt le meme jour.



THE KNELL.—A DIRGE.

(*Le Glas.*)

Jouv. 1799—1846.

NIGHT o'er the sky has spread her veil,
 The storm with hollow roar draws near;
 In the stars' glimmer, cold and pale,
 We read a sentence full of fear.
 What feeble sound—O mother, tell!—
 Tolls 'neath our trees and does not cease?
 It is the monastery bell:—
 Immortal spirit, pass in peace,

Perhaps, while life was a spring day,
Radiant with light below, above,
A maiden's soul is called away
• From all the charms of early love.
While all caress her, she must die!
• Must part from all, her life must cease;
Sweet love and earthly hope must fly.—
Immortal spirit, pass in peace.

Or that sad bell may tell instead
A dying soldier's mournful tale,
Who oft in glorious battle bled,
Yet dies within his native vale.
Ah, Heaven! his end from suffering shield:
My soldier-father's own decease
Was in his home—not on the field.—
Immortal spirit, pass in peace.

Great God, what deathlike silence reigns!
I hear no more the solemn bell,
That, telling us of mortal pains,
In dying murmurs faintly fell.
Those eyes will shed no more the tear;
The birds' songs on the branches cease:
Alas! alas! O mother dear.—
Immortal spirit, pass in peace.

ORIGINAL.

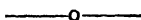
LA nuit a déployé ses voiles :
L'orage s'avance en grondant ;
Sur le front pâle des étoiles
Se lit un arrêt menaçant.
Quel faible bruit vient, ô ma mère,
Tinter sous nos arbres épais ?
C'est la cloche du monastère—
Ame immortelle, allez en paix.

Peut-être au printemps de sa vie,
Quand tout présageait de beaux jours,
Une vierge est-elle ravie
Aux charmes des premiers amours !

Tout caressait son existence ;
 Il faut tout quitter pour jamais :
 L'Amour fuit avec l'Espérance—
 Ame immortelle, allez en paix.

Peut-être cet airain qui sonne
 En longs et tristes tintements,
 D'un soldat qu'épargna Bellone
 Annonce les derniers instants.
 O ciel ! adoucis sa misère :
 Mon père, soldat et Français,
 Mourut aussi dans sa chaumière—
 Ame immortelle, allez en paix.

Grand Dieu ! quel funèbre silence !
 Je n'entends plus le son mourant
 Dont la triste et sombre éloquence
 Vient de finir en murmurant.
 L'oiseau se tait sous la ramée :
 Vos yeux se sont clos pour jamais ;
 Hélas ! ma mère bien-aimée—
 Ame immortelle, allez en paix.



YOU LEFT US ONCE.

(De mon Village on ne voit plus Paris.)

E. BARATEAU. Song dated 1834.

You quitted us, now bitter tears you shed ;
 Leaving a sad remembrance of the past,
 Your joys, like rapid moments, all have fled—
 The joys you fancied would for ever last.
 Then come with me, sweet mourner, come,
 Forgotten let thy sorrows be ;
 Believe me,—from my village home
 This Paris we can never see,

And in your rustic gown once more appear,
 That necklace for your cross of silver leave;
 Cease all these gaudy ornaments to wear,
 They will reproach you still, though I forgive.
 Then come with me, sweet mourner, come, &c.

Oh, hasten with me to that happy spot,
 Where childhood's joys together we have known;
 Come see my meadow green, my pleasant cot,—
 Come,—cottage, meadow, all shall be your own.
 Then come with me, sweet mourner, come, &c.

LINES TO MY GODDAUGHTER, AGED THREE MONTHS.

(Couplets à ma Filleule.)



PRETTY godfather am I!

You doubtless think 'tis all a blunder;
 That such a choice should make you cry,
 Indeed, my child, I do not wonder.

A table spread with sweetmeats o'er
 Would much improve me, I dare say;—
 Still, dearest godchild, weep no more,
 For I may make you laugh some day.

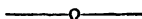
Your name in friendship I bestow,
 For friends this post in friendship give me;
 I'm not a mighty lord—oh, no;
 Yet I'm a honest man, believe me.

Before your eyes no glittering store
 Of costly gifts can I display;—
 Still, dearest godchild, weep no more,
 For I may make you laugh some day.

Though even virtue is confined
 By Fate's stern laws, which sore oppress her,
 Godma and I will bear in mind
 Our godchild's happiness—God bless her!

While wandering on this rugged shore,
 Good hearts should never feel dismay;
 So, dearest godchild, weep no more,
 For I may make you laugh some day.

Years hence, upon your wedding-day,
 New store of songs you'll find me bringing,
 Unless I am where good Collé
 And stout Panard have left off singing.
 Yet 'twould be hard to die before
 A feast where all will be so gay;—
 My dearest godchild, weep no more,
 I'll make you laugh upon *that* day.



THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

'Lucy, où la chute des feuilles.)

EMILE BARATEAU.

- "T'WAS at the time when summer flowers decay,
 And leaves fall trembling from the trees,
 That Lucy's mother, ill at ease,
 Thus heard her daughter, fondly dreaming, say:
 "Yes, dearest mother, I shall be his wife,
 And to his happiness devote my life,—
 And I am young, dear mother, you know well:"
 But down, a-down, the sere leaves fell.
- "Alas! how distant seems the wedding-day,
 When I the ring of gold shall wear,
 And joyfully enwreath my hair
 With those white orange-flowers that brides array.
 Then I, thy daughter, he, thy son, will be
 United in one tenderness for thee;
 Together in such happiness we'll dwell:"
 But down, a-down, the sere leaves fell.
- "Then in the winter, mother, at the ball,
 'Is she not lovely?' all will say:
 My mother, do not weep, I pray;
 I'm well, quite well, why let those tear-drops fall?

Yes, I am better—banish all thy fears,
 Indeed, indeed, there is no cause for tears;
 With certain hope I feel my bosom swell :"
 But down, a-down, the sere leaves fell.

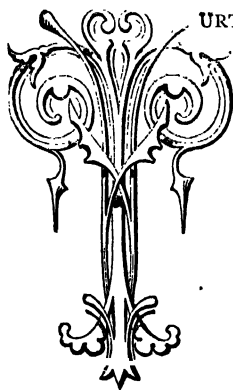
A month had past, and autumn now was gone,
 I saw a new-erected tomb
 Which on the valley cast a gloom,
 And plainly read a name upon the stone—
 'Twas Lucy's name. Think what her mother felt,
 When bowed by heavy grief in prayer she knelt,
 When heaven-turned eyes her anguish told too well,—
 Oh, then no more the sere leaves fell.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

(*La Tourterelle.*)

EMILE VARIN.

M. Emile Varin was one of the writers for the Théâtre du Vaudeville before it was burned down in 1836. The above song is dated 1844.



TURTLE-DOVE,
 Bird of love,
 All thy efforts are in vain—
 Here thou must remain.
 Though thy wings thy prison beat,
 Echo only will repeat
 Thy sighs and mine ;
 Here must I pine
 E'en as thou, sweet turtle-dove,
 Without love.

My gentle fav'rite, my companion dear,
 We want for nothing, and I tend thee
 well ;
 We love each other, yet our love is drear—
 Wh it makes us thus a-weary, canst thou tell ?
 Spring with his smile so bright
 We at our window see,

Our souls with new delight
Cry, "Joy, we wait for thee."
Turtle-dove, &c.

The forest trees now put their foliage on,
The almond its new flower begins to wear;
This genial sun could animate a stone:
When all is joyous, why do we despair?
Two hearts that are a prey
To flames that nought can still,
When all around is gay,
Access of torment feel.
Turtle-dove, &c.

Thou peck'st my finger with thy pretty beak;
Soft is thy plumage, mild that eye of thine,
And graceful is thy many-coloured neck,
A thousand charms thou seemest to combine.
Thou'rt vain, thou small coquette,
With pride I see thee swell,
Thou seemest glad, but yet
A flight would please thee well.
Turtle-dove, &c.

To pity's warning shall I give no ear,
Or do I dread that scolded I shall be?
Away, away with such ignoble fear!
But then I feel the pain of losing thee.
If once I ope thy door,
What pleasure wilt thou taste,
How freely wilt thou soar,
And to the greenwood haste!
Turtle-dove, &c.

Freedom!—its joys thou canst anticipate;
For thee it is a life which love endears;
To linger here alone is *my* sad fate;—
Still be thou happy—leave me to my tears.
What! fly'st thou not beyond
The vacant willow-tree?
No! but with murmur fond,
Thou comest back to me.
Turtle-dove, &c.

Thanks! thanks! thou wilt remain—oh, happiness!
 With all my soul thy silken plumes I kiss;
 Come, give me fond caress for fond caress:
 To think that friendship can give joy like this!
 Thou patient turtle-dove,
 I'll find for thee a mate,
 Whom thou may'st truly love,
 When I have—changed my state.
 Turtle-dove, &c.

I MUST FORGET.

(Faut l'oublier.)

NAUDET. Born 1786. Date of song, 1816.

"I must forget him," said Colette,
 "No shepherd could more faithless be;
 He leaves me for a vain coquette,
 And vowed he would love none but me.
 Ye happy hours of love, adieu!
 Ye false and cruel oaths, farewell!
 That made me think his heart was true;
 Now nought shall in my memory dwell—
 I must forget.

"I must forget him—yes, but how?
 'Tis Colin speaks in all I see;
 'Twas here he made his earliest vow
 Beneath the branches of this tree.
 'Twas here he saw me every morn,
 And here sometimes with ribbons fine
 He would my rustic crook adorn;
 But now Colette alone must pine—
 I must forget.

"I must forget, I must forget,"
 With heavy sighs she still would say,
 And to repeat it, poor Colette
 Would rise before the break of day.



And through the day, with whisper soft,
 The one sad thought she would reveal,
 And when she slept at night, she oft
 Amid her dreams would murmur still—
 "I must forget."

HER NAME.

(*Son nom.*)

G. LEMOINE. Song dated 1836.



THE name of her whom I adore
 Within my bosom I conceal,
 I guard it as a precious store,
 And ne'er my happiness reveal.

Sacred from curious eyes I must
 Preserve that name, my heart's delight;
 With it no paper dare I trust,
 That name on sand I may not write.
 The breeze I trust not, that might bear
 To other ears a name so sweet;
 No echo must my secret hear,
 For echoes would the name repeat.
 The name of her, &c.

My bosom with new thoughts it fires,
 While whisper'ing in its softest tone;
 Though all my verses it inspires,
 That name remains unsung alone.
 But yet that name, which nought can tell,
 If she came near,—oh, sweet surprise!—
 You soon, I fear, would read it well,
 For 't would be written in my eyes.
 The name of her whom I adore,
 Which such high rapture makes me feel,
 Although I guard it more and more,
 Will from its prison sometimes steal.

When some sweet flower to us is dear,
 We fear that it will perish soon;
 That sacred name I would not bear
 'Mid those who throng the light saloon.
 The treasure for myself I keep,
 I breathe it at the break of day,
 I breathe it when I sink to sleep,
 And feel it lull my soul away.
 The name of her whom I adore
 I only to my heart reveal,
 I guard it as a precious store,
 And ever will my joy conceal.

FAREWELL.

(*Il faut quitter ce que j'adore.*)

HOFFMAN. Born 1760, died 1828.

He composed many operas; the most celebrated is *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*.



BID farewell to all that's dear,
 With all my happiness I part;
 To-day I still can see thee near,
 To-morrow tears thee from my heart.
 To-day my parting words receive,
 And let us heal all wounds to-day;
 But let our love, while yet we live,
 Ne'er from our memory pass away.

Oh! do not all thine anguish show,
 Give not fresh food to my despair;
 Thy tears unman me as they flow,
 E'en my own grief I scarce can bear.
 But though our hearts forget to grieve,
 And think no more of this sad day,
 Still let our love, while yet we live,
 Ne'er from our memory pass away.

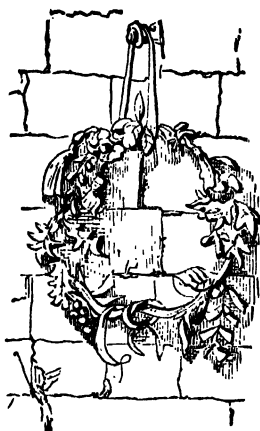
Some day, upon a distant shore,
 Of every hope and joy bereft,

The thought of her I now adore
 Will be the only solace left.
 So, comfort I shall yet receive,
 While I repeat these words each day,
 Our love, my dearest, while I live,
 Shall ne'er from memory pass away.

LOVE ME WELL.

(*Aime moi bien.*)

E. GOLA. Song dated 1838.



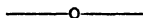
H, love me, love me, I implore,
 I have no faith but in thy heart;
 Thou hast the balm to heal the sore,—
 In mercy, love, that balm impart.
 One only stay on earth I feel,
 The hope which makes my bosom swell.
 So, wouldst thou see me living still,
 Oh, love me truly,—love me well.

Oh, love me, love me,—nought have I
 To cheer me in this world so drear;
 No tender mother's heart is nigh,
 No sister, with a pitying tear.

Friends, glory, prospects,—all are gone,
 A hapless exile here I dwell:
 Nought have I, save thy love alone,
 Then love me truly,—love me well.

Oh, love me, love me,—to repay
 Thy love, my life I'll dedicate,
 The thoughts of ev'ry passing day
 To thee alone I'll consecrate.
 I'll guard thee with a parent's care,
 Thy name shall by my mother's dwell,
 And with it rise in every prayer:
 Oh, love me truly,—love me well.

I'll love thee as the bee the flower
In which the fragrant honey lies,
- As nightingales the evening hour,
And as the star adores the skies.
A guardian angel, I'll watch o'er
Thy soul, and every harm repel;
But in return I still implore,
Oh, love me truly,—love me well.



THE MOTHER AT THE CRADLE.

(*Pres d'un Berceau.*)

NETTEMENT. Born 1815. Song dated 1843.

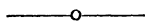
THE fisherman, aroused by morning's ray,
Hastes to observe the aspect of the day;
Hoping that Heaven will grant him breezes mild,—
Thus of thy prospects do I dream, dear child.
What fate, sweet angel, is awarded thee?
Wilt thou a man of peace or warrior be?
A holy priest,—the idol of a ball,—
A radiant poet,—statesman,—general?
But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
Thou blue-eyed angel, rest,—oh, rest!

He's for a warrior born, his eyes proclaim,
And I shall take proud pleasure in his fame;
A simple soldier he will soon advance:
He's now a general,—Marshal, now, of France.
Where thickest is the fight he takes his place,
Through raining bullets shines his radiant face;
The foemen fly,—the victory is won,—
Sound, trumpets, for the victor is my son!
But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
Thou future general, rest,—oh, rest!

But no! too much 't would pain thy mother's heart
If in war's dreadful game thou took'st a part;
Oh, rather be the temple thy abode,
While calmly flow thy days before thy God.

Be thou the lamp, lit with the altar's light,—
 The fragrant incense which the seraphs bright
 With their loud hymns to the Eternal bear;
 Be thou the very perfumed breath of prayer.
 But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
 Thou holy Levite, rest,—oh, rest!

Yet pardon, Lord, I err through love's excess,
 Slighting Thy wisdom in my tenderness;
 If I have sinned, oh, punish only me,—
 'Tis I alone who wanted faith in Thee.
 A prayer, and nothing further, wilt thou deem
 Whate'er fond mothers at the cradle dream.
 Choose Thou his calling,—Thou who reign'st above,
 Thou art supreme in wisdom as in love.
 But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast
 Rest peacefully, sweet angel, rest!

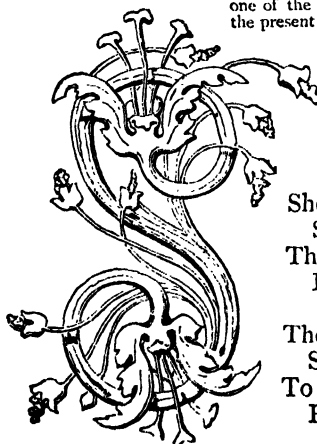


MY LOVE IS DEAD.

(*Ma belle Amie est morte.*)

T. GAUTIER. Born 1803.

It is scarcely necessary to state that M. Théophile Gautier is one of the most celebrated poets and wittiest *feuilletonistes* of the present day.



HE'S gone, my lovely maid,
 And I am left to weep,
 My heart and love are laid
 Within the grave so deep.

She came from heaven above,
 She there returns to dwell;
 The angels took my love,
 But took not me as well.

The bird without a mate
 Still mourns the absent one,
 To weep too is my fate,
 For all I loved is gone.

My love, how fair thou wert,
And oh! I loved thee so,
That I am sure my heart
No more such love will know.

She's gone, my lovely maid,
And I am left to weep,
My heart and love are laid
Within the grave so deep.

ORIGINAL.

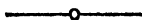
Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours :
Dans la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme (*bis*) et mes amours.

Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna,
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Ma belle, &c.

La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent.
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Ma belle, &c.

Ah! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais;
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.

Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours :
Dans la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme (*bis*) et mes amours.





THE CASTLE.

(*Le Castel.*)

Anonymous.

This song, without name and without date, seems to be universally known in France.

WITHIN a castle, old and gray,
 Young Hermann's infancy was past,
 While Nature, with her gentle sway,
 To fair Amelia bound him fast.
 About the lonely spot they stayed:
 In peace was passed life's early morn;
 'Twas here their forefathers were laid,
 'Twas here their youthful love was born.

The voice of glory Hermann hears,
No more at home he must remain ;
The fair Amelia, with her tears,
Attempts her hero to retain.
But vainly has she wept and prayed,—
From that old castle he is torn—
'Twas there his forefathers were laid,
'Twas there his early love was born.

Young Hermann lies upon the ground,
His valour's victim, soon he fell ;
And from his lip escapes a sound—
The name of her he loves so well.
He thinks his pains would be allayed,
He thinks his state were less forlorn,
If carried where his sires were laid,
And where his youthful love was born.

Once more Amelia's form is near ;
He tries to speak, but vainly tries ;
He fondly clasps that hand so dear,
He lays it on his heart,—he dies !
Amelia sees his bright eye fade,
She is not destined long to mourn ;
They both are with their fathers laid,
And love expires where he was born.

ORIGINAL.

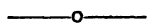
UN castel d'antique structure
Vit l'enfance du jeune Hermand :
Son cœur, guidé par la nature,
Aimait Adèle encore enfant ;
Tous deux, dans ces lieux solitaires,
Coulaient en paix leurs premiers jours ;
C'était le tombeau de ses pères,
Et le berceau de ses amours.

Mais bientôt la gloire cruelle
Appelle Hermand, il faut partir ;

Par ses larmes, la tendre Adèle
Espère encor le retenir ;
Inutiles pleurs et prières,
Hermand renonce à ses beaux jours ;
Il fuit le tombeau de ses pères,
Et le berceau de ses amours.

Aux combats, trahi par son zèle,
Le brave Hermand est terrassé ;
Dans un soupir, le nom d'Adèle
Echappe à son cœur oppressé.
Ses peines seront moins amères,
S'il peut seulement quelques jours
Revoir le tombeau de ses pères,
Et le berceau de ses amours.

Arrivé près de son amie,
Il veut parler, mais c'est en vain ;
Il veut presser sa main chérie,
Il la presse, hélas ! il s'éteint.
Adèle ferme ses paupières,
La douleur termine ses jours ;
Aussi le tombeau de leurs pères
Est le tombeau de leurs amours.



TENDER REGRETS.

(*Tendres regrets.*)

ANDRIEUX. Born 1759, died 1833.

SMILING dreams of happy youth,
Ah ! how quickly are you past !
Must intoxicating joy
Only for a moment last ?

Happy age when all is bright,
When each object gives us joy ;
Inexpressible delight
Dawning still without alloy.

Can we feel a second time
Love that does each thought enchain?
Ashes may rekindled be,
But in flames ne'er burst again.

Nothing now can stir my heart,
From all passions it is free,
Yet there lives within my soul
An image and a memory.

ORIGINAL.

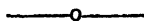
AIR: *Vénus sur la molle verdure.*

SONGES rians de la jeunesse,
Que vous nous quittez promptement !
Faut-il qu'une si douce ivresse
Ne dure pas plus d'un moment ?

Age heureux où tout semble aimable,
Où chaque objet offre un plaisir,
Vif attrait, charme inexprimable,
Le cœur s'épuise à te sentir.

Pourrait-il d'un feu qui dévore
Éprouver deux fois les effets ?
Des cendres s'échauffent encore,
Mais ne se rallument jamais.

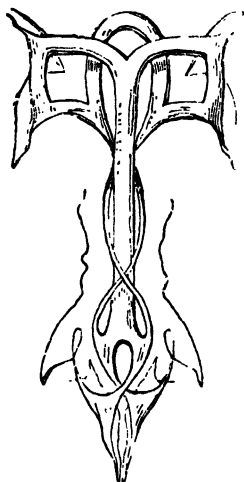
Il n'est plus rien, rien qui m'enflamme :
Je languis triste et sans désirs ;
Mais il est au fond de mon âme
Une image et des souvenirs.



LEONORE.

(Eleonore.)

Anonymous.



RUE, I adored thee yesterday,
 For then my eyes were bandaged fast;
 But now my love has passed away,
 False one, thou art unveiled at last;
 Though, Leonore—though even yet
 I feel thy beauty as before,
 And past delights perhaps regret,
 I love thee, traitress, now no more.

There is a lustre in thy smile,
 Grace is thy nature, not a task;
 The coldest heart thou canst beguile
 Within thine influence to bask.
 Could she who claims affection now
 Combine the charms that I deplore
 With her own truth!—unmatched art thou,
 And yet I love thee now no more.

Another soon will take my place,
 And will thy chosen fav'rite be,
 Lured by thy sparkling wit—thy grace;
 He too will be deceived like me.
 Our love was a mistake, but still
 I can be jealous, Leonore,
 And envious of thy victims feel,—
 And yet I love thee now no more.

Perchance some day 'twill be our lot
 In some secluded place to meet;
 And 'twill be pleasant—will it not?—
 To tell of joys to memory sweet.
 And then perhaps new-waked desire
 Will give me back my Leonore,
 And then my soul will be on fire,—
 But yet I love thee now no more.

THE BALL.

(Le Bal.)

LOUIS FESTEAU.

Few poets have produced a greater number of popular poems than M. Louis Festeau, who was one of the founders of the convivial society called *Le Gynmase Lyrique* in 1824.



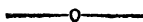
ND he is married,—faithless one !
 And he this icy note can write ;
 In such a cold, insulting tone,
 Me to the ball he can invite !
 I'll go, arrayed in all my pride,
 Although I feel my wound is deep,
 And cheerfully salute his bride,—
 Yet grant, O Heaven, I do not weep.

My carriage swiftly rolls along,
 And I am trembling,—not with fear ;
 At yonder door the light is strong,
 At last we stop,—then is it here ?
 How brilliant is the crowd—how gay !
 Here pleasure bids all anguish sleep ;
 Yes, careless I will be, as they,—
 Still grant, O Heaven, I do not weep.

Now I behold him in the dance,
 Of happiness his features speak ;
 Now he approaches,—from his glance
 Oh, let me hide my pallid cheek ;
 And who is she, that girl so fair ?—
 Ay, I must pay her rev'rence deep ;
 For her my lips a smile shall wear,—
 So grant, O Heaven, I do not weep.

Then shall I join the dance ?—Oh, no !
 My feet can scarce my will obey.
 Yet I am fair,—he told me so,
 And looked so well with a bouquet.

Now he regards me with a sneer :
 Madness I feel upon me creep ;
 No longer let me linger here,
 Far from the happy let me weep.



AN AVOWAL.

(*Un Aveu.*)

BARALLI. Dated 1849.



H, do not refuse me,—I love thee, Marie,
 Than life thou'rt a hundred times dearer to
 me ;

My worship is that which we raise to the
 skies.

I love thy clear voice, and thy brow ever fair,
 Thy modest apparel, thy light sunny hair,
 And the blue of thine eyes.

Oh, give me that love, undivided and whole,
 Which wakens with life, and expires with the
 soul,

That true woman's love, and in turn I'll
 adore :

And when passing years write their trace on
 thy brow,

Those moments of joy, which enrapture us
 now,

To thy heart I'll restore.

And if thou'lt not love me, still let me, I
 pray,

Adore thy blue eye, and its pure, gentle ray ;
 Those features, which never can fade from
 the sight ;

And let me thy sweet eighteen summers combine
 To one flow'ry wreath, and thy forehead entwine
 With love and delight.

THE BLACKSMITH.

(Le Forgeron.)

G. LEMOINE.



My anvil, my anvil, thy big lusty voice
 Within my black dwelling can make me
 rejoice :
 A fig for the strains in which lovers repine!
 They never can equal that loud song of
 thine."

Singing with incessant clamour
 Bang, Bang, Bang—
 Roger all day used his hammer,
 Clang, Clang, Clang.
 Nothing seemed his heart to touch,
 Round about they feared him much,
 And would quake at every note
 When they heard his brazen throat;
 "My anvil, my anvil," &c.

Once the anvil sounded mildly,
 Clang, Clang, Clang—
 Roger's heart was beating wildly,
 Bang, Bang, Bang—
 He had seen young Rosa pass,—
 Only fifteen was the lass;

Woodyed her, won her, and next day
 Thus was heard the blacksmith's lay:
 "My anvil, my anvil, pray soften thy voice,
 A sweet song of love should my Rosa rejoice;
 Within my black dwelling a star will she shine,
 And thou must subdue that wild ditty of thine."

Very naughty once was Rose,
 Bang, Bang, Bang,—
 And the neighbours heard three blows,
 Clang, Clang, Clang;
 Then there came a silence dread,—
 All thought Rosa must be dead,

Burst the door—the spouse unfeeling,
 Lo! before his wife was kneeling.
 “O Rosa, dear Rosa, pray list to my voice,—
 A blow from thy hand makes my bosom rejoice;
 Pray beat me all day; to this hard cheek of mine
 No silk is so soft as that white hand of thine.”

ORIGINAL.

ENCLUME chérie, ô mes seules amours,
 Bien fort, bien fort retentis toujours;
 Ta voix si jolie, en mon noir séjour,
 Résonne mieux qu'un doux chant d'amour.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. (*quater.*)

Chantant d'une voix sonore
 En frappant pan! pan! pan!
 Roger forgeait dès l'aurore,
 Martelant, pan! pan! pan!
 Le forgeron, fort peu sensible
 Passait partout pour si terrible,
 Qu'il faisait trembler le quartier,
 Lorsqu'il chantait à plein gosier.
 Enclume, chérie, &c.

Sa forge allait un dimanche,
 Doucement, pan! pan! pan!
 Son cœur battait en revanche,
 violemment, pan! pan! pan!
 C'est qu'il avait vu passer Rose,
 Fleur de quinze ans à peine éclore,
 Il met des gants, offre sa main,
 Et fredonne le lendemain:
 Enclume chérie, au nom de l'amour,
 Bien bas, bien bas, résonne le jour,
 Rose si jolie, dans mon noir séjour,
 Ve faire entendre un doux chant d'amour.
 La, la, la, &c.

Mais Rose un jour n'est pas bonne,
 A l'instant, pan! pan! pan!
 Trois fois un soufflet résonne,
 On entend, pan! pan! pan!

Et puis silence ! on la croit morte ;
 La garde vient, brise la porte,
 Et trouve le féroce époux
 Qui lui disait à deux genoux :
 Rose, je t'en prie, au nom des amours,
 Bats-moi, bats-moi, bats-moi tous les jours,
 Ta main si jolie sera toujours
 Plus douce que satin et velours.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. (*quater.*)

—o—

JEALOUSY.

(*Jalousies.*)

P. J. CHARREN. Born 1784.

Yes, I am jealous,--wrongly, I confess ;
 Myself more wretched far than thee I make.
 I have no cause to doubt thy tenderness,
 But yet my rivals constant fear awake
 When at thy feet they kneel,
 And round thee with their adulation press,
 Then horrors o'er me steal,
 I doubt thy faith, 'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous : worshipped everywhere,
 A host of eager suitors thou canst charm ;
 I fancy that my treasure they will tear
 From my fond keeping, and I press thine arm,—
 'Tis jealousy I feel :
 My soul is eaten up with anxious care ;
 Not e'en thy looks can heal
 My wounded heart,—'tis jealousy I feel.

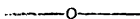
Yes, I am jealous : all that charms my sight
 Seems fashioned merely to disturb my rest,
 Caresses which relations claim as right,
 And friendship's harmless kisses, rack my breast ;
 'Tis jealousy I feel.
 Why should thy fondness other hearts delight,
 And ever from me steal
 What is mine own?—'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous.—When thou art not near,
I count the dreary moments as they fly;
The time has past,—deprived of all that's dear,
A prey to dreadful agonies am I.

"Tis jealousy I feel,
That thou art with some favoured one, I fear.
Oh, if my senses reel,
Pray pardon me,—'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous.—Deeply I abhor
The world, whose pleasures give me no delight;
I learned to hate, while learning to adore,—
It only charmed me whilst thou mad'st it bright.

"Tis jealousy I feel.
The world I would shut out for evermore,
And in a cell thee and myself conceal;
"Tis jealousy I feel.



THE PARTING.

(*La Separation.*)

E. DUGAS.



NE morning, when the daylight broke,—
A sign of grief to poor Lisette,
To her own Alfred thus she spoke,
While with her tears her cheek was wet:
"Oh, sir, I trust when every link
That bound us fast is rent by you,
Of me in hate you will not think,—
Another kiss, and then adieu.

"Go, seek your family once more,
Let not my grief your heart distress;
When I was lowly born and poor,
Could I aspire to happiness?
Some wealthy maid will be your bride—
From pure affection I was true,
Love, and not interest was my guide,
Another kiss, and then adieu.

“What tranquil pleasure did we feel
 When from the noisy town we fled,
 And through the paths of Romainville
 Our wandering steps by love were led;
 A canopy the foliage made,
 And o’er our joys a curtain threw;
 But now our woods have lost their shade;—
 Another kiss, and then adieu.

“This portrait which I saw you trace,
 Oh, let it be my legacy;
 For when I look upon your face,
 Revived the happy past will be.
 When age its snow has o’er me cast,
 Still our first meeting I’ll renew.
 Alfred—another kiss—the last—
 Another kiss, and then adieu.”

There is no doubt that the hero and heroine of the above romance are a pair of those great favourites of modern French authors and artists—a student and a *grisette*.

— — — — —

MADNESS.

(*La Folle.*)

ABEL PORET DE MORVAN.

TRA la la la—tra la la la—What is that sweet air?
 Ah, yes, I recollect,—the band begins to play;
 The dance will soon commence, those joyous notes would say.
 How timid is his gait, as he approaches near!
 A few soft tender words he whispers in my ear.
 I think I must refuse—yet no reply I make,—
 He takes my hand, alas!—I plainly feel it shake;
 Now trembles all my frame,—his piercing glances seem
 To waken in my soul a wild and feverish dream.
 Throughout the ball I thought of him—of him alone!—

Tra la la la—Whence came those lively sounds?
 Oh, yes, I recollect,—a fortnight now has past
 Since through the bright saloon we whirled along so fast;

Oh, happiness supreme ! oh, joy above all joys !
 "I love thee"—thus he says with softly murmur'ing voice.
 No longer I resist—what feebleness is this?—
 Upon my burning brow he plants a burning kiss.
 Oh, never did I know existence till this hour,—
 The happiness of love,—the greatness of its power ;
 And then I ceased to live,—my life was his alone.

Tra la la la—! I cannot bear that sound.
 Oh, yes, I recollect. It was a month—no more—
 That I was happy,—yes—I ever since have wept.
 That waltz—you hear it well; 'twas when they played it once
 While he was in the dance, his fervent lips declared
 He loved me. Yet he never never loved me,—no.
 Oh, at these words my brain began to turn—to reel,
 A fearful sense of pain pervaded all my soul.
 I love this life of joy—the costly garb—the dance !
 Alas, what agony it gives to think of him !

ORIGINAL.

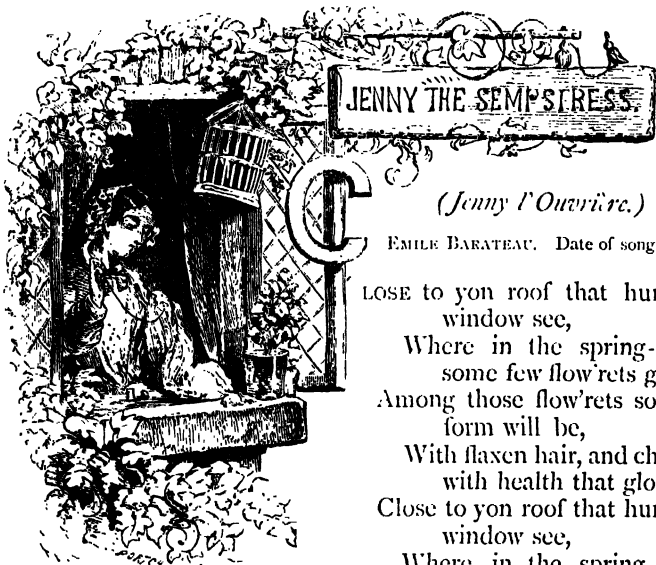
TRA la la la, tra la la la. quel est donc cet air ? (*his*)
 Ah ! oui, je me souviens, l'orchestre harmonieux
 Préludait vivement par ses accords joyeux.
 Il s'avança vers moi, sa voix timide et tendre
 Murmura quelques mots que je ne pus entendre.
 Je voulais refuser, et je ne pus parler,
 Et lui saisit ma main, je la sentis trembler ;
 Moi, je tremblais aussi, son long regard de flamme
 En des pensers d'amour avait jeté mon âme,
 Et pendant tout le bal je ne pensai qu'à lui ! (*his.*)

Tra la la (*his*), d'où me viennent ces sons ? (*his*)
 Ah ! oui, je me souviens, quinze jours écoulés,
 Le soir au bal brillant par la walse entraînés ;
 O comble de bonheur, félicité suprême,
 Sa bouche à mon oreille a murmuré : Je t'aime !
 Et faible que j'étais, je ne pus résister,
 Puis sur mon front brûlant je sentis un baiser :
 Ah ! seulement alors, je connus l'existence,
 L'amour et son bonheur, sa force et sa puissance !
 Et je ne vivais plus, car j'étais toute en lui ! (*his.*)

Tra la la la (*bis*), que ces sons me font mal ! (*bis*)
Oh ! oui, je me souviens, je fus heureuse un mois,
Et depuis ce moment je soupire toujours.
Cette walse, écoutez, c'est pendant sa durée
Qu'il était à ses pieds, que sa bouche infidèle
Lui jurait qu'il l'aimait et ne m'aima jamais !
Je sentis à ces mots ma tête se briser ;
Un horrible tourment tortura tout mon être !
Que j'aime les plaisirs, la parure et la danse !
Que je souffre, ô mon dieu ! rien qu'en pensant à lui ! (*bis*)
Arthur ! Arthur ! Arthur ! Arthur !

Madness is not nearly so favourite a topic with the French as with the English lyrist, nor will the above, which is dated 1811, sustain a comparison with the vigorous expressions of insanity to be found in the "Illustrated Book of English Songs." One peculiarity which is followed in the English version is worth observing, namely, the fact that the last stanza is without rhyme. So intimately is the notion of rhyme connected with that of poetry in French literature, that rhymeless metre serves as an indication of the last ravings of madness.





(Jenny l'Ouvrière.)

EMILE BARATEAU. Date of song, 1847.

LOSE to yon roof that humble
window see,
Where in the spring-time
some few flow'rets grow;
Among those flow'rets soon a
form will be,
With flaxen hair, and cheeks
with health that glow.
Close to yon roof that humble
window see,
Where in the spring-time
some few flow'rets grow;

Jenny, the sempstress, calls that garden hers,
Jenny, on humble means content to live;
Jenny, who might be wealthy, but prefers
What God is pleased to give.

A little bird within that garden sings,
Its notes among the leaves you plainly hear;
To her such pleasure that loved warbling brings,
It serves, in duldest hours, her heart to cheer.
A little bird within that garden sings,
Its notes among the leaves you plainly hear;
Jenny, the sempstress, calls that songster hers,
Jenny, on humble means content to live;
Jenny, who might be wealthy, but prefers
What God is pleased to give.

Upon the poor she often will bestow
 What she has hardly earned—a mite of food,
 When mis'ry passes in the street below,
 No hunger can she feel—she is so good.
 Upon the poor she often will bestow
 What she has hardly earned—a mite of food;
 Jenny, the sempstress, calls this pleasure hers,
 Jenny, on humble means content to live,
 Jenny, who might be wealthy, but prefers
 What God is pleased to give.

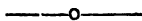
ORIGINAL.

VOYEZ là-haut cette pauvre fenêtre,
 Où du printemps se montrent quelques fleurs;
 Parmi ces fleurs vous verrez apparaître
 Une enfant blonde aux plus fraîches couleurs
 Voyez là-haut cette pauvre fenêtre,
 Où du printemps se montrent quelques fleurs
 C'est le jardin de Jenny l'ouvrière,
 Au cœur content, content de peu . . .
 Elle pourrait être riche et préfère
 Ce qui lui vient de Dieu! (*bis.*)

Dans son jardin, sous la fleur parfumée,
 Entendez-vous un oiseau familier?
 Quand elle est triste, oh! cette voix aimée,
 Par un doux chant suffit pour l'égayer!
 Dans son jardin, sous la fleur parfumée,
 Entendez-vous un oiseau familier?
 C'est le chanteur de Jenny l'ouvrière,
 Au cœur content, content de peu
 Elle pourrait être riche et préfère
 Ce qui lui vient de Dieu.

Aux malheureux souvent elle abandonne
 Ce qu'elle gagne, hélas! un peu de pain!
 Qu'un pauvre passe, et comme elle est si bonne,
 En le voyait elle n'aura plus faim.

Aux malheureux souvent elle abandonne
 Ce qu'elle gagne, hélas ! un peu de pain !
 C'est le bonheur de Jenny l'ouvrière !
 Au cœur content, content de peu
 Elle pourrait être riche et préfère
 Ce qui lui vient de Dieu,
 Ce qui lui vient de Dieu.



THE LAST FINE DAY OF AUTUMN.

(Le dernier beau jour d'Automne.)

ESMÉNARD. Died 1811.

Killed by being thrown from his carriage in Italy. This song was found amongst his papers, scattered on the ground.

ALREADY the falling leaf
 Is borne at the north wind's will ;
 And, gilding the vale beneath,
 The withered flower lies still.
 'Neath the oak is now no shade ;
 In the grove no lovers stay ;
 I am greeting, ere it fade,
 The last fine day.

The rays of an autumn sun
 Scarcely warm the pale blue skies ;
 The swallow's flight has begun,
 From our land it warbling flies.
 "Adieu, bright sky—green retreat,"
 That parting song seems to say,
 "I go ; yet lingering greet
 The last fine day."

See Age to the meadow pass,
 To muse how the swift years fleet,
 As he sees the withered grass
 Bend beneath his trembling feet.

Dreaming, now life is closing,
Of the joys long passed away;
His lingering glance reposing
On the last fine day.

Though our life with flow'rs we strew,
Yet Time will wither them all;
Happy those who cull a few
Ere the winter shadows fall.
Soon faded is youth's blithe cheer—
But a moment love will stay,—
Our life has, like the year,
Its last fine day.

E.D.

ORIGINAL.

DEJA la feuille détachée
S'envole au gré de l'aquilon,
De sa dépouille desséchée
La fleur a jauni le vallon.
Sous le chêne il n'est plus d'ombrage
Au bosquet il n'est plus d'amour,
Je vais saluer au visage,
Le dernier beau jour.

Les rayons d'un soleil d'automne,
A peine attiédissent les cieux,
L'hirondelle nous abandonne
Et quitte en gazouillant ces lieux.
Son joli chant semble nous dire,
"Adieu, beau ciel, riant séjour,
Je pars, et veux encore sourire,
Au dernier beau jour."

Le vieillard vient dans la prairie,
Rêver au déclin de ses ans,
En voyant cette herbe flétrie
Qui fléchit sous ses pas tremblants.
Songeant au bout de sa carrière,
Aux biens qui l'ont fui sans retour,
Il entr'ouvre encore sa paupière,
Au dernier beau jour.

Sémons de fleurs notre existence,
Le temps saura bien les flétrir !
Avant que notre hiver commence,
Trop heureux qui sait les cueillir !
Bientôt la jeunesse est fanée,
Il n'est qu'un instant pour l'amour ;
Notre vie est comme l'année—
Son dernier beau jour.





PATRIOTIC SONGS

Revolutionary and Patriotic Songs.

To avoid a multiplicity of heads, songs of a very different spirit are comprised in this division: some being animated by the sentiment of ancient chivalry, some expressing a fanatical hatred of monarchs, or even social distinctions; some satirizing the people in high places, some sympathizing with the glories of the imperial army. The subjects are at any rate so far alike, that they relate to man, not as a member of society, but as a citizen of the state, and express his feelings in that capacity either towards his rulers or the enemies of his country. If our collection were more extensive, we should divide the whole mass of French national songs into two heads,—the chivalric and the revolutionary. In spite of republican ardour, the chivalric is still an important element in French lyric song, and neither the destroyers of the Bastille, nor the victors of the grand army, have entirely eclipsed the veneration for the ancient paladins.

As the interest of this division greatly depends on its historical importance, the literary merit of the songs has had less influence on the selection than in those divisions where reputed excellence and importance are convertible terms. Probably no song could be more detestable than the *Carmagnole*; but as it was one of the “great facts” of its day, it has its place here, among more meritorious productions.

Here, more than elsewhere, we feel that some of our readers may complain of omissions. But they will perhaps bear in mind that we are not writing a lyrical history of the French Revolution, and also that there is a family likeness in many of the tyrant-imprecating strains that renders them insufferably tiresome when read in too large quantities.



THE MARSEILLAISE.

(*La Marseillaise.*)

ROUGET DE LISLE. Born 1760, died 1836.

On the 30th July, 1792, the Marseillaise arrived at Paris, whither they had been invited by Barbaroux at the instance of Madame Roland. "The secret motive of their march," says M. de Lamartine, "was to intimidate the National Guard of Paris; to revive the energy of the Fauxbourg; and to be in the advanced guard of that camp of 20,000 men, which the Girondins had made the Assembly vote, to overrule the Feuillants, the Jacobins, the King, and the Assembly itself, with an army of the Departments composed entirely of their own creatures." The Marseillaise entered Paris by the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, singing the song which bears their name, proceeded to the Champs-Élysées, where a banquet was prepared for them.

The origin of the words and music of this famous song is thus described by M. de Lamartine:—"There was at this time a young officer of artillery in garrison at Strasburg. His name was Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons-le-Saulnier in the Jura, a country of reveries and energy, as mountainous regions always are. This young man loved war as a soldier; the Revolution as a thinker. By his verses and his music he lightened the tediousness of the garrison. Generally sought on account of his double talent as a musician and a poet, he became a familiar visitor at the house of an Alsatian patriot, Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg. The wife and daughters of Dietrich shared his enthusiasm for patriotism and the Revolution. They loved the young officer. They inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music; and trusting to the early risings of his genius, they were the first to execute his scarcely expressed thoughts.

"It was the winter of 1792, famine reigned at Strasburg, the Dietrich family were poor, and their table was frugal, but it was always hospitable to Rouget. One day, when there was nothing on the board but some ammunition bread and a few slices of ham, Dietrich, looking at De Lisle with melancholy calmness, said to him, 'Abundance is wanting at our banquet—

but what matters that when neither enthusiasm is wanting at our civic feasts, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar: let it be brought up, and let us drink to liberty and to our country. There will soon be a patriotic celebration at Strasburg; may these last drops inspire De Lisle with one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the intoxication from whence they proceed.' The young girls applauded, brought in the wine, and filled the glasses of their aged father and the young officer until the liquor was exhausted. It was midnight. The night was cold. De Lisle was in a dreamy state; his heart was touched; his head was heated. The cold overpowered him, and he tottered into his lonely room slowly, seeking inspiration, now in his patriotic soul, now in his harpsichord; sometimes composing the air before the words, sometimes the words before the air, and so combining them in his thoughts that he himself did not know whether the notes or the verses came first, and that it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the expression. He sang all, and set down nothing.

"Overpowered with this sublime inspiration, De Lisle went to sleep on the harpsichord, and did not wake until day. He recalled the song of the previous night with a difficulty like that with which we recall the impressions of a dream. He now set down the words and music, and ran with them to Dietrich, whom he found at work in the garden. The wife and daughters of the old patriot had not yet risen; Dietrich awakened them, and invited some friends who were as passionately fond of music as himself, and were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. His eldest daughter played the accompaniment, while Rouget sang. At the first stanza, all faces turned pale; at the second, tears ran down every cheek; and at the last, all the madness of enthusiasm broke forth. Dietrich, his wife, his daughters, and the young officer, fell weeping into each other's arms: the hymn of the country was found. It was destined, alas! to be also the hymn of terror. A few months afterwards the unfortunate Dietrich went to the scaffold to the sound of the very notes which had their origin on his own hearth, in the heart of his friend, and in the voices of his children.

"The new song executed some days afterwards at Strasburg flew from city to city, being played by all the public orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the beginning and close of every session of its clubs. The Marseillaises spread it through France, singing it on their route, whence it acquired the name of *The Marseillaise*. The old mother of De Lisle, who was a pious royalist, was horrified at hearing the echo of her son's voice, and wrote to him, 'What is this revolutionary hymn which is sung about France by a horde of robbers, and with which our name is connected?' De Lisle himself, afterwards proscribed as a royalist, heard with a shudder his own song as he fled through a pass in the Upper Alps. 'What is the name of that hymn?' he asked his guide. 'The Marseillaise,' was the peasant's reply. It was then that he learnt the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm which he had scattered behind him, and escaped death with difficulty. The weapon recoiled against the hand which had forged it; the Revolution in its madness no longer recognized its own voice."

To explain the concluding part of the above extract, it should be stated that Rouget de Lisle was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, and liberated by the Revolution of the Thermidor. Although the *Marseillaise* was the usual accompaniment of the numerous executions which took place during the terrible epoch of its composition, it is less sanguinary in its tone than the other Revolutionary songs.

COME, children of your country, come,
 New glory dawns upon the world;
 Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
 Their bloody standard have unfurled;
 Already on our plains we hear
 The murmurs of a savage horde;
 They threaten with the murderous sword
 Your comrades and your children dear.
 Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
 March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
 By tyrant kings together brought?

Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you they would enchain:
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those marshalled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Then tremble, tyrants,—traitors all,—
Ye whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die,
Our France can well their place supply;
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,—
Against their will they are our foes.
But oh! those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey;—
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
 Their virtues we shall surely find
 When on the selfsame path we tread,
 And track the fame they leave behind.
 Less to survive them we desire
 Than to partake their noble grave;
 The proud ambition we shall have
 To live for vengeance or expire.
 Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
 March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
 Endow our vengeful arms with might,
 And, dearest Liberty, do thou
 Aid thy defenders in the fight.
 Unto our flags let victory,
 Called by thy stirring accents, haste;
 And may thy dying foes at last
 Thy triumph and our glory see.
 Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
 March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

ORIGINAL.

ALLONS, enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L'étendard sanglant est levé. (*bis*)
 Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats?
 Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras,
 Égorger vos fils, vos campagnes!
 Aux armes! citoyens, formez vos bataillons;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 De traitres, de rois conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès longtemps préparés? . . . (*bis*)

Français, pour nous, ah ! quel outrage,
 Quel transports il doit exciter !
 C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage ?
 Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

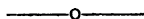
Quoi ! ces cohortes étrangères
 Feraient la loi dans nos foyers ?
 Quoi ! ces phalanges mercenaires
 Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers ? (*bis*)
 Grand Dieu ! par des mains enchaînées
 Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient !
 De vils despotes deviendraient
 Les maîtres de nos destinées !
 Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides !
 L'opprobre de tous les partis !
 Tremblez ! vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix ! (*bis*)
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
 S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
 La France en produit de nouveaux,
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
 Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
 Portez ou retenez vos coups ;
 Epargnez ces tristes victimes
 A regret s'armant contre nous. (*bis*)
 Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
 Mais les complices de Bouillé,
 Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
 Déchirent le sein de leur mère !
 Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
 Quand nos aînés ne seront plus;
 Nous y trouverons leur vertu. (*bis*)
 Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
 Que de partager leur cercueil,
 Nous aurons la sublime orgueil
 De les venger ou de les suivre.
 Aux armes! citoyens, formez vos bataillons;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
 Liberté, liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs! (*bis*).
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents!
 Que tes ennemis expirants
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
 Aux armes! citoyens, formez vos bataillons;
 Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.



ROLAND AT RONCEVALLES.

(*Roland à Roncevaux.*)

ROUGET DE LISLE.

WHERE do the hurrying people throng?
 What is that noise which shakes the ground,
 Whose echoes earth and air prolong?—
 Friends! 'tis of Mars the war-cry strong,
 Of coming strife the muttering sound—
 Herald of war and deadly wrong.

Let us for our country die!
 The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Behold the foemen's banners tower
 Our mountains and our plains above;

More numerous than the meadow-flower
Gathers the evil nations' power

Over the smiling land we love,
Like wolves all ready to devour.

Let us for our country die !
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

What forces have the foemen here?

What numbers are there in the field ?—
The man who holds his glory dear
Could never breathe those words of fear,

For perils, glorious vict'ry yield ;
'Tis cowards ask "What number's near?"

Let us for our country die !
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Follow where'er my white plume leads—

E'en as my flag—your guiding star—
'Twill lead you on to gallant deeds ;
Ye know the prize for him who speeds
Where Roland treads the path of war.

Let us for our country die !
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Proud Paladins ! knights without fear ;

Thou, above all, brother-at-arms,
Renaud, the flow'r of warriors—hear !
Try we who first the course will clear,
And to the foe bear war's alarms,
Breaking their wall of shield and spear.

Let us for our country die !
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Courage, brave hearts, they're conquered quite !

Their blows more slowly, feebly fall,
Their arms are weary of the fight ;
Courage ! they can't resist our might ;
Broken their mighty squadrons all,
Their chiefs and soldiers sunk in night.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

What Saracen is this we see
Who dares alone our hosts oppose,
Checking the course of destiny?—
'Tis Altamor;—ay, it is he
I met 'midst Idumean foes;
Good fortune leads him now to me.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Hear'st thou my bugle-call again,
Defying thee to mortal strife?
Proud Altamor, know'st thou its strain?
By this right hand thou shalt be slain;
Or if thy lance should take my life,
I'll say my death was not in vain:

For my country I shall die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

The vict'ry's won!—the day's my own!
Oh, why, because my wound is deep,
Do you, dear friends, my fate bemoan?
The blood, in battle shed, alone
A warrior as his robe would keep,
And hold it valour's signet-stone.

For my country I shall die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

ORIGINAL.

Où courent ces peuples épars?
Quel bruit a fait trembler la terre
Et retentit de toutes parts?
Amis, c'est le cri du dieu Mars,
Le cri précurseur de la guerre,
De la gloire et de ses hasards.

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Voyez-vous ces drapeaux flottants
Couvrir les plaines, les montagnes,
Plus nombreux que la fleur des champs ?
Voyez-vous ces fiers mécréants
Se répandre dans nos campagnes
Pareils à des loups dévorants ?

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Combien sont-ils ? combien sont-ils ?
Quel homme ennemi de sa gloire
Peut demander combien sont-ils ?
Eh ! demande où sont les périls,
C'est là qu'est aussi la victoire.
Lâches soldats, combien sont-ils ?

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Suivez mon panache éclatant,
Français, ainsi que ma bannière ;
Qu'il soit le point de ralliement ;
Vous savez tous quel prix attend
Le brave qui dans la carrière
Marche sur les pas de Roland.

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Fiers paladins, preux chevaliers,
Et toi surtout, mon frère d'armes,
Toi, Renaud, la fleur des guerriers,
Voyons de nous qui les premiers,
Dans leurs rangs portant les armes,
Rompront ce mur de boucliers.

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Courage, enfants ! ils sont vaincus :
Leurs coups déjà se ralentissent,
Leurs bras demeurent suspendus.
Courage, ils ne résistent plus.
Leurs bataillons se désunissent :
Chefs et soldats sont éperdus.

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Quel est ce vaillant Sarrasin,
Qui, seul, arrêtant notre armée,
Balance encore le destin ?
C'est Altamor !—c'est lui qu'en vain
Je combattis dans l'Idumée,
Mon bonheur me l'amène enfin !

Mourons pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Entends-tu le bruit de mon cor ?
Je te défie à toute outrance :
M'entends-tu, superbe Altamor ?
Mon bras te donnera la mort,
Ou, si je tombe sous ta lance,
Je m'écrierai, fier de mon sort :

Je meurs pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Je suis vainqueur ! je suis vainqueur !
En voyant ma large blessure,
Amis, pourquoi cette douleur ?
Le sang qui coule au champ d'honneur.
Du vrai guerrier c'est la parure ;
C'est le garant de la valeur.

Je meurs pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

“ÇA IRA!”

It is needless to say that this song was one of the most popular of the revolutionary period. It was also one of the earliest, being composed in 1789, on the Champ de Mars, while preparations were made for the Fête de la Fédération. The time of its origin was a time of hope, for the crimes of the Revolution had not yet been committed, and hence, though a tone of flippant disrespect towards old institutions prevails throughout the song, it is totally free from any expression of ferocity. The original name of the tune to which the words were written is *Le Carillon National*, and it is a remarkable circumstance that it was a great favourite with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who used to play it on the harpsichord. It is hoped that the difficulty of rendering this song will be considered, before a judgment is passed on the English version.

ALL will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
 ALL will succeed, though malignants are strong;
 All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
 Thus says the people by day and by night.

Dismal will soon be our enemies' plight,
 While *Jubilate* we sing with delight.
 All will go right,—will go right,—will go right;
 Singing aloud a joyous song,
 We will shout with all our might;
 All will go right,—will go right,—will go right;
 All will succeed, &c.

What Boileau said once the clergy to spite,
 Proved him a truly prophetic wight.
 All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
 Taking the old Gospel-truth for their text—
 All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
 Our legislators will work it out quite;
 Bringing the proud from their insolent height,
 Making the lot of the lowly men bright;
 Truth ev'ry soul shall illumine with her light,
 Till superstition shall quickly take flight.
 Frenchmen ne'er will be perplexed
 Wholesome laws to keep in sight.
 All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
 All will succeed, &c.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
 Pierrot and Margot sing at the *guinguette*:

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Good times approach, and rejoicings invite.
Right was once only the nobleman's might ;
As for the people, he screwed them down tight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right ;
Now all the clergy are weeping for spite,
For we have rescued the prey from the kite.

The sagacious Lafayette

Every wrong will put to flight :

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
While the Assembly sheds lustre so clear :
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
We'll stand on guard by the ray of their light.
Falsehood no longer can dazzle our sight,
For the good cause we are ready to fight :
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All the Aristos are bursting with spite,
We of the people are laughing outright.

We their struggles do not fear,

Right will triumph over might.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Little and great the same feelings inspire.—
None will prove false in so glorious a fight ;
Views may be crooked, but words will have might.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
“Hither who will,” we hear Freedom invite ;
And to her call we reply with delight.

Fearing neither sword nor fire,

France will keep her glory bright.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.—

ORIGINAL

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète ;
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Nos ennemis confus en restent là,
Et nous allons chanter *alléluia*.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.

En chantant une chansonnette,
Avec plaisir on dira :
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète :
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Quand Boileau, jadis, du clergé parla,
Comme un prophète il prèdit cela.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Suivant les maximes de l'Evangile ;
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Du législateur tout s'accomplira ;
Celui qui s'élève, on l'abaissera ;
Et qui s'abaisse, on l'élèvera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète,
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Le vrai catéchisme nous instruira
Et l'affreux fanatisme s'éteindra ;
Pour être à la loi docile,
Tout Français s'exercera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète :
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira ;
Pierrot et Margot chantent à la guinguette,



Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
Réjouissons-nous, le bon temps reviendra.
Le peuple Français jadis à *quia*.
L'aristocrate dit : *Mea culpa*.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le clergé regrette le bien qu'il a,
Par justice la nation l'aura ;
Par le prudent Lafayette,
Tout trouble s'apaisera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, &c.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Par les flambeaux de l'auguste assemblée,
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple armé toujours se gardera.
Le vrai d'avec le faux l'on connaitra,
Le citoyen pour le bien soutiendra.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Quand l'aristocrate protestera,
Le bon citoyen au nez lui rira ;
Sans avoir l'ame troublée,
Toujours le plus fort sera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Petits comme grands sont soldats dans l'âme.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Pendant la guerre, aucun ne trahira.
Avec cœur tout bon Français combattra ;
S'il voit du louche, hardiment parlera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
La liberté dit : Vienne qui voudra,
Le patriotisme lui répondra,
Sans craindre ni feu ni flammes,
Le Français toujours vaincra !
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète ;
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

THE SENTINEL.

(*La Sentinelle.*)

BRAULT. Born 1782, died 1829.

THE orb of night its peaceful splendour shed
 In silvery light upon the tents of France,
 And near the camp a handsome soldier lad
 Thus sang,—leaning upon his trusty lance :
 “Go, swiftly fly, thou joyous breeze,
 Bear my song to my native land ;
 Say that for glory and for love
 I keep watch on a foreign strand.”

When on the night the foeman’s watch-fires gleam,
 The sentinel his guard in silence keeps,
 But sings—resting upon his trusty lance—
 To shorten night, when the camp safely sleeps :
 “Go, swiftly fly, thou joyous breeze,
 Bear my song to my native land ;
 Say that for glory and for love
 I keep watch on a foreign strand.”

“The orb of day brings back the hour of strife,
 When we must show the valour of brave France ;
 In victory perhaps to find our death.
 But if I fall beside my trusty lance,
 Still go, still go, thou gentle breeze,
 To my native land swiftly fly ;
 And say for glory and for love
 I have given my parting sigh.”

ORIGINAL.

L’ASTRE des nuits, de son paisible éclat
 Lançait les feux sur les tentes de France,
 Non loin du camp, un jeune et beau soldat
 Ainsi chantait, appuyé sur sa lance :
 Allez, volez, zéphyr joyeux,
 Portez mes chants vers ma patrie,
 Dites que je veille en ces lieux (*bis*)
 Pour la gloire et pour mon amic.

A la lueur des feux des ennemis,
 La sentinelle est placée en silence :
 Mais le Français, pour abrégér les nuits,
 Chante, appuyé sur le fer de sa lance :
 Allez, volez, zéphyr joyeux,
 Portez mes chants vers ma patrie,
 Dites que je veille en ces lieux (*bis*)
 Pour la gloire et pour mon amie.

L'astre du jour ramène les combats,
 Demain il faut signaler sa vaillance.
 Dans la victoire on trouve le trépas ;
 Mais si je meurs à côté de ma lance,
 Allez encor, joyeux zéphyr,
 Allez, volez vers ma patrie,
 Dire que mon dernier soupir (*bis*)
 Fut pour la gloire et mon amie.



THE SAFETY OF FRANCE.

(*La Salut de la France.*)

ADOLPHE S. BOY.

This song has the honour of being one of the earliest of the revolutionary period. The word "Empire" contrasts ludicrously enough with the date of the production, 1791; but it has been sagaciously observed, that the seeming anachronism has merely arisen from the necessity of finding a rhyme to "conspire;" so that "Empire" must be taken to mean state in general. Though there is nothing in the words, this song was not only one of the earliest, but also one of the most popular of the revolutionary epoch; and the music, by Dalayrac, which was appropriated to it, though originally composed for an amatory ballad, entitled *Vous qui d'Amoureuse aventure*, became a favourite military march.



H, guard the Empire, slumber not,
 Let freedom be our sole desire ;
 Though despots may against us plot,
 Against their thrones can we con-
 spire.
 Fair Liberty ! may all pay homage
 unto thee :
 Tremble, ye tyrants, now the venge-
 ful day is near.
 "Death, rather death than slavery,"
 This is the motto Frenchmen bear.

Let all combine our France to save,
 For France alone the world sustains;
 If once our country they enslave,
 All nations will be cast in chains.
 Fair Liberty! may all pay homage unto thee:
 Tremble, ye tyrants, now the vengeful day is near.
 "Death, rather death than slavery,"
 This is the motto Frenchmen bear.

Thou, whom the love of freedom warms,
 Come from the south of Europe, come;
 Our brother thou shalt be in arms,
 Though tyranny pollutes thy home.
 Fair Liberty! may all assemble at thy name:
 Death to our tyrants, now thy vengeful day is near.
 All countries we would call the same,
 All French, who hold their freedom dear.

With ev'ry people, near and far,
 We own eternal brotherhood;
 Against all kings unceasing war,
 Till tyranny is drowned in blood.
 Fair Liberty! may all assemble at thy name:
 Death to our tyrants,—now the vengeful day is near.
 France views all nations as the same
 To whom their liberty is dear.

ORIGINAL.

VEILLONS au salut de l'Empire,
 Veillons au maintien de nos droits!
 Si le despotisme conspire,
 Conspirons la perte des rois!
 Liberté (*hîs*) que tout mortel te rende hommage.
 Tremblez, tyrans, vous allez expier vos forfaits!
 Plûtôt la mort que l'esclavage!
 C'est la devise des Français.

Du salut de notre patrie
 Dépend celui de l'univers;

Si jamais elle est asservie,
Tous les peuples sont dans les fers.
Liberté (*bis*) que tout mortel te rende hommage.
Tremblez, tyrans, vous allez expier vos forfaits !
Plûtôt la mort que l'esclavage !
C'est la devise des Français.

Ennemis de la tyrannie,
Paraissez tous, armez vos bras,
Du fond de l'Europe avilie
Marchez avec nous aux combats.
Liberté (*bis*) que ce nom sacré nous rallie ;
Poursuivons les tyrans, punissons leurs forfaits !
Nous servons la même patrie :
Les hommes libres sont Français.

Jurons union éternelle
Avec tous les peuples divers ;
Jurons une guerre mortelle
A tous les rois de l'univers.
Liberté (*bis*) que ce nom sacré nous rallie.
Poursuivons les tyrans, punissons leurs forfaits !
On ne voit plus qu'une patrie
Quand on a l'âme d'un Français.





LA CARMAGNOLE.

We should not have inserted this detestable insult offered by a licentious mob to fallen greatness, if it were less often mentioned in connection with the events of the Revolution. It was composed in August, 1792, on the occasion of the incarceration of the royal family in the Temple, and became the usual accompaniment of massacres and orgies. Carmagnole is a fortified town in Piedmont, and it is not impossible that the air, and the dance which belongs to it, were brought from that country.

As an instance of the length to which sanguinary jesting was carried on in the terrible days of the Revolution, we may here opportunely quote a stanza from a song composed about two years after the *Carmagnole*:

“ La guillotine est un bijou
Qui devient des plus à la mode,
J'en veux une en bois d'acajou
Que je mettrai sur ma commode.
Je l'essayerai soir et matin
Pour ne pas paraître novice,
Si par malheur le lendemain
À mon tour j'étais de service.

GREAT Madame Veto* swore one day
The folks of Paris she would slay:

* The nickname of Monsieur Veto was popularly given to Louis XVI. on account of his refusal to sanction the decree against the non-juring priests.

Our cannoniers so stout,
Soon put my lady out.
We'll dance the Carmagnole:
Brothers, rejoice,—brothers, rejoice.
We'll dance the Carmagnole;
Hail to the cannon's voice.

Great Monsieur Veto swore one day
His country he would ne'er betray;
His promise he forgot,
So he shall go to pot.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The people, Marie Antoinette
Thought on their nether ends to set;
She made a sad mistake,
And chanced her nose to break.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Her husband thought he was in luck,—
He had not learned a Frenchman's pluck;
So, lusty Louis, so,
You'll to the 'Temple go.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The Swiss, too, had a great desire
Upon our brotherhood to fire;
But by the men of France
They soon were taught to dance.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

When Madame saw the tower, no doubt,
She gladly would have faced about;
It turned her stomach proud
To find herself so cowed.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

When Louis, who was once so big,
Before him saw the workmen dig,
He said,—how hard his case
To be in such a place.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

All honest folks throughout the land
 Will by the patriot surely stand,
 As brethren firmly bound,
 While loud the cannons sound.
 We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

All royalists throughout the land
 Will by the base Aristos stand ;
 And they'll keep up the war,
 Like cowards as they are.
 We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The gens-d'armes swear they'll firmly stand
 As guardians of their native land ;
 They heard the cannons sound,
 And backward were not found.
 We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Come, friends, united we will be,
 Then we shall fear no enemy ;
 If any foes attack,
 We'll gaily beat them back.
 We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

A gallant *sansculotte*, am I,
 The friends of Louis I defy ;
 Long live the Marseillois,
 The Bretons and the laws.
 We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The Faubourgs' valiant *sansculotte*,—
 Oh, never be his name forgot ;
 But jovially fill up
 To him the other cup.
 We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

ORIGINAL.

MADAME Veto avait promis (*bis*)
 De faire égorger tout Paris ; (*bis*)

Mais son coup a manqué,
Grâce à nos canonniers.
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son ! vive le son !
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon !

Monsieur Veto avait promis (*bis*)
D'être fidèle à sa patrie ; (*bis*)
Mais il y a manqué,
Ne faisons plus cartié.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Antoinette avait résolu (*bis*)
De nous faire tomber sur * * * (*bis*)
Mais son coup a manqué,
Elle a le nez cassé.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Son mari, se croyant vainqueur, (*bis*)
Connaissait peu notre valeur. (*bis*)
Va, Louis, gros paour,
Du temple dans la tour.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Les Suisses avaient tous promis (*bis*)
Qu'ils feraient feu sur nos amis ; (*bis*)
Mais comme ils ont sauté,
Comme ils ont tous dansé !
Chantons notre victoire, &c.

Quand Antoinette vit la tour, (*bis*)
Elle voulut fair' demi-tour ; (*bis*)
Elle avait mal au cœur
De se voir sans honneur.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Lorsque Louis vit fossoyer, (*bis*)
A ceux qu'il voyait travailler, (*bis*)
Il disait que pour peu
Il était dans ce lieu.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Le patriote a pour amis (*bis*)
Tous les bonnes gens du pays ; (*bis*)
Mais ils se soutiendront
Tous au son du canon.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

L'aristocrate a pour amis (*bis*)
Tous les royalistes à Paris ; (*bis*)
Il vous les soutiendront
Tout comm' de vrais poltrons.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

La gendarm'rie avait promis (*bis*)
Qu'elle soutiendrait la patrie ; (*bis*)
Mais ils n'ont pas manqué
Au son du canonnié.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Amis, restons toujours unis, (*bis*)
Ne craignons pas nos ennemis ; (*bis*)
S'ils viennent attaquer,
Nous les ferons sauter.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Oui, je suis sansculotte, moi, (*bis*)
En dépit des amis du roi, (*bis*)
Vivent les Marsellois,
Les Brétons et nos lois.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Oui, nous nous souviendrons toujours (*bis*)
Des sansculottes des faubourgs. (*bis*)
A leur santé, buvons.
Vivent ces bons lurons !
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son ! vive le son !
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon !

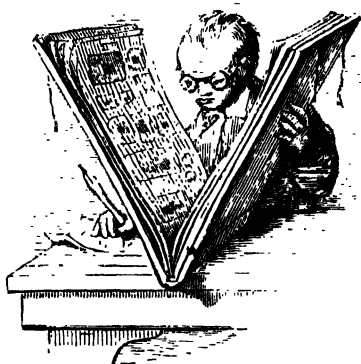
THE SONG OF DEPARTURE.

(Le Chant du Départ.)

M. J. CHÉNIER. Born 1764, died 1811.

Marie Joseph de Chénier was born in 1764, at Constantinople, where his father, a man of considerable literary celebrity, was Consul-General. He came at an early age to Paris, and produced several tragedies, which owed their success, in a great measure, to the pains which the author took to suit the revolutionary taste of the people. He was also one of the most celebrated writers of patriotic songs. In his latter days he devoted himself to the more sober employment of writing a history of French literature, and died in 1811.

After the Marseillaise hymn the *Chant du Départ* was the most celebrated song of the French Revolution. It was written to be sung at a public festival, held on the 11th of June, 1794, to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. The music, which is by Méhul, was composed, it is said, on the spur of the moment, amid the noise and bustle of a crowded saloon



Victory, hymning loud, our path-
way makes,
While freedom guides our
steps aright;
From north to south the mar-
tial trumpet wakes
To sound the moment for
the fight.
Tremble, ye enemies of France.
Kings, who with blood have
slaked your thirst!
The sovereign people see ad-
vance
To hurl ye to your grave
accursed.

Come, brethren, the Republic calls;
For her our hearts and lives we give;
For her a Frenchman gladly falls,
For her alone he seeks to live.

A MOTHER.

See, from your mother's eyes no tear-drops flow,
Far from our hearts we banish fears;
We triumph when in freedom's cause ye go,—
Only for tyrants' eyes are tears.

Warriors, we gave you life, 't is true,
 But yours no more the gift can be ;
 Your lives are now your country's due,
 She is your mother more than we.
 Come, brethren, the Republic calls, &c.

TWO OLD MEN.

The old paternal sword becomes the brave,
 Remember us 'mid battle's rage ;
 And let the blood of tyrant and of slave .
 Honour the weapon blessed by age.
 Then to our humble cottage come,
 With wounds and glory as your prize :
 When tyrants have received their doom,
 Then, children, come to close our eyes.
 Come, brethren, the Republic calls, &c.

A CHILD.

We envy Viala's and Barra's lot ;
 Victors were they, though doomed to bleed :
 Weighed down by years, the coward liveth not ;
 Who dies for freedom, lives indeed.
 With you we would all dangers brave,
 Lead us against our tyrants, then ;
 None is a child except the slave,
 While all republicans are men.
 Come, brethren, the Republic calls, &c.

A WIFE.

Husbands, rejoicing, seek the plain of death,
 As patterns for all warriors shine ;
 Flowers will we pluck to make the victor's wreath,
 Our hands the laurel crown will twine.
 When, your blest *man's* to receive,
 Fame shall her portals open fling ;
 Still in our songs your names shall live,
 From us shall your avengers spring.
 Come, brethren, the Republic calls, &c.

A YOUNG GIRL.

We, who know nought of Hymen's gentle fire,
But sisters of your heroes are,
We bid you, citizens, if you desire
With us our destiny to share,
Radiant with liberty to come,
And glory purchased with your blood,
The joyful record bringing home
Of universal brotherhood.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, &c.

THREE WARRIORS.

Here, before God, upon our swords we swear
To all who crown this life with joy,
To mothers, sisters, wives and children dear,
The foul oppressor to destroy.
Into the black abyss of night
Hurled every guilty king shall be ;
France o'er the world shall spread the light
Of endless peace and liberty.
Come, brethren, the Republic calls, &c.

ORIGINAL.

La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la barrière
La liberté guide nos pas,
Et du Nord au Midi la trompette guerrière
A sonné l'heure des combats.
Tremblez, ennemies de la France
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil !
Le peuple souverain s'avance :
Tyrans, descendez au cercueil !

La république nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr :
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir !

UNE MÈRE DE FAMILLE.

De nos yeux maternels ne craignez pas les larmes ;
Loin de nous de lâches douleurs !
Nous devons triompher quand vous prenez les armes
C'est aux rois à verser des pleurs !
Nous vous avons donné la vie,
Guerriers ! elle n'est plus à vous ;
Tous vos jours sont à la patrie :
Elle est votre mère avant nous !
La république nous appelle, &c.

DEUX VIEILLARDS.

Que le fer paternel arme la main des braves !
Songez à nous, au champ de Mars ;
Consacrez dans le sang des rois et des esclaves
Le fer béni par vos vieillards ;
Et rapportant sous la chaumière
Des blessures et des vertus,
Venez fermer notre paupière
Quand les tyrans ne seront plus !
La république nous appelle, &c.

UN ENFANT.

De Barra, de Viala, sort nous fait envie :
Ils sont morts, mais ils ont vaincu.
Le lâche accablé d'ans n'a point connu la vie ;
Qui meurt pour le peuple a vécu.
Vous êtes vaillants, nous le sommes :
Guidez-nous contre les tyrans ;
Les républicains sont des hommes,
Les esclaves sont des enfants !
La république nous appelle, &c.

UN EPOUSE.

Partez, vaillants époux : les combats sont vos fêtes ;
Partez, modèles des guerriers.
Nous cueillerons des fleurs pour enceindre vos têtes.
Nos mains tresseront des lauriers ;

Et, si le temple de mémoire
S'ouvrait à vos mânes vainqueurs,
Nos voix chanteront votre gloire,
Et nos flancs porteront vos vengeurs
La république nous appelle, &c.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.

Et nous, sœurs des héros, nous qui de l'hyménée
Ignorons les aimables nœuds,
Si pour s'unir un jour à notre destinée,
Les citoyens forment des vœux,
Qu'ils reviennent dans nos murailles,
Beaux de gloire et de liberté
Et que leur sang, dans les batailles,
Ait coulé pour l'égalité.
La république nous appelle, &c.

TROIS GUERRIERS.

Sur le fer, devant Dieu, nous jurons à nos pères,
A nos épouses, à nos sœurs,
A nos représentants, à nos fils, à nos mères ;
D'anéantir les oppresseurs :
En tous lieux, dans la nuit profonde,
Plongeant l'infâme royauté,
Les Français donneront au monde
Et la paix et la liberté !
La république nous appelle, &c.



LE VENGEUR.

There were few events during the period of the French Revolution which had a greater effect in kindling the enthusiasm of the people, or in inspiring the lyric poets of the period, than the self-sacrifice of the crew of the *Vengeur*. On the 1st June, 1794, well known in English naval history as the "Glorious 1st of June," Lord Howe, it is unnecessary to say, who commanded the Channel fleet, gained a decisive victory over the French. Six of the French ships were taken, but *Le Vengeur*, although she was a hulk, refused to sink in the waves while the crew shouted "Vive la République." The National Convention, in order to honour the memory of the crew, should be suspended in front of the Pantheon, and that the names of the crew should be inscribed on a column. At the same time a medal was struck, with the inscription "Le triomphe du Vengeur."

The song, of which the following is a version, is by no means remarkable for poetical merit; but it is too characteristic of the period to be omitted. It appears in the collection of MM. Demersan and Ségur, without an author's name.



SILENCE no longer should we keep,
When she, who was our navy's
pride,
Has freely sunk into the deep,
And England's cannonades defied.
Muse, cast thy mourning-veil
away,—
Let new-plucked laurels deck thy
brow,
Our losses are our glories now,
With exultation we can say.

Gladly for freedom to expire,
And never to her foes to yield;
Such was our country's high desire,
And proudly has it been fulfilled.

To Roman annals, as the fount
Of grandest virtue, do not go;
One Decius only can they show,
While ours by hundreds we can count.

Our sailors with the blood of slaves
The ocean have already dyed;
And now our vessels, o'er the waves,
Laden with prizes gaily ride.
The *Vengeur*, torn by many a wound,
Close to the others cannot keep;

But far behind is forced to creep :
The English squadron hems her round.

“Yield, cursed patriots that ye be!”
Thus the assassins loudly cry.
“Yield to a despot’s bloodhounds!—we
Republicans would rather die.
No, no, we are prepared to teach
That ’t is your office to retire.”
The foe would parley, but our fire
Bursts forth and interrupts his speech.

The English chiefs are maddened all,
That such resistance we can make;
And long upon their sailors call,
Their thirst for dread revenge to slake.
But yet, in spite of all their ire,
Their lips confess the fatal truth,—
“These French are made of flint, forsooth,
And answer every touch with fire.”

The cannonade begins anew,
The English masts are overthrown,
And widely o’er the waters strown,—
The foe it seems we shall subdue.
No; to their rage is food supplied,
For ample powder still is left :
‘The *Vengeur* is of all bereft,
Except her glory and her pride.

Nought guards us from the leopard’s jaws,
Our ammunition is run out;
After a moment’s anxious pause,
Arises honour’s parting shout.
All,—dying,—wounded,—take their place
Upon the deck, with hearts elate,
No man of France will hesitate
Between destruction and disgrace.

Within each bosom valour dwells,
 Though every one his danger knows ;
 The shattered flag with anger swells,
 And the three-colour proudly shows.
 Now sparkles every eye again ;
 A hero is each dying man,
 The notes of the expiring swan,
 They imitate in martial strain.

Of hope it were in vain to think,
 But none their destiny deplore ;
 The more they feel the vessel sink,
 Their valour seems to rise the more.
 Still the Republic fills their souls ;
 Amid the waves they shout her name,
 Which, wafted by a sea of flame,
 To Britain's court triumphant rolls.

A golden branch, for ever young,—
 In ancient fable we are told,—
 Plucked by the guilty, newly sprung,
 Still brighter glories to unfold.
 We'll show the haughty British race
 The Frenchman can such honour boast,—
 That when one *Vengeur* we have lost,
 Another hastes to take her place.

What is this vessel, that appears
 Impatient on the stocks to stay ?
 Proud of the glorious name she bears,—
 Her heritage,—she darts away.
 No adverse lot our hearts can tame,
 Ye Britons, ye can plainly see ;
 For, though the vessel new may be,
 The crew that mans her is the same.



SONG OF VICTORY.

(Chant des Victoires.)

J. M. CHÉNIER.

SPAIN from her towns in terror flees,—
Spain the haughty,—the jealous,—proud,—
While before us the heights are bowed
Of her glorious Pyrenees.
Her inquisitors must atone
In Madrid, for their cruel past;
Their victims' fate shall be their own,
And Justice claim her due at last.
Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

Great Brutus' ashes let us wake!
O Gracchi! from the tomb arise!
Let Liberty, in Rome who sighs,
From Alpine heights her flight down take!
Vanish, ye priests of evil fame!
Fly, pow'rless cohorts, ere too late:
Camillus now is but a name,
And the true Gauls are at your gate.
Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

Perfidious England! Ocean grand
Does thy great power with groans confess;
Thy sails the waters vast oppress,
E'en as thy crimes oppress the land.
Whilst our brave efforts break the might
Thine old despotic trident wields,
To us shall Plenty take her flight
From young America's green fields.
Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

Rise from old Ocean's deepest caves,
O *Vengeur's* phantom! smoking still,

And show how Frenchmens' iron will
 Conquered both English fire and waves.
 Whence come those shrill heartrending cries?
 What sound magnanimous is this?
 The voices of the dead arise,
 Singing of conquest from the abyss.
 Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
 Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

Fleurus!—fields worthy to be known,
 And kept in memory!—a name
 Friendly to France's warlike fame,
 And three times by her victories sown!
 Fleurus! from 'Tagus to the Rhine,
 From Var to Tiber be thou sung;
 For from thy blood-stained shore divine
 The liberty of Europe sprung.
 Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
 Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

Ostend, receive our hosts of war!
 Haughty Namur, before us bow!
 Ghent and Oudenard, yield ye now!
 Charleroi and Mons, your gates unbar!
 Brussels! once more around thee falls
 The light of liberty divine;
 Now, plaintive Liège, upon thy walls
 Receive the tricolor ensign!
 Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
 Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

Kings leagued together!—coward slaves!
 Vile enemies of human kind!
 Ye fly before the sword, we find;
 Ye fly where France's banner waves!
 And watered by your guilty blood,
 Of which its vast roots long to drink,
 The oak of freedom, strong and good,
 Will rise, as you in ruin sink!
 Glory to France! vengeance for wrong she brings!
 Live the Republic! perish all earth's kings!

From busy city, flowery plain,
The people's voices rise in song ;
The streams and seas the sound prolong,
Re-echoing the mountains' strain,
And all the thrilling words repeat,
"Victory ! freedom ! native land !"
While Europe's songs with France's meet,
And swell the strain on every strand.
Glory to France ! vengeance for wrong she brings !
Live the Republic ! perish all earth's kings !

Ed.

ORIGINAL.

Musique de Méhul.

FUYANT les villes consternées
L'Ibère orgueilleux et jaloux
A vu s'abaisser devant nous
Les deux sommets des Pyrénées.
Ses tyrans, ses inquisiteurs,
Dans Madrid vont payer leurs crimes.
D'injustes sacrificateurs
Deviendront de justes victimes.

Gloire au peuple français, il sait venger ses droits,
Vive la République, et périssent les rois !

De Brutus éveillons la cendre.
O Gracques ! sortez du cercueil :
La liberté, dans Rome en deuil,
Du haut des Alpes va descendre :
Disparaissez, prêtres impurs ;
Fuyez, impuissantes cohortes,
Camille n'est plus dans vos murs,
Et les Gaulois sont à vos portes.
Gloire au peuple français, &c.

Avare et perfide Angleterre,
La mer gémit sous tes vaisseaux ;
Tes voiles pèsent sur les eaux,
Tes forfaits pèsent sur la terre.

Tandis que nos vaillants efforts
Brisent ton trident despotique,
Vois l'abondance vers nos ports
Accourir des champs de l'Amérique,
Gloire au peuple français, &c.

Lève-toi, sors des mers profondes,
Cadavre fumant du *Vengeur* :
Toi qui vis le Français vainqueur
Des Anglais, des feux et des ondes.
D'où partent ces cris déchirants ?
Quelles sont ces voix magnanimes ?
Les voix des braves expirants
Qui chantent du fond des abîmes ;
Gloire au peuple français, &c.

Fleurus, champs dignes de mémoire,
Monument d'un triple succès ;
Fleurus, champs amis des Français,
Semés trois fois par la victoire ;
Fleurus, que ton nom soit chanté
Du Tage au Rhin, du Var au Tibre.
Sur ton rivage ensanglanté
Il est écrit : l'Europe est libre.
Gloire au peuple français, &c.

Ostende, reçois nos cohortes,
Namur, courbe-toi devant nous ;
Oudenarde et Gand, rendez-vous ;
Charleroi, Mons, ouvrez vos portes
Bruxelles, devant tes regards
La liberté va luire encore ;
Plaintive Liège, en tes remparts
Reçois le drapeau tricolore.
Gloire au peuple français, &c.

Rois conjurés, lâches esclaves,
Vils ennemis du genre humain,
Vous avez fui le glaive en main,
Vouz avez fui devant nos braves ;

Et de votre sang détesté
 Abreuvant ses vastes racines,
 Le chêne de la liberté
 S'élève aux cieux sur vos ruines.
 Gloire au peuple français, &c.

Dans nos cités, dans nos campagnes,
 Du peuple on entend les concerts ;
 L'écho des fleuves et des mers
 Répond à l'écho des montagnes.
 Tout répète ces noms touchants :
 Victoire, Liberté, Patrie !
 L'Europe se mêle à nos chants,
 Le genre humain se lève et crie :
 Gloire au peuple français, il sait venger ses droits,
 Vive la République, et périssent les rois !

THE VARSOVIENNE.—POLISH WAR SONG.

(*La Varsovienne.*)

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE. Born 1793, died 1843.

It dawns, the day of blood ! and with its light
 See our deliverance, hour by hour, advance.
 Poland's white eagle soars in lofty flight,
 Its eyes fixed on the rainbow over France.
 Up to that July sun, whose lustre filled the skies
 Cutting the air it soars, and as it rises, cries,
 "For Poland true and brave,
 Thy sun, O Liberty, or thy night, O Grave !

'Poles ! à la baïonnette,'
 Our battle-cry shall be.
 Let our drums re-echo it.
 'A la baïonnette !
 Vive la liberté.'

“War To horse, ye Cossacks of the desert:
 “Sabre rebellious Poland,” they have cried;
 “The Balkans are no more; the land is open,
 Across it at the gallop ye may ride.”
 Halt! not a step beyond! The real Balkans see
 In living Poles, whose land holds but the brave and free.
 Poland rejects the slave,
 And to her foemen only yields a grave.
 Poles! à la baïonnette, &c.

Poland, for thee thy sons will combat now;
 Happier than when victorious they died,
 And mixed their ashes with the Memphian sands,
 Or saw before them fall the Kremlin's pride.
 From the Alps to Tabor, from Ebro to Black Sea,
 For twenty years they fell, on shores far, far from thee;
 This time, O mother blest!
 Dying for thee, they'll sleep upon thy breast.
 Poles! à la baïonnette, &c.

Come, Kosciusko! let thine arm strike home!
 The enemy who talks of mercy, slay.
 What mercy did he show in that fell hour
 When Prague in blood beneath his sabre lay?
 His blood shall pay for those ruthlessly slaughtered!
 Our earth thirsts for it; let her with it be watered!
 And we with that red dew
 Will make our martyrs' laurels bloom anew.
 Poles! à la baïonnette, &c.

On, warriors! one gallant effort make,
 And win!—Our women scorn the foe, ye see.
 My country, show the giant of the North
 The marriage ring they sacrifice for thee.
 Of vict'ry's life-blood let it wear the purple stain,
 March on!—bear it triumphant o'er the battle-plain,
 And let it henceforth be
 Betrothal ring 'twixt Liberty and thee.
 Poles! à la baïonnette. &c.

Frenchmen! the balls of Jena's fatal plain
Have stamped our services upon our breast;
Marengo's sword has lasting furrows made,
And Champ-Aubert has glorious scars impressed.
To win or die together was of yore our pride,
Brothers-at-arms we fought at Paris side by side . . .
 Will you give only tears?
Brothers, we gave *you* blood in those past years.
 Poles! à la baïonnette, &c.

Oh, you, at least, whose blood in exile shed
Was poured like water on the battle-field,
Victorious dead! arise from ev'ry land,
 To bless our efforts and our country shield.
Like you, victor or martyr may this people stay
Beneath the giant's arm, barring in death his way,
 And in the vanguard fall,
A rampart for the liberty of all.
 Poles! à la baïonnette, &c.

Sound, clarion! into your ranks, O Poles!
Follow through fire your eagle's brave advance;
Freedom herself beats on our drum the charge,
And victory is resting on our lance.
May conquest crown the glorious flag, that erst of yore
Laurels of Austerlitz and palms of Edom bore,
 O Poland, whom we love;
Living we *will* be free; who dies *is* free Above!

Poles! à la baïonnette
Our battle-cry shall be,
Let our drums re-echo it.
À la baïonnette!
Vive la Liberté.

Ed.

ORIGINAL.

Il s'est levé, voici le jour sanglant;
Qu'il soit pour nous le jour de délivrance.
Dans son essor voyez notre aigle blanc
Les yeux fixés sur l'arc-en-ciel de France.

Au soleil de juillet, dont l'éclat fut si beau,
Il a repris son vol, il fend les airs, il crie :

“ Pour ma noble patrie,
Liberté, ton soleil, ou la nuit du tombeau ! ”

Polonais, à la baïonnette !
C'est le cri par nous adopté ;
Qu'en roulant le tambour répète :
A la baïonnette !
Vive la liberté !

Guerre ! . . . A cheval, cosaques des déserts !
Sabrons, dit-il, la Pologne rebelle.
Point de Balkans, ses champs nous sont ouverts ;
C'est au galop qu'il faut passer sur elle.
Halte ! n'avancez pas ! ces Balkans sont nos corps,
La terre où nous marchons ne porte que des braves,
Rejette les esclaves.
Et de ses ennemis ne garde que les morts.
Polonais, à la baïonnette ! &c.

Pour toi, Pologne, ils combattront, tes fils,
Plus fortunés qu'au temps où la victoire
Mêlait leur cendre aux sables de Memphis,
Où le Kremlin s'écroula sous leur gloire.
Des Alpes au Thabor, de l'Ebre au Pont-Euxin,
Ils sont tombés vingt ans sur la rive étrangère ;
Cette fois, ô ma mère !
Ceux qui mourront pour toi dormiront sur ton sein !
Polonais, à la baïonnette ! &c.

Viens, Kosciusko, que ton bras frappe au cœur
Cet ennemi qui parle de clémence.
En avait-il quand son sabre vainqueur
Noyait Praga dans un massacre immense ?
Tout son sang va payer le sang qu'il prodigua ;
Cette terre en a soif, qu'elle en soit arrosée :
Faisons sous sa rosée
Reverdir le laurier des martyrs de Praga !
Polonais, à la baïonnette ! &c.

Allons, guerriers, un généreux effort !
Nous les vaincrons ; nos femmes les défient.
O mon pays ! montre au géant du Nord
Le saint anneau qu'elles te sacrifient.
Que par notre victoire il soit ensanglanté ;
Marche ! et fais triompher au milieu des batailles
L'anneau des fiançailles
Qui t'unit pour toujours avec la liberté.
Polonais, à la baïonnette ! &c.

A nous, Français, les balles d'Iéna
Sur notre sein ont inscrit nos services ;
A Marengo le fer le sillonna ;
De Champ-Aubert comptez les cicatrices.
Vaincre ou mourir ensemble autrefois fut si doux !
Nous étions sous Paris. . . Pour de vieux frères d'armes.
N'aurez-vous que des larmes ?
Frères, c'était du sang que nous versions pour vous.
Polonais, à la baïonnette ! &c.

O vous du moins dont le sang glorieux
S'est dans l'exil répandu comme l'onde,
Pour nous bénir, mânes victorieux,
Relevez-vous de tous les points du monde !
Qu'il soit vainqueur, ce peuple, ou martyr comme vous.
Sous les bras du géant, qu'en mourant il retarde,
Qu'il tombe à l'avant-garde
Pour couvrir de son corps la liberté de tous !
Polonais, à la baïonnette ! &c.

Sonnez, clairons ! Polonais, à ton rang !
Suis sous le feu ton aigle qui s'élance.
La liberté bat la charge en courant,
Et la victoire est au bout de la lance.
Victoire à l'étendard que l'exil ombragea
Des lauriers d'Austerlitz, des palmes d'Idumée !
Pologne bien-aimée,
Qui vivra sera libre, et qui meurt l'est déjà !

THE WHITE COCKADE.

(*La Cocarde Blanche.*)

BÉRANGER.

This is one of the many songs in which Béranger expresses his indignation at the entrance of the Allies into Paris. It is dated March, 1816, and the poet satirically remarks that it is to be sung at a dinner given by the Royalists to celebrate that event.

GREAT day of peace and happiness,
By which the vanquished free are made;
Great day that dawned our France to bless
With honour and the white cockade!

The theme for ladies' ears is meet,—
Sing the success of monarchs brave;
How rebel Frenchmen they could beat,
And all the pious Frenchmen save.
Great day of, &c.

Sing how the foreign hordes could pour
Into our land, and how with ease
They opened every yielding door,—
When we had given up the keys.
Great day of, &c.

Had it not been for this blessed day,
What dire misfortunes now might lour!
The tricolor might,—who can say?—
Float over London's ancient tower.
Great day of, &c.

Our future hist'ry will record
How to the Cossacks of the Don,
Kneeling, we pardon once implored
For Frenchmen slain and glory gone.
Great day of, &c.

Then to the foreigners drink we,
At this most national repast,
Who brought back our nobility,
After so many dangers past.
Great day of, &c.

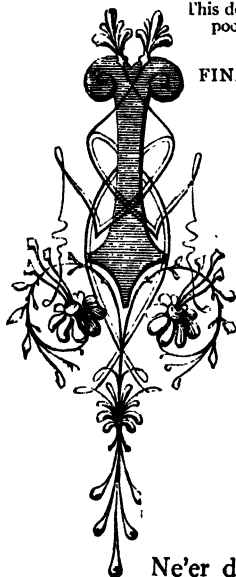
Another toast, and then we've done,—
 A cup to Henry's name is due,
 Who took, by his own arm alone,
 The throne of France and Paris too.
 Great day of, &c.

LOW-BORN.

(*Le Vilain.*)

BÉRANGER.

This deeply pathetic song, intended to set forth the miseries of the rural poor, belongs to a somewhat late period of the life of Béranger.



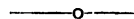
FIND they're taking me to task
 For writing "de" before my name :
 "Are you of noble line?" they ask.
 No—Heaven be lauded for the same :
 No patent signed by royal hand
 On stately vellum can I show.
 I only love my native land,—
 Oh, I am low-born—very low.

No "de" my ancestors could give,
 Their story in my blood I trace,
 Beneath a tyrant forced to live ;
 They cursed the despot of their race.
 But he for privilege was born,
 And soon, alas ! he let them know,
 He was the millstone,—they the corn :
 Oh, I am low-born—very low.

Ne'er did my fathers, I can say,
 Live on their peasants' sweat and blood,
 Or seek the trav'ller to waylay,
 While toiling through the darksome wood.
 Not one his native village spurned,
 Or by some wizard at a blow
 Was to a royal lackey turned :
 Oh, I am low-born—very low

My brave forefathers never thought
 To take a part in civil broils;
 And ne'er the English leopard brought
 To feed upon their country's spoils;
 And when the Church, through base intrigue,
 Brought all to ruin, sure though slow,
 Not one of them would sign the league:
 Oh, I am low-born—very low.

Seek not my humour to control,
 I grasp the banner which you spurn;
 Ye nobles of the buttonhole,
 To rising suns your incense burn.
 A common race is dear to me;
 Though gay, I feel my neighbours' woe;
 I only flatter poverty:
 Oh, I am low-born—very low.



JACQUES.

BÉRANGER.

JACQUES, wake from slumber if you can,
 For here's an usher tall and stout
 Who through the village sniffs about:
 He's coming for your tax, poor man.
 So out of bed, Jacques, quickly spring,
 Here comes the usher of the king.

The sun is up,—why thus delay?
 You never were so hard to waken.
 Old Remi's furniture they've taken
 For sale, before the break of day.
 So out of bed, &c.

Without a sou! oh, wretched fate!
 Those dogs would seize your very soul.
 Just ask a month to pay the whole,
 Perhaps the king will kindly wait.
 So out of bed, &c.

By these hard taxes, poor as rats,
Unhappy wretches we are made :
My distaff only and your spade,
Keep us, our father, and our brats.
So out of bed, &c.

Our land with this small hovel makes
A quarter acre, they are sure ;
The poor man's tears are its manure,
And usury the harvest takes.
So out of bed, &c.

Our work is hard, our gain is small ;
We ne'er shall taste a pig, I fear,
For food has grown so very dear,
With everything, the salt and all.
So out of bed, &c.

A draught of wine new heart might bring ;
But then the wine is taxed as well ;
Still never mind, love, go and sell
To buy a cup, my wedding-ring.
So out of bed, &c.

Dream you of wealth, of some good change.
That fate, at last, its grip relaxes ?
What to the wealthy are the taxes ?
Mere mice that nibble in the grange.
So out of bed, &c.

He comes ! O Heavens ! what must I fear ?
Your cheek is pale, no word you say ;
You spoke of suff'ring yesterday,
You, who so much in silence bear.
So out of bed, &c.

She calls in vain,—extinct is life ;
For those whom labour has worn out,
An easy end is death, no doubt :
Pray, all good people, for his wife.
Thou. out of bed. &c.

CHARLES VII.

BÉRANGER.

All Béranger's more serious songs have a practical object. Charles VII. and his mistress Agnes Sorel are merely revived to arouse the national spirit of the French against foreigners.



Agnes bids,—I seek the fight,
Adieu to pleasure's bed of down;
God, heroes, love,—all, all unite,
And aid me to avenge my crown.
Ye English, tremble at the name
Of her I always shall adore;
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
Through her to honour wake once
more.

Of all nobility bereft,
A Frenchman and a king I lay
Enchanted, and my land I left
To English swords an easy prey.
One word she spake,—and, lo! with shame
My burning cheek was mantled o'er.
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
'Through her to honour wake once more.

If for my France my blood must flow,
Each life-drop I will gladly spill;
But, Agnes, 'tis not ordered so,—
Thy Charles will live, and conquer still.
Wearing her colours and her name,
To certain victory I soar;
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
Through her to honour wake once more.

Saintrilles, Trémouille, Dunois the brave,—
Oh, that will be a glorious day,
When from the battle-field I have
New wreaths, my mistress to array.

Ye Frenchmen, long revere the name
 Of her who could your land restore ;
 Through her I lost all wish for fame,
 Through her to honour wake once more.

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

(*Le Reveil du Peuple.*)

J. M. SOURIGUÈRES. Born 1770, died 1837.

This sanguinary piece of bombast, which represents the worst feelings of the Revolution, was prohibited by order of the Directory in 1795, which ordered the performance of *Le Marseillaise*, *Veillons au salut de l'Empire*, *Ça ira*, and the *Chant du Départ*. The pagan allusions with which the song is filled give it an unpopular appearance ; but it must be remembered that during the fever of the Revolution, an affectation of the antique style had become almost a second nature.



Awaken, brethren, Frenchmen brave !
 Feel you no horror at the sight,
 When treason dares her flag to wave,
 Awaking carnage and affright?
 What ! shall a sanguinary band
 Of robbers and assassins dare
 To trample on your native land,
 And with their breath pollute the
 air?

What guilty torpor binds you fast?
 Wake, sovereign people, quick
 awake !

To hellish fiends the wretches cast,

Who long with blood their thirst to slake !
 War to the death ! should be your cry—
 War to all partners in their guilt :
 If you could only hate as I,
 The blood of all were quickly spilt.

Yea, let them perish—do not spare
 Those monsters who would flesh devour,
 Who in their craven bosoms bear
 The worship of a tyrant's power.

Manes of innocence, who wail
 For retribution in your tombs,
 Rest, rest ! your murderers now grow pale,—
 At last the day of vengeance comes.

Mark how their limbs with terror shake ;—
 They dare not fly,—too well they know
 Escape is vain,—each path they take
 The blood they vomit forth will show.
 Ye shades ! upon your tombs we swear,
 By the misfortunes of our land,
 That we a hecatomb will rear,
 Of that foul man-devouring band.

Ye legislators, good and just,
 Chosen to guard the people's right,
 Who, with your countenance august,
 Our enemies with fear can smite,
 Follow your glorious path !—each name
 Dear to humanity will be,
 And, wafted to the Hall of Fame,
 Will dwell with Immortality !

ORIGINAL.

PEUPLE Français, peuple de frères !
 Peux-tu voir, sans frémir d'horreur,
 Le crime arborer les bannières
 Du carnage et de la terreur.
 Tu souffres qu'une horde atroce
 Et d'assassins et de brigands,
 Souille de son souffle féroce,
 Le territoire des vivants !

Quelle est cette lenteur barbare ?
 Hâte-toi, peuple souverain,
 De rendre aux monstres de Ténare
 Tous ces buveurs du sang humain !

Guerre à tous les agents du crime !
Poursuivons-les jusqu'au trépas ;
Partage l'horreur qui m'anime ;
Ils ne nous échapperont pas !

Ah ! qu'il périssent ces infâmes
Et ces égorgeurs dévorants
Qui portent au fond de leurs âmes,
Le crime et l'amour des tyrans.
Mânes plaintifs de l'innocence,
Apaisez-vous dans vos tombeaux :
Le jour tardif de la vengeance
Fait enfin pâlir vos bourreaux !

Voyez déjà comme ils frémissent !
Ils n'osent fuir, les scélérats !
Les traces du sang qu'ils vomissent
Bientôt décèleraient leurs pas.
Oui, nous jurons sur votre tombe,
Par notre pays malheureux,
De ne faire qu'une hécatombe
De ces cannibales affreux.

Représentants d'un peuple juste,
O, vous législateurs humains !
De qui la contenance auguste
Fait trembler nos vils assassins,
Suivez le cours de votre gloire ;
Vos noms, chers à l'humanité,
Volent au temple de mémoire,
Au sein de l'immortalité.



A FOREIGN FOE WE FRENCHMEN HATE.

(*La France a l'horreur du servage.*)

CASIMIR and GERMAIN DELAVIGNE.

This song occurs in *Charles VI.*, an opera by Halévy, produced in 1843. The opera, we believe, attained no permanent reputation, but the song is inserted here on account of the great excitement which it caused during the agitation of the Syrian question.



FOREIGN yoke we Frenchmen hate ;
 However great the danger be,
 We feel our courage still more great,
 Our land from foreign foes to free.
 We see bright freedom's day advance :
 The lips of thousands join the strain :
 War,—war to tyrants ! in our France
 The haughty English ne'er shall reign.

France, cast aside thy lethargy :
 They think thee dead,—from sleep
 arise.

A day can see an army die,
 But, oh ! a people never dies.
 Frenchmen, with Freedom's cry advance,
 Vict'ry will echo back the strain :
 War,—war to tyrants ! in our France
 The haughty English ne'er shall reign.

Though England now may lift her head,
 English our France shall ne'er be made ;
 Though Britons o'er our soil are spread,
 O'er them our soil will soon be laid.
 So quick with Freedom's songs advance,
 Vict'ry will echo back the strain ;
 War,—war to tyrants ! in our France
 The haughty English ne'er shall reign.

ORIGINAL.

LA France a l'horreur du servage,
 Et si grand qui soit le danger,

Plus grand encore est son courage
Quand il faut chasser l'étranger.
Quand il faut chasser, chasser l'étranger.
Vienne le jour de délivrance,
Des cœurs ce vieux cri sortira : (*bis.*)

Guerre aux tyrans ! jamais, jamais en France, (*bis*)
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera. (*bis*)
Non, non, non, jamais, non,
Jamais, en France,
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera,
Non !

Réveille-toi, France opprimée !
On te crut morte—et tu dormais.
Un jour voit mourir une armée,
Mais un peuple ne meurt jamais. (*bis*)
Jette le cri de délivrance
Et la victoire y répondra :
Guerre aux tyrans, &c.

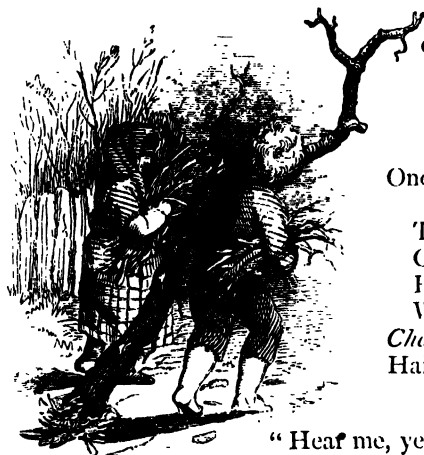
En France jamais l'Angleterre
N'aura vaincu pour conquérir ;
Les soldats y couvrent la terre,
La terre doit les y couvrir. (*bis*)
Jetons le cri de délivrance
Et la victoire y répondra :

Guerre aux tyrans ! jamais, jamais en France, (*bis*)
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera, (*bis*)
Non, non, non, jamais, non !
Jamais en France,
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera,
Non !

THE MARQUIS DE CARABAS.

BÉRANGER.

This song, which is dated 1816, is one of the many in which Béranger satirized the attempts of the old nobility to assume their former position after the Restoration.



ON proud old Marquis see,
A conquered race he thinks
are we,
His steed has brought him
home,
Once more amongst us has he
come.
To his old château,
Only see him go :
How the noble lord
Wears his bloodless sword !
Chapeau bas ! Chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

“ Hear me, ye vassals all,
Castellans, villeins, great and small ;
Through me, through me alone,
The king was set upon his throne.
If he should neglect
All the deep respect
Which I claim, to pay,
Then the duce I’ll play.
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

“ Though, to calumniate
My name, they of a miller prate ;
My lineage I trace
To one of Little Pepin’s race ;
By my arms I know
There is none can show
Such a pedigree,—
Not his Majesty.

Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

“Who can resist me, pray?
My lady has the *tabouret*,*
My younger son is sure,
At court, a mitre to procure;
Then my noble heir,
Who a cross would wear,
Three at least shall have,
Though not over-brave.
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !



“In peace I mean to live,
Let none a hint of taxes give;
A gentleman, we know,
Can nothing to his country owe.
Snug in my castle, I
Shall all the world defy;
The prefect soon will find
That I can speak my mind.
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

“Your battle, priests, we fought,
And so in equity we ought
Your tithes with you to share:
The burden let the people bear.
To us belongs the chase,
The vile plebeian race
For nothing else is fit
But simply to submit.†
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

“Your duty do, *curé*,
To me with incense homage pay;

* The right of sitting in the presence of the queen.

† The vagueness of the translation here need not be explained.

Ye lackeys, do your best,
And see the rabbles' jackets dressed.
My great forefathers gave
The privilege I have,
And c'en my latest heirs
Shall boast that it is theirs.
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !"

ORIGINAL.

VOYEZ ce vieux marquis
Nous traiter en peuple conquis ;
Son coursier décharné
De loin chez nous l'a ramené.
Vers son vieux castel
Ce noble mortel
Marche en brandissant
Un sabre innocent.
Chapeau bas ! Chapeau bas !
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas !

Aumoniers, châtelains,
Vassaux, vavassaux, et vilains,
C'est moi, dit-il, c'est moi,
Qui seul ai rétabli mon roi.
Mais s'il ne me rend
Les droits de mon rang,
Avec moi, corbleu !
Il verra beau jeu.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Pour me calomnier,
Bien qu'on ait parlé d'un meunier.
Ma famille eut pour chef
Un des fils de Pépin-le-Bref.
D'après mon blason
Je crois ma maison
Plus noble, ma foi,
Que celle du roi.
Chapeau bas, &c.





Qui me résisterait ?
La marquise a le tabouret,
Pour être évêque un jour
Mon dernier fils suivra la cour.
Mon fils le baron
Quoiqu'un peu poltron,
Veut avoir des croix,
Il en aura trois ;
Chapeau bas, &c.

Vivons donc en repos,
Mais l'on m'ose parler d'impôts !
À l'état, pour son bien,
Un gentilhomme ne doit rien.
Grâce à mes crénaux,
À mes arsenaux,
Je puis au préfet
Dire un peu son fait.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Prêtres que nous vengeons,
Levez la dîme et partageons ;
Et toi, peuple animal,
Porte encor le bât féodal.
Seul nous chasserons,
Et tous vos tendrons
Subiront l'honneur
Du droit du seigneur.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Curé, fais ton devoir,
Remplis pour moi ton encensoir ;
Vous, pages et varlets,
Guerre aux vilains, et rossez-les !
Que de mes aïeux
Ces droits glorieux
Passent tout entiers
À mes héritiers.
Chapeau bas, &c.

THE OLD CORPORAL.

(*Le vieux Caporal.*)

BÉRANGER.

regretful reminiscence of the Grand Army in the person of an old corporal, about to be shot for insubordination during the rule of a dynasty he detests, is dated 1829.



COME, gallant comrades, move apace,
With shouldered musket march
away;

I've got my pipe and your embrace,

So quickly give me my *congé*.
'Too old I in the service grew,
But rather useful I could be,
As father of the drill to you.

March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep,
But, comrades, march on merrily.

An officer,—an upstart *swell*,—
Insulted me,—I broke his head;
I'm sentenced,—he is getting well:
Your corporal will die instead.
My wrath and brandy fired me so,
I cared for nought, and then, d'ye
see,

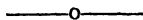
I served the great man long ago.
March merrily,
And do not weep, &c.

Young conscripts—you, I'm sure, will not
Lose arms or legs a cross to get;
The cross you see me wear I got
In wars, where kings were overset.
You willingly would stand the drink,
Old battle-tales to hear from me;
Still, glory's something, I must think.
March merrily,
And do not weep, &c.

You, Robert, who were born and bred
In mine own village,—mind your sheep;
Soon April will its beauties shed,
The garden trees cast shadows deep.
At dawn of day I've sought the wood,
And, oh, what pleasures fell to me!
My mother lives,—well, Heaven is good!
March merrily,
And do not weep, &c.

Who is it that stands blubb'ring there?
Is that the drummer's widow, pray?
In Russia, through the frosty air,
Her son I carried, night and day;
Else, like the father, in the snows
They both had died,—her child and she:
She's praying for me, I suppose,—
March merrily,
And do not weep, &c.

Morbleu! my pipe has just gone out;
No, no, I'm merry,—so ne'er mind.
This is our journey's end, no doubt:
My eyes, an please you, do not bind.
Be careful friends,—don't fire too low:
I grieve so troublesome to be;
Good bye,—to heaven I hope you'll go.
March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep,
But, comrades, march on merrily.



THE GODDESS.

(*La Déesse.*)

BÉRANGER.

Béranger, in this song, written some time after the Restoration, looks back in melancholy mood on the hopeful dreams of the French populace, when the so-called "Goddess of Reason" was paraded through the streets in Dec., 1793, at which date the poet was thirteen years of

age. He is supposed to address the female who personified Reason on the occasion, and it is impossible not to perceive that something like contempt for the excesses of the Revolution is mingled with the regrets of the Republican.

M. de Lamartine thus describes the procession to which Béranger alludes: "On the 20th of December, the day fixed for the installation of the new worship (of Reason), the communes, the Convention, and the authorities of Paris proceeded in a body to the cathedral. Chaumette, assisted by Lais, an actor of the opera, had arranged the plan of the *fête*. Madlle. Malliard, an actress, brilliant with youth and talent, lately a favourite of the queen, and always admired by the public, had been compelled, by the menaces of Chaumette, to play the part of the popular divinity. She entered, borne in a palanquin, the canopy of which was formed of branches of oak. Women, dressed in white and adorned with tricoloured sashes, preceded her. The popular societies, the fraternal societies of women, the revolutionary committees, the sections, besides groups of singers and dancers from the opera, surrounded the throne. Attired with the theatrical buskins on her feet, with the Phrygian cap on her head, and with a blue chlamys over an almost transparent white tunic, the priestess was borne to the foot of the altar, to the sound of musical instruments, and took her seat in the most sacred place. Behind her burned an immense torch, symbolizing the flame of philosophy, which was henceforth to be the only light of the churches. The actress lighted the torch, and Chaumette, taking the censer from the hands of two acolytes, fell on his knees and offered up incense. Dances and hymns enchanted the senses of the spectators."



AND is it you, who once appeared so fair,
Whom a whole people followed to
adore,
And, thronging after your triumphant
chair,
Called you by *her* great name whose
flag you bore?
Flushed with the acclamations of the
crowd,
Conscious of beauty (you were fair
to see!)
With your new glory you were justly
proud,
Goddess of Liberty!

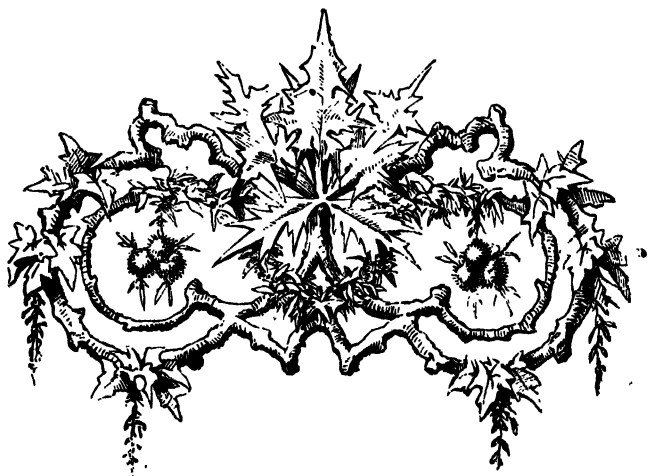
Over the Gothic ruins as you passed,
Your train of brave defenders swept along,
And on your pathway flow'ry wreaths were cast,
While virgins' hymns mixed with the battle-song.
I, a poor orphan, in misfortune bred,—
For fate her bitterest cup allotted me,—
Cried, "Be a parent in my mother's stead,
Goddess of Liberty!"

Foul deeds were done that glorious time to shame,
But that—a simple child—I did not know;
I felt delight to spell my country's name,
And thought with horror of the foreign foe.

All armed against the enemy's attack ;
We were so poor, but yet we were so free : .
Give me those happy days of childhood back,
Goddess of Liberty!

Like a volcano, which its ashes flings
Until its fire is smothered by their fall,
The people sleeps ; the foe his balance brings,
And says, "We'll weigh thy treasure, upstart Gaul."
When to high Heaven our drunken vows we paid,
And worship e'en to beauty dared decree,
You were our dream,—the shadow of a shade,—
Goddess of Liberty!

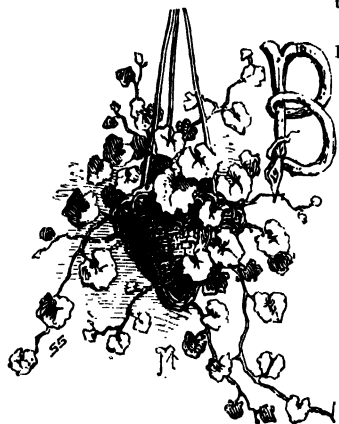
Again I see you,—time has fled too fast,—
Your eyes are lustreless and loveless now ;
And when I speak about the glorious past,
A blush of shame o'erspreads your wrinkled brow.
Still be consoled ; you did not fall alone,—
Though lost thy youth, car, altar, flowers may be,
Virtue and glory, too, are with thee gone,
Goddess of Liberty!



LA PARISIENNE.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

This celebrated song of Casimir Delavigne might almost be called the *Marseillaise* of 1830—the year of its composition.



EHOLD ! thou nation of the brave,
How Freedom's arms are opened
wide.

They sought the people to enslave.
"To arms ! to arms !" the people
cried ;

Once more has our own Paris found
The battle-cry of old renowned.

Haste the foe to meet,
Think not of retreat,
Let not steel or fire a patriot defeat.

A compact mass, that nought can
shake,
Close each to each all firmly
stand ;

Let every man his cartridge make
An offering to his native land.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crowned ;
Paris her ancient cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Beneath their fire though many fall,
Fresh warriors spring before our eyes,
Beneath the constant shower of ball
Veterans of twenty years arise.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crowned ;
Paris her ancient heart has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Who as our leader now appears ?
Who guides our banners—nobly red ?
The Freedom of two hemispheres ;
'Tis Lafayette. with snowy head !

Oh, days! with glory to be crowned;
Paris her ancient cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

The tricolor is raised on high;
With holy rapture we can see,
Shining against a cloudy sky,
The rainbow of our liberty.
Oh, days! with glory to be crowned;
Paris her ancient cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Thou soldier of the tricolor—
Orleans—who bore it long ago,
Thy heart's blood thou wouldst freely pour
With that we see already flow.
Oh, days! with glory to be crowned;
Paris her battle-cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Ye drums, roll forth the sound of death,
Proclaim our brethren's early doom,
And let us cast the laurel wreath
Upon their honourable tomb.
Temple with bays and cypress crowned,
Receive them in thy vaults profound.
March with noiseless feet,
Bare your heads to greet
That pantheon, which their glory makes complete.

ORIGINAL.

PEUPLE Français, peuple de braves,
La liberté rouvre ses bras;
On nous disait : Soyez esclaves !
Nous avons dit : Soyons soldats !
Soudain Paris dans sa mémoire,
A retrouvé son cri de gloire.
En avant, marchons,
Contre leurs canons,
A travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,
Courons à la victoire ! (*bis.*)

Serrez vos rangs ! qu'on se soutienne !
Marchons ! chaque enfant de Paris
De sa cartouche citoyenne
Fait une offrande à son pays.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

La mitraille en vain nous dévore ;
Elle enfant des combattants.
Sous les boulets voyez éclore
Ces vicux généraux de vingt ans.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Pour briser leurs masses profondes,
Qui conduit nos drapeaux sanglants ?
C'est la liberté des deux mondes,
C'est Lafayette en cheveux blancs.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Les trois couleurs sont revenues,
Et la colonne avec fierté
Fait briller à travers les nues,
L'arc-en-ciel de la liberté.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Soldat du drapeau tricolore,
D'Orleans, toi qui l'as porté,
Ton sang se mêlerait encore
A celui qu'il nous a coûté,
Comme aux beaux jours de notre histoire,
Tu rediras ce cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

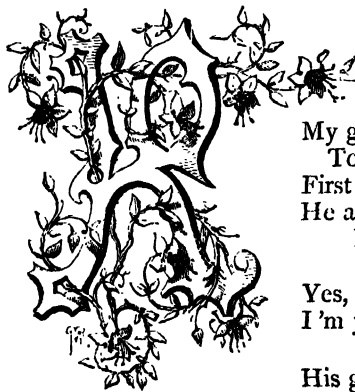
Tambours, du convoi de nos frères
 Roulez le funèbre signal.
 Et nous de lauriers populaires
 Chargeons leur cercueil triomphal.
 O temple de deuil et de gloire :
 Panthéon, reçois leur mémoire !
 Portons-les, marchons,
 Decouvrons nos fronts,
 Soyez immortels vous tous que nous pleurons
 Martyrs de la victoire ! (*bis.*)

THE SENATOR.

(*Le Sénateur.*)

BÉRANGER.

This song, which is dated 1813, and appeared about the same time as the *Roi d'Yvetot*, is associated with the latter by the circumstance, that they both represent the first inclination of Béranger to come before the world as a political poet.



ROSE my wife I must adore,
 She has eyes that sparkle so ;
 My good friend the senator
 To my Rose alone I owe.
 First upon my wedding-day
 He a visit came to pay ;
 How I bless
 My happiness !
 Yes, great senator, oh, yes,
 I'm your servant, I confess.

His good deeds,—I note them all,—
 Are unequalled, I aver ;
 He took Rosa to a ball
 Given by the minister.
 He shakes hands whene'er we meet,
 'T hough 't is in the open street.
 How I bless, &c.

Near my Rose he's always gay,
Nought of foolish pride has he;
When my wife is sick, he'll play
Quietly at cards with me.
Me on New-year's day he greets,
Me at midsummer he treats.
How I bless, &c.

If, perchance, it rains so hard
I am forced to stay at home,
Then he shows his kind regard,—
"Come," he says, "good fellow, come,
Take your ride, you surely know
That my carriage waits below."
How I bless, &c.

Once, when at his country house
With champagne he turned my head,
I got tipsy, and my spouse
Slumbered in a sep'rate bed.
Still my bed, in any case,
Was the best in all the place.
How I bless, &c.

Heaven has blest me with a boy,
For his sponsor stands my friend,
Who sheds o'er him tears of joy,
Giving kisses without end;
And my darling son, I feel,
Has a corner in his will.
How I bless, &c.

Jokes his noble soul divert,
Though too far I sometimes go;
Once I told him at dessert,—
"Tis a fact, sir, as I know,
People say,—indeed 'tis true,—
Rose is far too fond of you."
How I bless, &c.

ORIGINAL.

MON épouse fait ma gloire :
Rose a de si jolis yeux !
Je lui dois, l'on peut m'en croire,
Un ami bien précieux.
Le jour où j'obtins sa foi,
Un sénateur vint chez moi !
Quel honneur !
Quel bonheur !
Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

De ses faits je tiens registre,
C'est un homme sans égal,
L'autre hiver, chez un ministre
Il mena ma femme au bal.
S'il me trouve en son chemin,
Il me frappe dans la main.
Quel honneur, &c.

Près de Rose il n'est point fade,
Et n'a rien de freluquet.
Lorsque ma femme est malade,
Il fait mon cent de piquet.
Il m'embrasse au jour de l'an ;
Il me fête à la Saint-Jean.
Quel honneur, &c.

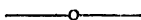
Chez moi qu'un temps effroyable
Me retienne après dîner,
Il me dit, d'un air aimable :
"Allez donc vous proméner ;
Mon cher, ne vous gênez" pas,
Mon équipage est là-bas.
Quel honneur, &c.

Certain soir, à sa campagne
Il nous mena par hasard.
Il m'enivra de Champagne ;
Et Rose fit lit à part.

Mais de la maison, ma foi,
Le plus beau lit fut pour moi.
Quel honneur, &c.

A l'enfant que Dieu m'envoie,
Pour parrain je l'ai donné.
C'est presqu'en pleurant de joie
Qu'il baise le nouveau-né ;
Et mon fils, dès ce moment,
Est mis sur son testament.
Quel honneur, &c.

A table il aime qu'on rie ;
Mais parfois j'y suis trop vert.
J'ai poussé la raillerie
Jusqu' à lui dire au dessert :
On croit, j'en suis convaincu,
Que vous me faites c . . .
Quel honneur !
Quel bonheur !
Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.



THE GIRONDINS.

This song, which MM. Alexander Dumas and Maquet wrote for the drama *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*, is intimately connected with the history of the Revolution of 1848. M. de Lamartine's famous History of the Girondins had just appeared, and had made the public familiar with the fate of those illustrious martyrs, when the excitement was further increased by the drama above-mentioned, in which was introduced the last banquet of the Girondins, who were represented singing *Mourir pour la patrie* in chorus. *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* was produced in 1847 at the Théâtre Historique, and in February, 1848, this was a popular song among the Republican combatants.

WHEN with the cannon's mighty voice,
Her many children France invites,
The soldier feels his heart rejoice,
And for his mother proudly fights.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

We die, from battle-fields remote,
Yet not ignoble is our doom;
To France and freedom we devote
Our heads, and gladly seek the tomb.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

Brethren, we die a martyr's death,
A noble creed we all profess;
No word of sorrow let us breathe;
Our France one day our name will bless.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

Then unto God your voices lift
In gratitude,—a single sigh
Would ill repay Him for His gift—
It is for liberty we die.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty—we bleed.

ORIGINAL.

PAR la voix du canon d'alarme,
La France appelle ses enfans :
Allons, dit le soldat : Aux armes !
C'est ma mère, je la défends.

Mourir pour la patrie ! (*bis*)
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie. (*bis*)

Nous, amis, que loin des batailles,
Succombons dans l'obscurité,
Vouons, du moins, nos funérailles
A la France ! à la liberté !

Mourir pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie. (*bis*)

Frères, pour une cause sainte,
Quand chacun de nous est martyr,
Ne proférons pas une plainte,
La France un jour doit nous bénir.

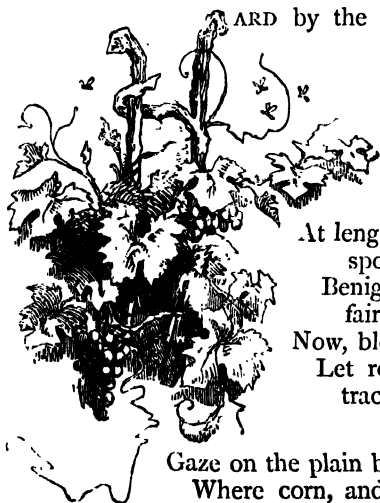
Mourir pour la patrie ! (*bis*)
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie. (*bis*)

Du créateur de la nature,
 Bénissons encore la bonté,
 Nous plaindre serait une injure,
 Nous mourons pour la liberté.
 Mourir pour la patrie! (*bis*)
 C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

(*Le Champ de Bataille.*)

EMILE DEBREAUX. Died 1831.



ARD by the spot, where once two nations
 sought

To win a universe by war's
 rough play,

The warrior rests, and oft be-
 stows a thought

On toils and sufferings that
 have passed away.

At length the brazen fiend has ceased to
 spoil,

Benignant Providence! the world's
 fair face;

Now, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
 Let roses spring to hide the battle's
 tracé.

Gaze on the plain before thine eyes displayed,
 Where corn, and grapes, and flowers abundant
 grow;

Tell me, if God so fair a land has made,
 Only that blood and tears may through it flow.

No! Beauty sees it with her sunny smile,
 And pleased, selects it for her dwelling-place.

Oh, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
 Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

With tall plumes proudly waving in the air,
The sons of Nemours and of great Condé,
Too long with their moustache have tried to scare
All love and ev'ry gentle sport away.
Mars, cease at length thy sanguinary toil,
Let Venus' boy our slaughtered sons replace.
Oh, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

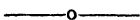
A thousand villages are now no more,
A hundred thousand corpses gashed and torn,
The streams have poisoned of a distant shore;
And now,—what fruit has all this carnage borne?
The foeman came, and took his golden spoil,
The guerdon of our valour was disgrace.
Oh, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

But, lo! before my feet an eagle gleams,
A relic half devoured by time and rust,
And in my heart awakens bitter dreams
Of tow'ring glory humbled to the dust.
Thou sought'st to grasp the thunder as thy spoil,
But Mars soon hurled thee from thy haughty place.
Oh, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

Was it not here, a remnant of our brave—
The only remnant—shed their glorious blood,
Proud to escape the fetters of the slave,
And to the last the leopard's fang withstood?
And Frenchmen, sold to England, could meanwhile
Survey the slaughter with unblushing face.
Oh, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

When, while a thousand flowers beneath them spring,
Our joyous youth shall sport upon this plain,
And tender damsels songs of love shall sing,
Some martial shade will listen to the strain;

Or, marking love's soft battles with a smile,
Will whisper from his dark abiding-place,
"Oh, blood of heroes! fertilize the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace."



THE CORONATION OF CHARLES THE SIMPLE.

(*Le Sacre de Charles le Simple.*)

BÉRANGER.

This is one of the songs which led to the persecution of Béranger in 1828. The poet in a note gives the following information respecting "Charles the Simple," with the evident intention of establishing a parallel between that ancient king and Charles X., the real object of the satire. "Charles the Simple, one of the successors of Charlemagne, was driven from his throne by Eudes, Count of Paris. He took refuge in England, then in Germany; but on the death of Eudes in 898, the lords and bishops of France, who were attached to Charles, restored to him the crown, which he afterwards lost. Betrayed by Hébert, Count de Vermandois, he was imprisoned at Peronne, where he died in 924."

The ancient French custom of letting loose a number of birds on the occasion of a king's coronation, was revived when Charles X. was crowned at Rheims in 1815. The "clause" referred to in the fourth stanza is the article in the Charte relating to religious liberty.

YE Frenchmen, who at Rheims are met,
"Montjoie and St. Denis" repeat.
The *ampoule* we have got once more,
The sparrows in a merry flock
Are all set loose as heretofore,
And seem the state of man to mock.
About the church each flutt'rer flies,
The monarch smiles their sport to see;
The people cry, Dear birds, take warning and be wise;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

As now we're on the ancient track,
To Charles the Third will I go back,
That worthy grandson of Charlemagne,
Whom folks the "Simple" aptly call,
So famous by the great campaign
In which he did just nought at all.
But to his crowning here we go,
While birds and flatterers sing with glee;
The people cry, No foolish gladness show;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

This king, bedecked with tinsel fine,
Who on fat taxes loves to dine,
Is marching with a faithful throng
Of subjects, who in wicked times,
With rebel banners tramped along,
And aided an usurper's crimes.
Now cash has set all right again,
Good faith should well rewarded be :
The people cry, We dearly buy our chain ;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

Charles kneels embroidered priests before,
And mumbles his "Confiteor,"
Then he's anointed, kissed, and dressed,
And while the hymns salute his ear
His hand upon the book is pressed,
And his confessor whispers, Swear !
Rome, who cares most about the clause,
The faithful from an oath can free ;
The people cry, Thus do they wield our laws ;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

The royal wight has scarcely felt
About his waist old Charles's belt,
Than in the dust he humbly lies.
A soldier shouts "King, do not crouch,"
"Keep where you are," a bishop cries,
"And mind you fill the church's pouch.
I crown you, and a gift from heaven,
The gift of priests must surely be."
The people cry, Lo, kings to kings are given !
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

Ye birds, this king we prize so much
Can cure the evil with his touch :
Fly, birds, although you are in fact
The only gay ones in the church.
You might commit more impious act,
If on the altar you should perch.

The sanguinary tools of kings
Placed as the altar's guard we see.
The people cry, We envy you your wings;
Birds, mind you guard your liberty.

OH, IF MY LADY NOW WERE BY!

(*Ah, si ma Dame me voyait.*)

This song, which is anonymous, is a specimen of the same class as *Le Vaillant Troubadour* which follows.



H, if my lady now were by!"
The brave Fleurance with
rapture cried,
As every peril he defied,
And fearless scaled the fortress
high.
He proudly bore the flag of
France,
And, guarding it with flash-
ing eye,
Cried, every time he smote his
lance,
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

They feasted well the gallant knight,
And games and tournaments there were,
And likewise many ladies fair,
Whose eyes with looks of love were bright.
A piercing glance, a winning smile,
His constancy would often try;
But he would say—and sigh the while—
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

Our chevalier was hurt at last
While guarding well the flag of France,
And, smitten by the foeman's lance,
Was from his saddle rudely cast.

He thought the fatal hour was near,
And said, "Alas! 'tis hard to die
So far away from all that's dear,—
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

Descendants of those knights of old,
Oh, may ye, for your country's sake,
Your fathers for example take,—
Their noble words,—their actions bold.
And, Fleurange, may thy motto be
A charm to make all hearts beat high,
That all may proudly cry, like thee,
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

ORIGINAL.

AH! si ma dame me voyait!
S'écriait le brave Fleurange,
Se trouvant en péril étrange,
Sous un fort qu'il escaladait.
Portant l'étendard de la France
En héros il le défendait,
Disant à chaque coup de lance,
"Ah, si ma dame me voyait!"

On fêta le preux chevalier,
Dans maints tournois et cour plénière,
Plus d'une beauté printanière
Là, d'amour s'en vint le prier.
Emu d'un regard, d'un sourire
Quelque fois son cœur chancelait;
Puis à regret il semblait dire:
"Ah, si ma dame me voyait!"

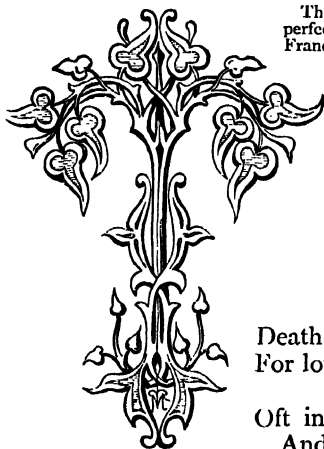
Fut blessé le preux chevalier,
Défendant l'honneur de la France,
Et par un coup mortel de lance
Renversé de son destrier.
Se croyant à sa dernière heure,
En soupirant, il répétait;
"Loin d'elle faut-il que je meure,
Ah, si ma dame me voyait!"

O vous ! l'espoir de mon pays
 Descendant de ces preux fidèles.
 Ah ! prenez toujours pour modèles,—
 Leurs hauts faits et leurs nobles dits.
 Fleurange, puisse ta devise
 Rendre tout chevalier parfait ;
 Et comme toi, que chacun dise :
 " Ah, si ma dame me voyait ! "

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

(*Le Vaillant Troubadour.*)

This song, once to be found in every music-book, is a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned chivalric song of France. The author is anonymous.



THE gallant troubadour—a foe to
 care—
 To battle hastens ; and a tribute
 flings
 Of deep devotion to his lady fair,
 As flying from her arms he gaily
 sings,
 " To France my arm is due,
 My heart to thee is true.
 Death has no terror in the minstrel's eyes,
 For love and glory willingly he dies."
 Oft in the camp his lady he regrets,
 And in a pensive mood he sweeps the
 strings,
 For still there is a strain he ne'er forgets,
 And thus, with helmet on his brow, he sings :
 " To France my arm is due," &c.
 The minstrel dauntless in the field is found,
 And many foemen to the ground he brings ;
 But even now, while carnage reigns around,
 Through the rude noise of battle thus he sings :
 " To France my arm is due," &c.

Too soon, alas ! his valour gains its prize,
And death o'ertakes him with his rapid wings ;
Struck by a lance, the minstrel falls and dies,
But with his parting breath he gaily sings :
"To France my arm is due," &c.

ORIGINAL.

BRÛLANT d'amour et partant pour la guerre,
Un troubadour, ennemi du chagrin,
Dans son délire, à sa jeune bergère,
En la quittant répétait ce refrain :
 Mon bras à mon patrie,
 Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la gloire et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant troubadour.

Dans le bivouac le troubadour fidèle,
Le casque au front, la guitare à la main,
Toujours pensif, et regrettant sa belle,
Allait partout en chantant ce refrain :
 Mon bras, &c.

Dans les combats déployant son courage,
Des ennemis terminant le destin,
Le troubadour, au milieu du carnage,
Faisait encore entendre ce refrain :
 Mon bras, &c.

Ce brave, hélas ! pour prix de sa vaillance,
Trouva bientôt le trépas en chemin ;
Il expira sous le fer d'une lance,
Nommant sa belle et chantant son refrain :
 Mon bras à ma patrie,
 Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la gloire et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant troubadour.



THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA.

(Le Départ pour la Syrie.)

The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of the Emperor Louis Napoleon III., became the national air of the French Empire. The words are attributed to M. de Laborde. The date is 1809.

To Syria young Dunois will go,
 That gallant, handsome knight,
 And prays the Virgin to bestow
 Her blessing on the fight.
 "Oh! thou who reign'st in heaven above,"
 He prayed, "grant this to me—
 The fairest maiden let me love,
 The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
 His vow writes on the stone,

And following the count, his lord,
To battle he has gone.
To keep his oath he ever strove,
And sang aloud with glee :
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
And honour mine shall be."

Then said the count, "To thee we owe
Our victory, I confess ;
Glory on me thou didst bestow,—
I give thee happiness :
My daughter, whom I fondly love,
I gladly give to thee ;
She, who is fair all maids above,
Should valour's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both,
The maid and gallant knight,
And there with happy hearts their troth
Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move,
And all cried joyously,
"Give honour to the brave, and love
Shall beauty's guerdon be."

ORIGINAL.

PARTANT pour la Syrie,
Le jeune et beau Dunois
Venait prier Marie
De bénir ses exploits :
"Faites, reine immortelle,"
Lui, dit-il, en partant,
"Que j'aime la plus belle,
Et sois le plus vaillant."

Il trace sur la pierre
Le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre
Le comte, son seigneur.

Au noble vœu fidèle,
 Il dit en combattant :
 "Amour à la plus belle,
 Honneur au plus vaillant."

"On lui doit la victoire
 Vraiment," dit le seigneur ;
 "Puisque tu fais ma gloire
 Je ferai ton bonheur.
 De ma fille Isabelle
 Sois l'époux à l'instant ;
 Car elle est la plus belle,
 Et toi le plus vaillant."

A l'autel de Marie
 Ils contractent tous deux,
 Cette union chérie
 Qui seule rend heureux.
 Chacun dans la chapelle
 Disait en les voyant :
 "Amour à la plus belle,
 Honneur au plus vaillant."

— — — — —

THE COCK OF FRANCE.

(*Le Coq Français.*)

FAVART. Died 1792.

THE Cock of France is the bird of glory,
 By no reverse can he be cast down ;
 He loudly crows when he gains the vict'ry,
 But louder still if the day's *not* his own.
 The Cock of France is the bird of glory,
 Of triumph only he knows the tone.

Is he imprudent? is he wise?
 I can't say, upon my word!
 But he who never loses heart,
 Of the future must be lord.

ORIGINAL.

Le Coq Français est le coq de la gloire,
 Par les revers il n'est point abattu ;
 Il chante fort lorsqu'il a la victoire
 Encore plus fort lorsqu'il est bien battu.
 Le Coq Français est le coq de la gloire,
 Toujours chanter est sa grande vertu.

Est il imprudent? est il sage?
 C'est ce qu'on ne peut définir;
 Mais qui ne perd jamais courage,
 Se rend maître de l'avenir.

THE SABRE.

(*Le Sabre.*)

EMILE DEBREAUUX.

Béranger, in a note to a song which he introduced as a poetical prospectus to the works of Emile Debreaux, gives the following short biography. "Emile Debreaux died at the commencement of 1831, aged thirty-three years. Few song-writers could boast of a popularity equal to his, which was, moreover, well deserved. Nevertheless, his existence was always obscure; he never knew the art of making his way or of asking a favour. During the period of the Restoration he allowed himself to be prosecuted, judged, condemned, and imprisoned, without uttering a single word of complaint, and I am not aware that one of the public papers offered him a single word of consolation. He was often reduced to the task of copying theatrical parts, for the support of his wife and three children.

The songs that are peculiarly typical of Debreaux, such as *Fanfan, la Tulipe*, and *Plut Mimile*, could scarcely be rendered into English. In the song given above, and in the one given at p. 155, he is in a graver mood than ordinary.



ACK to the cottage he had left when young,
 The vet'ran soldier came, when peace was made:
 Against the wall his trusty sword he
 hung
 Beneath his gen'ral's portrait, and he
 said,
 "At last, old sword, our stormy days
 must cease,
 No more will victory reward thy
 blows;
 Thy ancient glory terminates in
 peace,—
 Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.

- "One day I sat before my humble cot,—
Then fifteen summers I could scarcely tell,—
I saw my country's banners proudly float,
With love of glory felt my bosom swell.
I swore that I would rival those whose name
Immortal honour on our France bestows ;
Alas ! but transient was my dream of fame,—
Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.
- "Upon the desert, now with ashes strown
Of fallen heroes whom we all regret,
The weight of the French sabre hast thou shown,—
That weight the Cossack never will forget.
On the Loire's margin thou wast idly laid,
But neither angry winds nor Russian snows
Have dimmed my glory, or thy lustrous blade,—
Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.
- "Thou hast worked bravely for our native land :
With thee I would defy the knife of Spain ;
When I had grasped thee firmly in my hand,
The Roman his stiletto drew in vain ;
On thee has England's sword dealt many a stroke,
But thou hast proved a match for all her blows ;
The Turkish scimitar thou oft hast broke,—
Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.
- "I used thee in a cause of right, old friend,
The sight of thee no dark remembrance brings ;
My good right arm and thee I ne'er would lend
To foreign foemen or oppressive kings.
Free from dishonour thou hast e'er remained,—
Heed not the taunts that spiteful envy throws,—
With blood of France thou never hast been stained,—
Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.
-

MARLBROOK.

The following note is attached by MM. Dumersan and Ségur to this song, the tune of which is familiar to many an Englishman who has never heard or read a line of the words:

"The famous Duke of Marlborough had been dead sixty years, when in 1781 the nurse of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., sang, as she rocked her royal charge, this ballad, the *naïf* and pleasing air of which made a considerable sensation. M. de Chateaubriand, who heard the air sung in the East, was of opinion that it was carried thither in the time of the Crusades. The burlesque words were probably spread about various provinces after the battle of Malplaquet by some of the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers. As early as 1706 verses were composed on Marlborough, which were to be found in the manuscript collection of historical songs (in 44 volumes) made by M. Maurepas, and deposited in the Royal Library. The nurse's song became all the rage at Versailles, whence it reached Paris, and was soon spread over the whole of France. For four or five years nothing was heard but the burden, *Mironton, mirontaine*. The song was printed upon fans and screens, with an engraving representing the funeral procession of Marlborough, the lady on her tower, the page dressed in black, and so on. This engraving was imitated in all shapes and sizes. It circulated through the streets and villages, and gave the Duke of Marlborough a more popular celebrity than all his victories. Whenever Napoleon mounted his horse to go to battle, he hummed the air *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*. And at St. Helena, shortly before his death, when in the course of a conversation with M. de Las Casas, he praised the Duke of Marlborough, the song occurred to his mind, and he said with a smile which he could not repress, 'What a thing ridicule is! it fastens upon everything, even victory.' He then hummed the air."

It is a fact worth recording, that the song of the page in Beaumarchais' comedy, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, was written for this air. The dramatic situation in which it occurs has since been illustrated by the music of Mozart.



MARLBROOK has gone to battle,—
Mironton, mironton, miron-
taine,—
Marlbrough has gone to battle,
But when will he return?

He will return at Easter,
Mironton, &c.
He will return at Easter,
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity is over,—
Mironton, &c.
But Trinity is over,
And yet he is not here.

Madame gets up her castle,—
Mironton, &c.
Madame gets up her castle,
As high as she can go.

And there she sees her page-a,—

Mironton, &c.

And there she sees her page-a,

In suit of black he's clad.

My page, my page so handsome,—

Mironton, &c.

My page, my page so handsome,

What tidings dost thou bring?

Ah! lady, at my tidings,—

Mironton, &c.

Ah! lady, at my tidings

Your lovely eyes will weep.

Put off your gay pink garment,—

Mironton, &c.

Put off your gay pink garment,

And likewise your brocade.

Monsieur Marlbrook is dead,—

Mironton, &c.

Monsieur Marlbrook is dead,

He's dead and buried too!

Four officers, I saw them,—

Mironton, &c.

Four officers, I saw them,

Have put him underground.

The first one bore his cuirass,—

Mironton, &c.

The first one bore his cuirass,

The second one his sword.

The third bore his big sabre,—

Mironton, &c.

The third bore his big sabre,

The fourth bore nought at all.



His tomb they have surrounded—
Mironton, &c.

His tomb they have surrounded
With plants of rosemarce.

The nightingale was singing,—
Mironton, &c.

The nightingale was singing
Upon the topmost branch.

And swiftly through the laurels,—
Mironton, &c.

And swiftly through the laurels
We saw his great soul fly.

Then every one was prostrate,—
Mironton, &c.

Then every one was prostrate,
Till he got up again ;

To sing about the battles,—
Mironton, &c.

To sing about the battles
Which great Marlbrook had won.

And when the pomp was ended,—
Mironton, &c.

And when the pomp was ended,
They all retired to rest.

ORIGINAL.

MALBROUGH s'en va-t-en guerre,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

Il reviendra z'à Pâques,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
I! reviendra z'à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité. (*ter.*)

La Trinité se passe,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 La Trinité se passe,
 Marlborough ne revient pas. (*ter.*)

Madame à sa tour monte,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 Madame à sa tour monte,
 Si haut qu'ell' peut monter. (*ter.*)

Elle aperçoit son page,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 Elle aperçoit son page,
 Toute de noir habillé. (*ter.*)

Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,
 Quell' nouvelle apportez ? (*ter.*)

Aux novell's que j'apporte,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 Aux novell's que j'apporte,
 Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer. (*ter.*)

Quittez vos habits rosés,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 Quittez vos habits rosés,
 Et vos satins brochés.

Monsieur d'Malborough est mort,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 Monsieur d'Malborough est mort,
 Est mort et enterré ! . . . (*ter.*)

J'ai vu porter en terre,—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
 J'ai vu porter en terre,
 Par quatre z'officiers. (*ter.*)

L'un portait sa cuirasse,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
L'un portait sa cuirasse,
L'autre son bouclier. (*ter.*)

L'un portait son grand sabre,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre ne portait rien. (*ter.*)

A l'entour de sa tombe,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
A l'entour de sa tombe,
Romarins l'on planta. (*ter.*)

Sur la plus haute branche,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Sur la plus haute branche,
Le rossignol chanta. (*ter.*)

On vit voler son âme,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
On vit voler son âme,
Au travers des lauriers. (*ter.*)

Chacun mit ventre à terre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Chacun mit ventre à terre,
Et puis se releva. (*ter.*)

Pour chanter les victoires,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Pour chanter les victoires,
Que Malbrough remporta. (*ter.*)

La cérémonie faite,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ,.
La cérémonie faite,
Chacun s'en fut coucher. (*ter.*)

THE WORKMEN'S SONG.

(*Le Chant des Ouvriers.*)

PIERRE DUPONT. Born 1827.



This remarkable song is the perfect expression of that state of discontent in the working class which is the natural incentive to communism. It was written some time before the Revolution of 1848, but it represents the "red republicanism" of that year.

E, whose dim lamp, the dawning
day,
Is lit, when cocks begin to
crow;
We who for our uncertain pay
Must early to our anvils go;
We who, with hand, and foot,
and arm,
With want a war incessant wage,
And nought can ever gain to warm
The dreary winter of old age,—

We'll still be friends, and when we can
We'll meet to push the wine about:
Let guns be still or make a rout,
We'll shout
Our toast,—the liberty of man.

From jealous waves, from niggard soils,
Our arms for ever toiling, tear
A mighty store of hidden spoils,
Ay, all that man can eat or wear:
From plains their corn, from hills their fruit,
Their metals, pearls, and jewels fine;
Alas! poor sheep, a costly suit
Is woven from that wool of thine.
We'll still be, &c.

What from the labour do we get,
For which our backs thus bent must be?

And whither flow our floods of sweat?—
Machines, and nothing more are we.
Our Babel tow'rs the skies invade,
The earth with marvels we array ;
But when, at last, the honey's made,
The master drives the bees away.
We'll still, &c.

Our wives nutritious milk bestow
On scions of a puny race,
Who think, when they to manhood grow,
To sit beside them were disgrace.
The *droit du seigneur* we know well,
It presses on us like a vice ;
Our daughters must their honour sell
At every counter-jumper's price.
We'll still, &c.

In darksome holes,—in garrets foul,—
In ruined sheds, with rags bedight,
We live,—the comrades of the owl
And thieves, the constant friends of night.
Still the red torrents wildly run
Through all our art'rics bounding fast ;
And we could love the glorious sun,
And love the shade the oak-trees cast.
We'll still, &c.

But ev'ry time our good red blood
Is on the earth like water poured,
The fruit that's nurtured by the flood
Serves but to feed some tyrant lord.
Let not the stream so rashly flow,—
War doth not equal love in worth,—
But wait till kinder breezes blow
From heaven—or e'en perchance from earth.
We'll still, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Nous dont la lampe, le matin,
 Au clairon du coq se rallume,
 Nous tous qu'un salaire incertain
 Ramène avant l'aube à l'enclume :
 Nous qui des bras, des pieds, des mains,
 De tout le corps luttons sans cesse,
 Sans abriter nos lendemains,
 Contre le froid de la veillesse.

Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons
 Nous unir pour boire à la ronde,
 Que le canon se taise ou gronde,
 Buvons (*ter*)
 A l'indépendance du monde !

Nos bras, sans relâche tendus
 Au flots jaloux, au sol avaré,
 Ravissent leurs trésors perdus,
 Ce qui nourrit et ce qui pare :
 Perles, diamants et métaux,
 Fruit du coteau, grain de la plaine ;
 Pauvre moutons, quels bons manteaux
 Ils se tisse avec votre laine !
 Aimons-nous, &c.

Quel fruit tirons-nous des labeurs,
 Qui courbent nos maigres échine !
 Où vont les flots de nos sueurs ?
 Nous ne sommes que des machines.
 Nos Babels montent jusqu'au ciel,
 La terre nous doit ses merveilles ;
 Des qu'elles ont fini le miel,
 Le maître chasse les abeilles.
 Aimons-nous, &c.

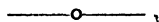
Au fils chétif d'un étranger
 Nos femmes tendent leurs mamelles,
 Et lui, plus tard, croit déroger
 En daignant s'asseoir auprès d'elles.

De nos jours, le droit du seigneur
Pèse sur nous plus despotique :
Nos filles vendent leur honneur
Aux derniers courtauds de boutique.
Aimons-nous, &c.

Mal vêtus, logés dans des trous,
Sous les combles, dans les décombres,
Nous vivons avec les hiboux
Et les larrons, amis des ombres ;
Cependant notre sang vermeil
Coule impétueux dans nos veines ;
Nous nous plairions au grand soleil,
Et sous les rameaux verts des chênes.
Aimons-nous, &c.

À chaque fois que par torrents,
Notre sang coule sur le monde,
C'est toujours pour quelques tyrans
Que cette rosée est féconde ;
Ménageons-le dorénavant,
L'amour est plus fort que la guerre ;
En attendant qu'un meilleur vent
Souffle du ciel, ou de la terre.

Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons
Nous unir pour boire à la ronde,
Que le canon se taise ou gronde,
Buvons (*ter*)
A l'indépendance du monde !



BAYARD.

Anonymous.

Another anonymous song of the chivalric kind, in which love and loyalty held the place elsewhere occupied by Republican fanaticism.

By reckless courage borne along,
Bayard, his country's hope and pride,
Has fallen amid the hostile throng,
And for his king has nobly died.

Ye timid maids, your gallant knight is gone,
 Your hapless fate I must deplore ;
 The fair one's shield, the guardian of the throne,
 The brave Bayard is now no more.

Tender in love, brave in the field,
 In every sense a perfect knight ;
 All to his lady he would yield,—
 To him all yielded in the fight.
 Ye timid maids, &c.

True chevalier and trusty friend,
 A stranger to reproach and fear ;
 When shouts of war the air would rend,
 Still pity's voice his heart would hear.
 Ye timid maids, &c.

ORIGINAL.

EMPORTÉ par trop de vaillance
 Au milieu des rangs ennemis,
 Le héros, l'espoir de la France
 Vient de mourir pour son pays.

Preux chevalier, timides pastourelles
 Que je gémiss sur votre sort !
 L'appui des rois, le défenseur des belles,
 Bayard est mort ! Bayard est mort !

Honneur de la chevalerie,
 Tendre amant, courageux soldat,
 Il cédait tout à son amie,
 Et tout lui cédait au combat.
 Preux chevalier, &c.

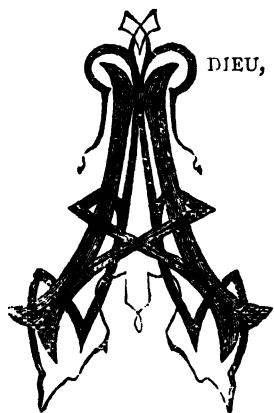
Bon chevalier, ami sincère,
 Toujours sans reproche et sans peur,
 Au milieu des cris de la guerre
 La pitié parlait à son cœur.

Preux chevalier, timides pastourelles
 Que jé gémis sur votre sort !
 L'appui des rois, le défenseur des belles,
 Bayard est mort ! Bayard est mort !

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

(*Adieux de Marie Stuart.*)

BÉRANGER.



DIEU, beloved France, adieu !
 Thou ever wilt be dear to me ;
 Land which my happy childhood knew,
 I feel I die in quitting thee !

Thou wert the country of my choice :
 I leave thee, loving thee alone ;
 Ah ! hear the exile's parting voice,
 And think of her when she is gone.
 The breeze about the vessel plays,
 We leave the coast,—I weep in vain,
 For God the billows will not raise,
 To cast me on thy shore again.
 Adieu, beloved France, &c.

When on my brow the lilies bright
 Before admiring throngs I wore,
 'Twas not my state that charmed their sight,
 They loved my youthful beauty more.
 Although the Scot with sombre mien,
 Gives me a crown, I still repine ;
 I only wished to be a queen,
 Ye sons of France, to call you mine.
 Adieu, beloved France, &c.

Love, glory, genius crowded round,
 My youthful spirit to elate ;
 On Caledonia's rugged ground,
 Ah ! changed indeed will be my fate.

E'en now terrific omens seem
To threaten ill,—my heart is scared ;
I see, as in a hideous dream,
A scaffold for my death prepared.
Adieu, beloved France, &c.

France, from amid the countless fears
The Stuart's hapless child may feel,
E'en as she now looks through her tears,
So will her glances seek thee still.
Alas! the ship too swiftly sails,
O'er me are spreading other skies,
And night with humid mantle veils
Thy fading coast from these sad eyes.
Adieu, beloved France, &c.







BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

Bacchanalian Songs.

THE number of songs inserted under this head will be found comparatively small ; but it must not be inferred that the French have fewer drinking songs than other nations. On the contrary, with very little research we could easily fill a goodly volume with songs devoted to the bottle alone ; and the English toper, inured to heavy drinks, would wonder to see how much drunken poetry could be got out of so very weak a beverage as the ordinary wine of France. For it must not be supposed that inspiring champagne, or the best Bordeaux, is alone honoured in song ; even “*Vin à quatre sous*” has received the glory of lyric celebration, and we may say that in most cases the riot seems to have been most in excess where the beverage must have been weakest.

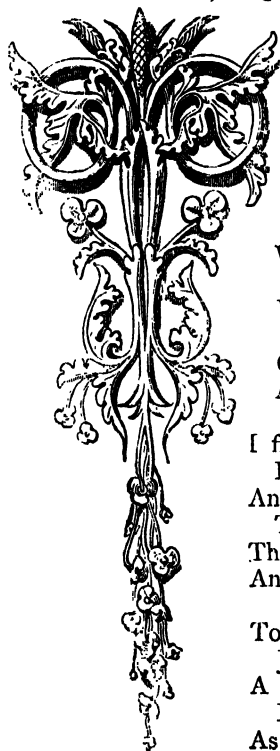
There are two reasons why the Bacchanalian Songs in this collection are so few in number. In the first place, there is a great deal of sameness in these songs, arising from the fact that they are most of them imbued with the spirit of that fictitious worship of Bacchus which has long ceased to awaken any sympathy. In the second place, following a French plan of division, we have adopted a head of “*Epicurean Songs*,” which comprises many productions that would otherwise have been placed in this section.

APOLOGY FOR CIDER.

(*Apologie du Cidre.*)

OLIVER BASSELIN. Died 1418 or 1419.

This song is one of the "Vaux-de-vires" of the famous old Norman poet, who, it will be observed, distinguishes the Norman from the Frenchman.



HOUGH Frenchmen at our drink may
laugh,
And think their taste is wondrous fine,
The Norman cider, which we quaff,
Is quite the equal of his wine,
When down, down, down it freely goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

Whene'er a potent draught I take,
How dost thou bid me drink again?
Yet, pray, for my affection's sake,
Dear Cider, do not turn my brain.
Oh, down, down, down it freely goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

I find I never lose my wits,
However freely I carouse,
And never try in angry fits
To raise a tempest in the house;
Though down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

To strive for riches is all stuff,—
Just take the good the gods have sent.
A man is sure to have enough
If with his own he is content;
As down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

In truth that was a hearty bout;
Why, not a drop is left—not one!
I feel I've put my thirst to rout;
The stubborn foe at last is gone.

So down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

ORIGINAL.

DE nous se rit le François ;
Mais vraiment, quoy qu'il en die,
Le sidre de Normandie.
Vaut bien son vin quelquefois.
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Ta bonté, O sidre beau,
De te boire me convie ;
Mais pour le moins, je te prie,
Ne me trouble le cerveau,
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Je ne perds point la raison
Pourtant à force de boire,
Et ne vay point en cholere
Tempester à la maison,
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Voisin, ne songe en procez ;
Prends le bien qui se présente ;
Mais que l'homme se contente ;
Il en a tousjours assez.
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

N'est pas cestuy—la loge ?
En est-il demeuré goutte ?
De la, soif, sans point de doute
Je me suis tres bien vengé.
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

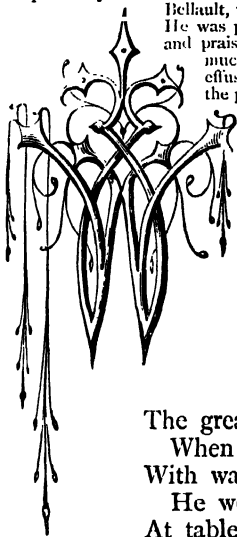


THE TRUE TOPER.

(Le Vrai Buveur.)

MAÎTRE ADAM. Died 1662.

The poetical joiner who wrote this ferocious drinking song, and whose real name was Adam Bellault, was much esteemed by all the celebrated persons of his day. He was pensioned by Richelieu, patronized by the "Great Condé," and praised by Pierre Corneille. He seems to have been a person of much greater prudence than might be inferred from this reckless effusion, never allowing his poetical inspirations to draw him from the pursuit of his trade, whence he derived the appellation of "Le Virgile au Rabut" (Virgil with a plane).



HEN first the hills with morn are bright,
 I set about my daily task,
 And, rising with the early light,
 I pay a visit to my cask.
 I take my goblet in my hand,
 And thus I ask the glad sunshine:
 "Pray have you seen in Moorish land
 Such gems as on this nose of mine?"

The greatest of all kings that reign,
 When I have my wine my heart to cheer,
 With war would threaten me in vain;
 He would not rouse the slightest fear.
 At table nought my soul can move;
 And if above me, while I drink,
 The thunders roar of mighty Jove,
 He is afraid of me, I think.

If Death into his head should take,
 When I am drunk, to stop my breath,
 I would not wish again to wake;
 I could not have a sweeter death.
 Down to Avernus I would go,
 Alecto should with wine be filled,
 On Pluto's large estate below
 A handsome tavern I would build.

With this fine nectar I would bring
 The demons underneath my sway ;
 The fiend himself should humbly sing
 Great Bacchus' praise, in many a lay.
 Poor Tantalus' eternal thirst
 With potent liquor I would quench,
 And, crossing o'er the stream accursed,
 The sad Ixion I would drench.

A hundred sots the vow have made .
 That when my fortieth year is gone,
 They'll seek the spot where I am laid,
 And, glass in hand, come every one :
 A glorious hecatomb they'll make ;
 Upon my sepulchre they'll pour,—
 My past career to designate,—
 A hundred jugs of wine and more.

No porphyry or marble fine
 Above me for a tombstone put ;
 I swear no coffin shall be mine
 Except the inside of a butt.
 And on it paint my jovial phiz,
 And round it write a verse to say,
 Below the greatest drunkard is
 That ever saw the light of day.

ORIGINAL.

AUSSITÔT que la lumière
 A redoré nos coteaux,
 Je commence ma carrière
 Par visiter mes tonneaux.
 Ravi de revoir l'aurore,
 Le verre en main je lui dis :
 Vois-tu sur la rive maure
 Plus qu'à mon nez de rubis ?

Le plus grand roi de la terre,
 Quand je suis dans un repas,
 S'il me déclarait la guerre,
 Ne m'épouvanterait pas.

A table rien ne m'étonne
Et je pense, quand je boi,
Si là-haut Jupiter tonne
Que c'est qu'il a peur de moi.

Si quelque jour, étant ivre,
La mort arrêtaït mes pas,
Je ne voudrais pas revivre,
Pour changer ce doux trépas.
Je m'en irais dans l'Averne
Faire enivrer Alecçon
Et bâtir une taverne
Dans le manoir de Pluton.

Par ce nectar délectable,
Les démons étant vaincus,
Je ferais chanter au diable
Les louanges de Bacchus.
J'apaiserais de Tantale
La grande altération,
Et, passant l'onde infernale,
Je ferais boire Ixion.

Au bout de ma quarantaine
Cent ivrognes m'ont promis
De venir, la tasse pleine
Au gîte où l'on m'aura mis.
Pour me faire une hécatombe
Qui signale mon destin,
Ils arroseront ma tombe
De plus de cent brocs de vin.

De marbre ni de porphyre
Qu'on ne fasse mon tombeau :
Pour cercueil je ne désire
Que le contour d'un tonneau ;
Je veux qu'on peigne ma trogne
Avec ce vers à l'entour :
Ci-gît le plus grand ivrogne
Qui jamais ait vu le jour.

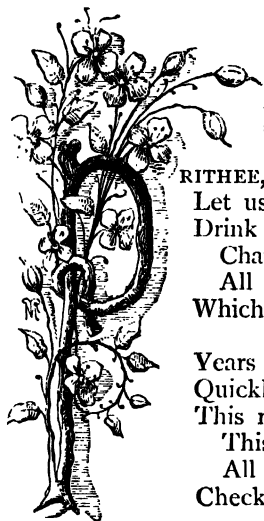


LIFE.

(La Vie.)

RACAN.

This truly Horatian song, which was addressed by Racan to his friend Maynard, is esteemed one of the best of the seventeenth century.



RITHEE, why this toil and pain?
 Let us drink, new heart to gain,
 Drink of this delicious draught;
 Charms it has, which far exceed
 All the cups of Ganymede,
 Which the old Olympians quaffed.

Years this liquor melts away
 Quickly as a single day;
 This revives our youthful bloom,
 This from our remembrance flings
 All regret for bygone things,—
 Checks the fear of ills to come.

Drink, Maynard, fill high your glass;
 Human life will fleetly pass,
 Death remains our final goal.
 Vain are prayers, and vain are tears;
 Like the rivers are our years,
 For they never backwards roll.

Clad in garb of green, the spring
 Follows winter, conquering,
 And the ocean ebbs and flows;
 But when youth to age gives place,
 Nought the wrinkles can efface,—
 Time no restoration knows.

Death prepares one gen'ral fate
 For the lowly and the great,
 Humble cot and palace tall.*

* "Pallida Mors," &c.—HORACE.

Equal laws the Sisters make,
Kings' and peasants' threads they take,
And one weapon cuts them all.

With their reckless rigour, they,
Unrelenting, snatch away
All that here seems firm and strong,
To that other side in haste,
Where the waters we shall taste,
Which black Lethe rolls along!

ORIGINAL.

POURQUOI se donner tant de peine ?
Buvons plutôt à perdre haleine
De ce nectar délicieux,
Qui, pour l'excellence, précède
Celui même que Ganymède
Verse dans la coupe des dieux.

C'est lui qui fait que les années
Nous durent moins que les journées.
C'est lui qui nous fait rajeunir,
Et qui bannit de nos pensées,
Le regret des choses passées
Et la crainte de l'avenir.

Buvons, Maynard, à pleine tasse,
L'âge insensiblement se passe
Et nous mène à nos derniers jours :
L'on a beau faire des prières,
Les ans, non plus que les rivières,
Jamais ne rebrousse leur cours.

Le printemps, vêtu de verdure,
Chassera bientôt la froidure.
La mer a son flux et reflux ;
Mais, depuis que notre jeunesse
Quitte la place à la vieillesse,
Le temps ne la ramène plus.

Les lois de la mort sont fatales
 Aussi bien aux maisons royales
 Qu'aux taudis couverts de roseaux ;
 Tous nos jours sont sujets aux Parques ;
 Ceux des bergers et des monarques
 Sont coupés des mêmes ciseaux.

Leurs rigueurs, par qui tout s'efface,
 Ravissent, en bien peu d'espace
 Ce qu'on a de mieux établi,
 Et bientôt nous mèneront boire,
 Au-delà de la rive noire
 Dans les eaux du fleuve d'oubli !

THE EPICUREAN.

(*L'Epicuréen.*)

SAURIN. Born 1692.

Saurin was a member of the *Diners du Caveau*, founded in 1733



WAS not born a prince or king,
 No town have I, nor anything
 That folks of high degree have got ;
 Yet in content none equal me,
 For being just what they are not,
 I'm just what they desire to be.

My doctrine is with wisdom rife,—
 Without it man may pass his life
 In toiling to heap up and save ;
 Whereas, it cannot be denied,
 If we desire just what we have,
 Our wishes will be satisfied.

I'll have no check upon my glass,
 No interference with my lass ;
 I merely live for mine own sake, -
 To Epicurus homage pay ;
 My temp'rament my law I make,
 And nought but nature I obey.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

(Ma Philosophie.)

DUFRESNY.



OOD wine ! good wine !
 Though I own thy pow'r divine,
 Still I see my life decline ;
 Yet, while moments quickly go,
 Noble wine, unceasing flow ;
 Since uncertain life must be,
 Let me, pray, make sure of
 thee.

Good sense ! good sense !
 Study is a vain pretence,
 If we think thou comest thence.
 Fools o'er lamps of oil grow pale
 Lamps of wine will never fail ;

Sage physician, man of law,
 From the glass your wisdom draw.

What's that ?—Oh, oh !
 I have left my wife below,
 And a friend is with her—so
 I'll just take another glass,
 Bidding jealous passions pass.
 Drunkenness is good for me,
 Nought unpleasant can I see.

But now, alas !
 I see a ghastly figure pass,
 And dip its finger in my glass.
 'Tis the Fate who spins life's thread ;
 Still flow on, thou liquor red ;
 Till the last, last drop is gone,
 Will the Fate keep spinning on !

THE NEW EPIMENIDES.

(Le Nouvel Epiménède.)

JACINTHE LECLÈRE.

Leclère was a member of the "Société de Momus."



WHEN dinner's done,—an Epimenides,
 I conjure up a world all bright and gay,
 Hope guides me as I wander at my ease,—
 If 'tis a dream, oh, wake me not, I pray.

Of a vast kingdom, lo ! I am the king ;
 Those flatterers who elsewhere thrive, alas !
 And to the wholesome air their poison bring,
 Are not found there.—*In vino veritas !*

There do I choose a minister of state,
 Such as the world has never seen before ;
 Who scatters blessings without empty prate,
 Who loves his king, and treach'ry can abhor.

A songster, terror of the knave and fool,
 I choose to be my keeper of the seals ;
 I arm him with the scourge of ridicule,
 And well his lashes the transgressor feels.

A clerk who once was forced to write—write—write,
 And hardly gained his miserable bread,
 I place o'er my exchequer, happy wight !
 Now 'tis his place to sign—sign—sign instead,

That jolly dog, that water-shunning sinner,
 To sup'rintend my navy I will take ;
 I hear that he sees double after dinner,
 And so his budget fasting he shall make.

For war, I'll take your *bon vivant*, I think,
 War against water-drinkers he'll declare ;
 And if there's one who only sips his drink,
 I'll let the foreign office be his care.

Sex, whom both king and cabinet adore,
 A seat you'll always in my council find ;
 Yours are the only chains we ever bore,—
 Soft chains of roses, which the heart can bind.

Lastly, for fear the chosen sons of Comus
 Should be disturbed by folks of ill intent,
 The president of this gay club of Momus
 Shall also be my council's president.

When dinner's done,—an Epimenides,
 I conjure up a world all bright and gay,
 Hope guides me, as I wander at my ease,
 If 't is a dream, oh, wake me not, I pray.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

(*Le Roi d'Yvetot.*)

BÉRANGER.

This exceedingly celebrated song, the title of which is that of an old tavern sign in the Norman town of Yvetot, was written in May, 1813, and is considered one of the earliest indications of a political tendency in Béranger.



HERE was a King of Yvetot,
 Who, little famed in story,
 Went soon to bed, to rise was slow,
 And slumbered without glory.
 'Twas Jenny crowned this jolly
 chap
 With nothing but a cotton cap,
 Mayhap.
 Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 What a famous king was he, oh la !

Within his thatched palace, he
 Consumed his four meals daily ;
 He rode about his realm to see
 Upon a donkey, gaily ;

Besides his dog, no guard he had,
He hoped for good when things were bad,—
 Ne'er sad.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

No costly tastes his soul possessed,
 Except a taste for drinking,
And kings who make their subjects blest
 Should live well, to my thinking.
At table he his taxes got,
From every cask he took a pot
 I wot.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was this, oh la!

With ladies, too, of high degree
 He was a fav'rite rather,
And of his subjects probably
 In every sense a father.
He never levied troops; but when
He raised the target, calling then
 His men.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

He did not widen his estates
 Beyond their proper measure;
A model of all potentates,
 His only code was pleasure.
And 'twas not till the day he died
His faithful subjects ever sighed
 Or cried.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

This wise and worthy monarch's face
 Is still in preservation,
And as a sign it serves to grace
 An inn of reputation.

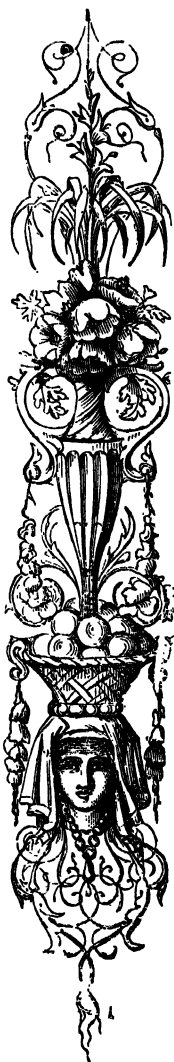
On holidays, a joyous rout
 Before it push their mugs about
 And shout.
 Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 What a famous king was he, oh la!

ORIGINAL.

IL était un roi d'Yvetot
 Peu connu dans l'histoire;
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
 Et couronné par Jeanneton
 D'un simple bonnet de coton,
 Dit-on.
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
 La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas
 Dans son palais de chaume.
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
 Parcourait son royaume.
 Joyeux, simple, et croyant le bien,
 Pour tout garde il n'avait rien
 Qu'un chien.
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
 La, la.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux,
 Qu'une soif un peu vive;
 Mais en rendant son peuple heureux,
 Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
 Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot
 D'impôt.
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
 La, la.



Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père :
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an
Au blanc.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et modèle des potentats,
Prit la plaisir pour code.
C'n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que la peuple qui l'enterra,
Pleura.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince ;
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la.



THE GOOD SILENUS.

(Le Bon Silène.)

T. DAUPHIN.



is jolly face still red
 With juice of grapes, Silenus
 woke
 Upon his leafy bed,
 Roused as the lovely morning
 broke.
 And thus he gaily sang,
 While echoes round him
 rang :
 "Ye Satyrs, hasten to my call,
 Coquettish Dryads, Fauns, and all ;
 No longer shall you sleep to-day,
 My children, sing and drink away !"

Obedient to his voice,
 The madcaps hastened from the wood,
 Who in the grape rejoice,
 To share their master's mood.
 With tambourine the throng
 Accompanied his song ;
 And while the wine inspired their brain,
 They flung him back his jovial strain :
 'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
 My children, sing and drink away !"

Silenus, quite clate,
 Said, "Hymns of glory loudly sing :
 The story I'll relate
 Of him who o'er the gods is king.
 But sorry work, I think,
 Is singing without drink ;
 So let the burning liquor flow,
 Your voices will more smoothly go :
 No longer shall you sleep to-day,
 My children, sing and drink away !"

“When from the mount he came,
Where he was hidden by his sire,
His throat was in a flame,
His mother being killed by fire.
The glorious child of mirth
Lisped, even at his birth,—
‘Come, wet my lips,—your own as well,
And this to my disciples tell:
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!’

“The precious little pet,
To bring him up I had the luck;
And I was forced to get
A goat to give his godship suck.
The goat would freely browse,
The infant would carouse,
And say, the wicked jackanapes,
While munching up the fallen grapes,—
‘No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!’

“When he began to grow,
He was as bold as he was high;
His heart would proudly glow,
For foreign conquest he would sigh.
The gentle yoke he brought
Was by the natives sought;
They loved the scent his liquor gave,
And shouted with his army brave,—
‘No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!’

“To Indian soil he bore
Joy, merriment, and conqu’ring arms,
And soon he triumphed o’er
A race submissive to his charms.
And, when he left, the flowers
Were dewed by tears in showers;
While he, the drooping souls to cheer,
Cried,—‘Never mind, the vine is here!’

No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away !'

"He made a passage short,
Returning to the Grecian shore ;
But on his way paid court
To one whose chains he gladly wore.
The lady, sad and proud,
To shun all love had vowed ;
But soon the wine subdued her pride,
And, far from Thescus, thus she cried,—
'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away !'

"He reached our glorious land,
And ended thus his Eastern trip ;
Then, at his sire's command,
To heaven he went, the wine to sip.
And ever since that time,
In that abode sublime,
The golden vine he still protects,
And ne'er the ancient law neglects,—
'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away !'"

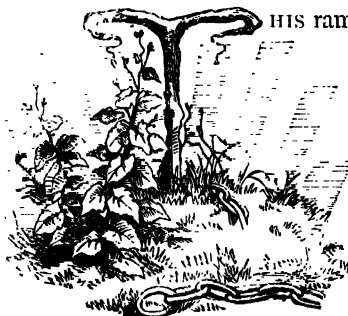
An accident cut short
Silenus' story,—down he fell ;
And all his merry court
Were tumbled on the ground pell-mell.
But still they gaily sung,
While echoes round them rung,—
'Ye Satyrs, hasten to my call,
Coquettish Fauns, and Dryads all ;
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away !"

MY VINE.

(Ma Vigne.)

PIERRE DUPONT.

M. Pierre Dupont is probably the youngest of the poets whose names appear in the collection, and unquestionably the most popular song-writer now living. The *Chant des Ouvriers* and *Les Banfs*, to which he chiefly owes his fame, will be found under other heads. The entire works of Dupont are published in a collected form, with the music.



HIS rambling plant, which loves to run
 Like a green lizard in the sun,
 The keen wind shunning,—
 is my vine :
 Upon a flinty soil it grows,
 Which pays with sparks the
 iron's blows ;
 And comes in the directest
 line
 From that brave sprig which,
 honoured yet,
 Old Noah in the young world set
 When in my goblet, brother mine,
 I see the purple liquor glow,
 I gladly thank the powers divine
 That nought like this the English know.

In spring my vine its blossom bears,
 Which like a timid maid appears,
 So pale with all its loveliness.
 In summer 'tis a saucy bride,
 In autumn puts forth all its pride,
 Then comes the vintage and the press ;
 In winter its repose it takes,
 But then its wine our sunshine makes.
 When in my goblet, &c.

The cellar where my wine I stow
 Has been a convent long ago ;
 'Tis vaulted like an ancient church.
 Down, straight enough, my feet can trip,

But when my good old wine I sip,—
 And sip again,—I make a lurch.
 Yes, there's the wall,—the pillar's there,
 But hang me if I find the stair.
 When in my goblet, &c.

The vine must be a tree divine,
 The vine is mother of our wine;
 So honour to the ancient lass
 Who after full five thousand years
 Her family of children rears,
 And suckles from a brimming glass;
 The mother, too, of love is she,
 So, dearest Jenny, drink with me.
 When in my goblet, &c.

THE HAPPY END.

(*L'heureuse fin.*)

LAUJON. Born 1727, died 1811.

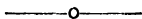
Old Laujon, who was the perpetual president of the *Caveau Moderne*, and was regarded as a French Anacreon, was admitted as a member of the Academy after fifty years' solicitation for the honour. This song is dated 1759.



WITHOUT ceasing, drink and laugh;
 Lips to kiss and cups to quaff
 Cheer our moments more than think-
 ing.
 Be our heads with ivy crowned,
 At our festivals be found
 None but friends of love and drink-
 ing

Wine such rapture can inspire,
 I can see without desire,
 E'en the greatest monarch's treasure;
 Often in a happy hour
 Drinking, kissing in some bow'r,
 I have been o'erstocked with pleasure.

Whether he go slow or fast,
 That dread land of shades at last
 Ev'ry man to see is fated :
 Be it then our constant care
 Death shall only take us there
 When with love and wine elated.



PRAISE OF WATER.

(*L'Eloge de l'Eau.*)

ARMAND GOUFFÉ. Born 1773, died 1845.

Armand Gouffé was a renowned member of the *Caveau Moderne* and the *Diners de Vaudeville*, as well as a writer of musical dramas. This song is dated 1803.



At last, at last it rains,
 The vine which was athirst
 Its strength once more regains,
 By heavenly bounty nursed.
 So let your glasses clink
 To water,—gift divine !
 'Tis water makes us drink
 Good wine.

Through water, friends, 't is true
 The Deluge once we had ;
 But, thanks to Heaven, there grew
 The good beside the bad.
 Our grave historians think
 The Flood produced the vine :
 'Tis water makes us drink
 Good wine.

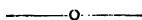
How great is my delight,
 When, with their precious store,
 The vessels are in sight,
 Before my very door ;

And on the river's brink
Land juice from every vine !
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

In weather fine and dry
The miller drinks his fill
Of water, with a sigh ;—
His mill is standing still.
When water flows, I think,
No longer he'll repine :
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Another instance yet,
Good comrades, I can show :
See into yon *guinguette*
The water-carrier go.
His eyes begin to blink,
His troubles to decline :
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Of water while I sing,
I'm thirsty with my task :
Be kind enough to bring
A bumper from the cask.
Your glasses bravely clink,
Repeat this strain of mine,—
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.



A BACCHANALIAN DELIRIUM.

(*Le Delire Bachique.*)

CHARLES HUBERT MILLEVOYE. Born 1782, died 1816

LISTEN, listen, comrades mine !
Pour for me, god of the vine !
Thy sweet potent ruby wine.

Water, Apollo, I don't ask !—
Good wine does with wit inspire,
Moistens my delirious fire,
For a bottle is my lyre,
And my Parnassus is a cask.

Only one great man I own,
And as Noah he is known :
To this saint, and him alone,
I have vowed devotion true !
Noah, of the mood benign,
Who enriched us with the vine,
And to whom we must assign,
For the invention, honour due.

The religion of old days,
As poetic, merits praise,
But too watery was always,
And too sad a picture shows ;
Hippocrene and Jouvence fair
Of my favour have small share,
And I ready pity spare
For Tantalus's thirsty woes.

Phleggethon's dark wave of fear,
Styx's solemn waters clear,
Are to me by no means dear,—
May Jove excuse my want of taste !
Cruel destiny ordains
That where gloomy Pluto reigns—
(To increase, alas ! our pains)—
Water only shall be placed.

Em



EPICUREAN SONGS.

UNDER this head are placed all the songs which, while they sometimes glance at the uncertainty of mundane affairs, at the same time inculcate a spirit of content and rational enjoyment.

There is one feature in French contentment which we do not often find in the effusions of English poets. Throughout English poetry there is generally a longing after the rural; and, however the joys of a humble lot may be celebrated, they are usually associated with a neat cottage and green fields. Contentment with a humble *town life* is eminently Parisian. We cannot fancy an Englishman singing the delights of a fourth floor like the bard of the "Bachelor's Lodging" comprised under this head.

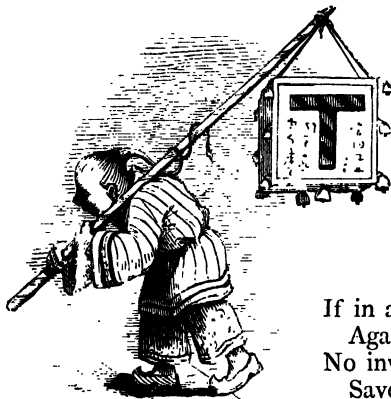
The French are also remarkable for a number of songs on the pleasures of eating—as distinguished from drinking. They sing the "table" with the same *gusto* as the "bottle," and make it the subject of much pleasant morality. Comus, a Pagan deity little familiar to the English beyond the precincts of Milton's Masque, is constantly named as the promoter of good cheer—the fact that his name conveniently • rhymes with that of Momus contributing, perhaps somewhat to his exaltation.

THE LAWS OF THE TABLE.

(*Les Lois de la Table.*)

PANARD. Born 1691, died 1765.

A collection of Epicurean poems could not be more appropriately headed than by this excellent old song of the venerable Panard, who spent nearly the whole of his long life in writing cheerful ditties. His numerous writings for the stage gained for him the name of the Lafontaine of the Vaudeville, bestowed on him by Marmontel. He is considered the father of modern French songs.



THE guests should always be at
case,
However sumptuous is the
fare,
No banquet can my palate
please,
If dull constraint is reigning
there.
If in a house constraint I find,
Again, be sure, I never come;
No invitation's to my mind
Save when I feel myself at home.

The rigid laws of etiquette
Were made our happiness to mar;
All rules of "place" at once forget,
And take your seats just as you are.
Leave only a sufficient space
That each may have his elbows free,
Nor ever let a lovely face
Tempt you to break this sound decree

An over-civil guest avoid,
Who tortures you from pure goodwill,
Who loads your plate till you are cloyed,
And *must* incessant bumpers fill.
Enjoyment liberty requires,—
Let none control my glass or plate;
Let each man take what he desires,
Upon himself let each man wait.

Things that can only please the sight
Ne'er upon me impression made ;
A dazzling show of silver bright
To me appears a vain parade.
I smile to see the grand cpergne
Its slender form so proudly rear ;
Untouched I know it will return,
And lie locked up for half a year.

The laws how dishes should be placed
That they may make a good effect,
Are recognized by men of taste,
But still their soundness I suspect.
Of this same optical display
The use, I own, I cannot see :
For eyes do we make dinners, pray ?
And must we eat by symmetry ?

Some boast that they can bravely drink,
But let us shun the toper's fame ;
It is an honour which, I think,
Is very much akin to shame.
The magic of the potent cup
Can make the wit a heavy lout ;
We'll drink to light the spirit up,
But not to put its lustre out.

Some, when their charmer's name they toast,
In ecstasies their glasses break ;
'This seems ingratitude almost,
And is, at best, a great mistake.
Toast freely, then, but don't destroy ;—
The man has nearly lost his wits
Who takes the instrument of joy,
To break it into little bits.

If for a song or tune we ask,
Let him who's called to sing or play
Not seem as 'twere a heavy task,—
Let him strike up without delay.

And let him know when he should cease ;
 Oh, dreadful is that wretched man
 Who, when he tries his friends to please,
 To tire them out does all he can.

Let kings, and their high mysteries,
 Under discussion ne'er be brought ;
 According to a maxim wise,
 We'll hear and see, and still say nought.
 To them all due respect we'll show,
 Whom o'er our heads the gods have placed ;
 The goods the gods on us bestow,
 With all devotion will we taste.

My counsel, friends, would you deride ?
 Nay, this is true—be sure of it—
 Reason should ever be our guide,
 E'en when we at the table sit.
 To grow more gay you will not fail,
 When, dinner done, the sweets appear ;
 But still, that order may prevail,
 My little code perhaps you'll hear :

No vulgar clamour in your song,
 No raptures that transcend all bounds,
 No narrative spun out too long,
 No sarcasm that the hearer wounds.
 Bon-mots without a bad intent,
 Vivacity from rudeness free ;
 Without a quarrel, argument,
 And without licence, liberty."

ORIGINAL.

POINT de gêne dans un repas ;
 Table, fût-elle au mieux garnie,
 Il faut, pour m'offrir des appas,
 Que la contrainte en soit bannie.
 Toutes les maisons en j'en voi
 Sont des lieux que j'évite ;
 Amis, je veux être chez moi,
 Partout où l'on m'invite.

Quand on est sur le point d'honneur,
Quel désagrément on éprouve !
Point de haut bout ; c'est une erreur ;
Il faut s'asseoir comme on se trouve,
Surtout qu'un espace assez grand
En liberté nous laisse :
Même auprès d'un objet charmant
Comus défend la presse.

Fuyons un convive pressant
Dont les soins importuns nous choquent,
Et qui nous tue en nous versant
Des rasades qui nous suffoquent ;
Je veux que chacun sur te fait
Soit libre sans réserve,
Qu'il soit un maître et un valet
Qu' à son gout il se serve.

Tout ce qui ne plaît qu'aux regards
A l'utilité je l'immole ;
D'un buffet chargé de cent marcs
La montre me paraît frivole ;
Je ris tout bas lorsque je vois
L'élégant édifice
D'un surtout qui, pendant six mois,
Rentre entier dans l'office.

Des mets joliment arrangés
Le compartiment méthodique,
Malgré les communs préjugés
Me paraît sujet à critique ;
A quoi cet optique est-il bon ?
Dites moi, je vous prie,
Sert-on pour les yeux, et doit-on
Manger par symétrie ?

Se piquer d'être grand buveur
Est un abus que je déplore ;
Fuyons ce titre peu flatteur ;
C'est un honneur qui déshonore.

Quand on boit trop on s'assoupit,
Et l'on tombe en délire :
Buvons pour avoir de l'esprit
Et non pour le détruire.

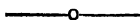
Casser les verres et les pots
C'est ingratitude et folie ;
Quelquefois il est à propos
De boire aux attraits de Sylvie.
Mais ne soyons point assez sots,
Dans nos bouillants caprices
Pour détruire et mettre en morceaux
A qui fait nos délices.

Qu'aucun de nous pour son talent
Ne se fasse jamais attendre ;
Que sa voix ou son instrument
Parte dès qu'on voudra l'entendre.
Mais qu'il cesse avant d'ennuyer :
O, l'insupportable homme
Que par son art sait égayer
Des amis qu'il assomme !

Des rois les importants secrets
Doivent pour nous être un mystère ;
Il faut pour fuir de vains regrets,
Tout voir, tout entendre, et se taire.
Respectons dans nos entretiens
Ce que les dieux ordonnent,
Goûtons et méritons les biens
Que leurs bontés nous donnent.

Quand on devrait me censurer,
Je tiens, amis, pour véritable,
Que le raison doit mesurer,
Les plaisirs mêmes de la table.
Je veux quand le fruit est servi
Que chacun se réveille ;
Mais il faut quelque ordre, et voici
Celui que je conseille :

Dans les chansons point d'aboyeurs,
 Dans les transports point de tumulte,
 Dans les récits point de longueurs,
 Dans la critique point d'insulte ;
 Vivacité sans jurement,
 Liberté sans licence,
 Dispute sans emportement,
 Bons mots sans médisance.



MY VOCATION.

(Ma Vocation.)

BÉRANGER.



LUNG down upon this globe,—
 Weak, sickly, ugly, small ;
 Half-stifled by the mob,
 And pushed about by all ;
 I utter heavy sighs,
 To Fate complaints I bring,
 When lo ! kind Heaven cries,
 "Sing, little fellow, sing."

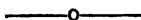
The gilded cars of state,
 Bespattering pass me by ;
 None from the haughty great
 Have suffered more than I.
 I feel my bosom rise
 Against the venom'd sting,
 But still kind Heaven cries,
 "Sing, little fellow, sing."

In early years I learned
 A doubtful life to dread,
 And no employment spurned
 That would procure me bread.

Though liberty I prize,
My stomach claims can bring;
And still kind Heaven cries,
"Sing, little fellow, sing."

Sweet love has often deigned
My poverty to cheer,
But now my youth has waned,
I see his flight is near.
Stern beauties now despise
The tribute which I bring;
Yet still kind Heaven cries,
"Sing, little fellow, sing."

To sing,—or I mistake,—
Is my appointed task;
Those whom to joy I wake,
To love me I may ask.
With friends to glad my eyes,
With wine my heart to wing,
I hear kind Heaven, who cries,
"Sing, little fellow, sing."



THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

(La Bulle de Savon.)

ALEXIS DALÉS. Song dated 1842.

PURE crystal globe, whom flatt'ring hues array,
Who from a straw hast ta'en thy flight!
Thou motley toy, with which the zephyrs play,
Thy sparkling brightness charms my sight.
Perhaps at sixty it would be
More sage such trifles to despise,
But still I love that ball to see,
Which mounts the air and quickly dies.

When towards the sky I see thee soar,
And know thou never wilt return,
I think of childhood's sports once more,
O'er which 'tis now too late to mourn.
The flowers we pluck in infancy
Conceal our fetters from our eyes.
Sweet time! that ball resembles thee;
It mounts the air and quickly dies.

Well may'st thou fear some shock, thou fragile thing.
Whom fate can shatter with a breath;
Even the butterfly's soft timid wing
In touching thee would give thee death.
So through the world man's path is free,
Until he sees some barrier rise,
And falls; thus like the ball is he
Which mounts the air and quickly dies.

Inconstant love smiles on our early days,
And shows a future ever bright;
Folly, his comrade, waves a torch, whose rays
Dazzle our inexperienced sight.
Lured by the brilliant flame are we,
Which scorches while it charms our eyes,
Then vanishes—'tis doomed to be
Like that light globe which soars and dies.

Sometimes a flattering incense I inhale,
Which lulls me into dreams of fame,
And then I fancy that I shall not fail
To merit an undying name;
But soon, alas! my visions flee,—
Those songs which I so fondly prize,
Too like that glittering ball will be
Which mounts the air and quickly dies.

THE TABLE.

(La Table.)

DÉSAUGIERS. Born 1772, died 1827.

Désaugiers, one of the most famous of the convivial and comic lyrists of France, may be considered the immediate predecessor of Béranger, who sometimes alludes to him in his songs. He was president of the *Caveau Moderne* when Béranger was admitted as a member in 1813.



N epicure, I mean to sing
 The table, as a subject fitting;
 'T is certainly a useful thing,
 And friendship's ties is ever knit-
 ting.
 Censure its weapons may unsheathe,
 To stop my song it is unable;
 So, fearless of the critic's teeth,
 I here discourse upon the table.

A tribute must be due, of course,
 To such an universal mother.
 Of life the table is the source;
 Indeed, my friend, I know no
 other.

The pillow, where you lay your head,
 Is soft, but raises visions sable:
 The dying wretch is on his bed,
 The jolly dog is at his table.

A dish that scatters rich perfumes
 Must charm the sense beyond all measure,—
 The anxious nose the steam consumes,
 Inhaling mighty draughts of pleasure:
 Compared to feasting, songs, and mirth,
 All other joys are but unstable;
 The coldest heart that beats on earth
 Is melted by a smoking table.

Two rivals hear the church clock tell
 The moment that their life will take fast;
 The second knows his business well,
 Who asks them both to come to breakfast

All anger soon in wine is drowned,—
 To do such wonders wine is able,—
 The rivals had been underground,
 Had they not rather sat at table.

Fat Raymond's door is every day
 Besieged by countless cabs and chaises,
 City and court their visits pay,
 And all alike resound his praises.
 "His virtues, then, must be most rare,
 That thus his fame mounts up like Babel."
 "Not so."—"Then vast his talents are?"
 "No; but he keeps a first-rate table."

At table on affairs we muse,
 At table marriage contracts settle,
 At table win, and sometimes lose,
 At table wrangling shows our mettle;
 At table Cupid plumes his wing,
 At table we write truth or fable,
 At table we do everything,
 So let us never leave the table.

ORIGINAL.

EN vrai gourmand, je veux ici
 Chanter ce meuble nécessaire,
 Dont tous les mois* l'attrait chéri,
 Double nos nœuds et les resserre;
 Qui quels que soient les traits mordants
 Dont la critique nous accable,
 Au risque de ses coups de dents,
 Je vois m'étendre sur la table.

Comment refuser son tribut
 A cette mère universelle?
 Sans la table, point de salut,
 Et nous n'existons que par elle:

* This refers to the monthly meetings of the *Café des Modernes*.

L'alcôve où l'homme s'amollit
Lui peut elle être comparable ?
Les pauvres mourants sont au lit,
Le bons vivants ne sont qu'à table.

Quel doux spectacle, quel plaisir ;
De voir ces sauces parfumées
Dont toujours, prompt à les saisir,
L'odorat pompe les fumées !
On rit, on chante, on mange, on boit—
De bonheur source intarissable !
Le cœur pourrait-il rester froid,
Quand il voit tout fumer à table !

Deux rivaux entendent sonner
L'instant qui menace leur vie.
A faire un dernier déjeuner,
Un témoin sage les convie ;
Dans le vin tous deux par degrés
Eteignent leur haine implacable,
Ils seraient peut-être enterrés
S'ils ne s'étaient pas mis à table.

Le gros Raymond voit chaque jour,
Cent whiskys assiéger sa porte ;
Il reçoit la ville et la cour ;
La renommée aux cieux le porte,
"Il a donc de rares vertus ?"
"Non."—"A-t-il un rang remarquable,
Des talents, de l'esprit ?"—"Pas plus."
"Qu'a-t-il donc ?"—"Il a bonne table."

A table on compose, on écrit ;
A table une affaire s'engage ;
A table on joue, on gagne, on rit ;
A table on fait un mariage ;
A table on discute, on résout,
A table on aime, on est aimable ;
Puisqu'à table on peut faire tout,
Vivons donc sans quitter la table.

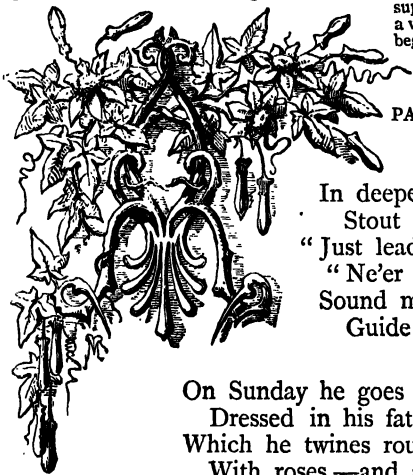
FELIX SUMMERDAY.*

(Roger Bontemps.)

BÉRANGER.

One of the most celebrated songs of Béranger's first period. It is dated 1814, and may be

supposed to set forth the poet's ideal of a wise man at the period when he had not begun to interest himself in politics.



PATTERN meant to be,
Which grumblers should
not scorn,

In deepest poverty
Stout Summerday was born.
"Just lead the life you please,"—
"Ne'er mind what people say,"—
Sound maxims, such as these,
Guide Felix Summerday.

On Sunday he goes out,
Dressed in his father's hat,
Which he twines round about
With roses,—and all that.
A cloak of sorry stuff
Then makes up his array;
'Tis surely smart enough
For Felix Summerday.

Strange knickknacks has he got,—
A portrait he loves still,
A crazy bed, a pot
Which Providence may fill,
An empty box, a flute,
A pack of cards for play;
These simple treasures suit
Fat Felix Summerday.

* If any critic objects to this conversion of an imaginary proper name into one of smaller significance, let him find an English rhyme for *Bontemps*.



For children of the town
 Full many a game has he ;
 He gains a high renown
 By stories—rather free ;
 Of nought he loves to speak
 But songs and dances gay ;
 Such themes the learning make
 Of Felix Summerday.

For want of choicest wine,
 To drink what he can get ;
 To value ladies fine
 Far less than Sue or Bet ;
 To pass his days in bliss,
 And love,—as best he may,—
 This is the wisdom, this,
 Of Felix Summerday.

He prays : “ Great Power above,
 Do not severely tax
 My faults, but show Thy love
 When I am rather lax ;
 The season of my end
 Make still a month of May ;
 This blessing, Father, send
 To Felix Summerday.”

Ye poor, with envy cursed ;
 Ye rich, for more who long ;
 Ye who, by fortune nursed,
 At last are going wrong ;
 Ye who are doomed to find
 Wealth, honour's pass away,
 The pattern bear in mind
 Of Felix Summerday.

ORIGINAL.

Aux gens atrabilaires
 Pour exemple donné,
 En un temps de misère .
 Roger Bontemps est né.

Vivre obscur à sa guise,
Narguer les mécontents;
Eh gai ! c'est la devise
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père,
Coiffé dans les grands jours,
De roses ou de lierre
Le rajeunir toujours;
Mettre un manteau de bure,
Vieil ami de vingt ans;
Eh gai ! c'est la parure
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
Une table, un vieux lit,
Des cartes, une flûte,
Un broc que Dieu remplit,
Un portrait de maîtresse,
Un coffre et rien dedans;
Eh gai ! c'est la richesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Aux infants de la ville
Montrer de petits jeux;
Etre un faiseur habile
De contes graveleux;
Ne parler que de danse
Et d'almanachs chantans;
Eh gai ! c'est la science
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Faute de vins d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton;
Préférer Marguerite
Aux dames du grand ton;
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instans;
Eh gai ! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.



Dire au ciel : Je me fie,
 Mon père, à ta bonté ;
 De ma philosophie
 Pardonne la gâté :
 Que ma saison dernière
 Soit encore un printemps ;
 Eh gai ! c'est la prière
 Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Vous, pauvres pleins d'envie,
 Vous, riches désireux ;
 Vous, dont le char dévie
 Après un cours heureux ;
 Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
 Des titres éclatans,
 Eh gai ! prenez pour maître
 Le gros Roger Bontemps.

SONG FOR EVER !

(*Vive la Chanson.*)

J. A. PERCHELET.

Perchelet was one of the members of *La Lice Chansonnière* founded by Lepage in 1834. This song is dated 1842.



EAR friends, another bumper fill,—
 They say our songs are growing dull :
 What is the matter? Are we ill?
 Or are our glasses never full?
 Great Bacchus has a drug, no doubt,
 To keep poor Momus' soul from
 sinking ;
 So come, my friends, we'll fall
 a-drinking :

When wine flows in, the wit shines out.
 Yes, wine ! yes, wine ! such power can give,
 That song for evermore shall live.

Let politics put on a mask,
Although each heart with freedom glows;
To tyrants who our patience task,
Futurity we can oppose.
Grasped by the Future's hand is seen
A cup, whence purer wine is welling;
The leaguer, with his bosom swelling,
Obeys the joyous tambourine.
New couplets will the Future give,
And song for evermore shall live.

As history has been dry too long,
To Momus' subjects let us give,
By way of change, a merry song,
Instead of charters that deceive.
The anxious dreams we can despise
Of those who purchase power too dearly:
A song can speak the truth out clearly,
A charter only tells us lies.
To jolly Momus thanks we give,
Yes, song for evermore shall live.

The puny dwarflings who sustain
The tyrants, with triumphant glance,
A host of giants would restrain;
We meet their steps with song and dance.
Let all our band of brothers wake,
Whom the same arching heavens cover;
To-morrow, friends, perchance the Louvre
Beneath the Carmagnole may shake
That strain great Momus shall revive,
And song for evermore shall live.

Another wreath of palm to gain,
Encroaching tyrants to defy;
For Béranger we call—in vain!
The poet gives us no reply.
Come, idle we have been too long;

When men are in a dungeon lying,
 The song should through the streets be flying,
 The people stands in need of song.
 No heed to scowling vizors give,
 Laugh, sing—for song shall ever live.

THE BACHELOR'S LODGING.

(*Le Ménage du Garçon.*)

JOSEPH PAIN. Born 1773, died 1830.

This is the song referred to in the Introduction to this division.



LODGE upon a lofty floor,
 In fact, just where the staircase
 ends ;
 No housewife have I ;—to my door
 No porter but myself attends.
 When creditors to seek their prey,
 Ringing with all their vigour, come,
 'Tis I myself am forced to say
 That I myself am not at home.

My list of movables, I'm sure,
 A sheet of paper would not fill,
 Yet I've sufficient furniture
 To entertain my friends at will ;
 Though babbling fools I cannot bear,
 True friends receive a welcome
 kind ;

For ev'ry man I have a chair,
 For ladies too a nook I find.

Sweet nymph, when you would soothe my cares,
 Come softly, lest yourself you tire ;
 Believe me, eight and ninety stairs,
 No little fortitude require.

When towards my dwelling ladies come,
They always feel a sudden start,
And never see my humble home
Without a palpitating heart.

Gourmands, the state of my *cuisine*,—
You wish to learn it, I dare say,—
Ample my fare has ever been,
I always take three meals a day.
Of breakfast I am ne'er in doubt,
But invitations always get;
I make a point of dining out,
And never supped at home as yet.

I've a domain that never ends,
It spreads round Paris everywhere;
For farmers, I have bosom friends,
And many castles—in the air.
A cab I have at my command,
Whene'er I wish to cut a dash;
My gardens in my windows stand,
My waistcoat-pocket holds my cash.

The *millionaire* with pity eyes
A thoughtless, thriftless wight like me;
My visionary wealth I prize,
And think myself as rich as he.
Since though from hand to mouth I live,
While he his riches can display,
We're pretty certain to arrive
Together both at New-year's day.

The sage, who in his volumes taught
That ev'rything that is is right,
Was not so wrong, I've often thought,
If we but manage matters right.
You'll own that if we had the job
Of giving an improving touch
To this abused old-fashioned globe,
We should not mend its structure much.

MY LITTLE CORNER.

(Mon petit Coin.)

BÉRANGER.

This song is dated 1819.



H, nothing in this world I prize,—
 I'll seek my little nook once more,
 The galley slave his prison flies,
 To find a refuge on the shore.
 When in my humble resting-place,
 As a Bedouin I am free;
 So grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
 My little corner leave to me!

There tyranny no army brings;
 There rights I balance without fear;
 There sentence I can pass on kings,
 And o'er the people shed a tear.
 The future then, with smiling face,
 In my prophetic dreams I see;

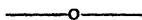
Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
 My little corner leave to me!

There can I wield a fairy's wand,
 Can further good, can banish ill,
 Move palaces at my command,
 And trophies raise where'er I will.
 The kings whom on the throne I place,
 Think power combined with love should be;—
 Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
 My little corner leave to me!

'Tis there my soul puts on new wings,
 And freely soars above the world,
 While proudly I look down on kings,
 And see them to perdition hurled.

One only scion of his race
 Escapes, and I his glory see;—
 Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
 My little corner leave to me!

Thus patriotic plans I dream,
 By heaven valued, not by earth;
 Oh, learn my reveries to esteem,—
Your world, indeed, is little worth.
 The nymphs who high Parnassus grace,
 The guardians of my toils shall be;—
 Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
 My little corner leave to me!



THE LITTLE GARGANTUA.

(*Le petit Gargantua.*)

DÉSALGIERE.



WHEN we have learned to eat and
 drink,
 There's nothing more we need
 on earth;
 The richest, without jaws, I
 think,
 Would find their riches little
 worth.

A faithful mistress is the board,
 It won our childhood's earliest
 sighs,
 Its charms by infants are adored,
 Its pleasures tott'ring age can
 prize.

When we have learned, &c.

A world of pains the pedant takes ;
But for his learning what care I,
When, where the cook a fortune makes,
The booksellers of hunger die?
When we have learned, &c.

Demosthenes and Cicero
Are doubtless stately names to hear ;
The name of good Amphitryo
Sounds far more pleasant in mine ear.
When we have learned, &c.

The treasures which were heaped around,
To Midas were an empty show ;
All had he given to have found
A sav'ry dish of *fricandeau*.
When we have learned, &c.

If upon love I waste an hour,
And bear its wearisome delight,
It is because love has the power
To sharpen up my appetite.
When we have learned, &c.

Columbus sadly toiled, we're told,
That he another world might see ;
A stately globe would you behold?—
My worthy friends, just look at me.
When we have learned, &c.

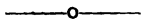
Pale grief and envy eat not much,
And therefore they are always thin ;
An ample paunch will ever vouch
For goodness resident therein.
When we have learned, &c.

If Jean Jacques wore a sullen air,
While Panard never learned to pout,
It was because Jean Jacques was spare,
It was because Panard was stout.
When we have learned, &c.

Here—here within this festive hall
 To Comus we'll a statue raise,
 And while this ardour fires us all,
 We'll write on it these words of praise:
 When we have learned, &c.

The statue o'er our feasts shall reign,
 And guard them with its power divine;
 Then animation it shall gain
 From fumes of sauces and of wine.
 When we have learned, &c.

Our incense in a vapour dense,
 Shall with our drunken wisdom rise,
 And gods shall hear these words of sense,
 While they are feasting in the skies:
 When we have learned, &c.

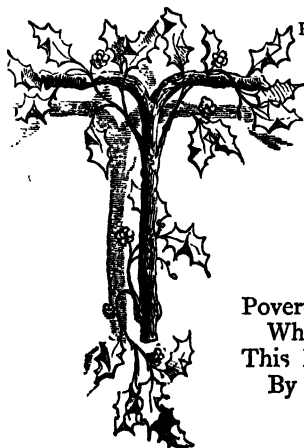


THE BEGGARS.

(*Les Gueux.*)

BÉRANGER.

One of the songs of Béranger's first period, and one of the most celebrated of any period.



THE jolly beggars—long live they!
 Their joy ne'er ends,
 They're always friends,
 And always gay.

Let us sing the beggars' praise,
 'Tis the best thing wit can do,
 Those most ill-used men to raise,
 Who are never worth a *sou*.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

Poverty's a refuge fit
 Where true happiness may dwell;
 This I'll prove by Holy Writ,
 By my gaiety as well.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

On Parnassus, I am told,
 Poverty has reigned for long ;
 What was Homer's wealth of old ?—
 Just a wallet, stick, and song.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

You who from misfortune flinch,
 Many a hero you must know,
 When he feels the tight shoe pinch,
 Sighs to think of his *sabot*.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

You who poverty would snub,
 Decming pomp a wondrous thing,
 Recollect that in his tub
 Once the cynic braved a king.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

Into yonder mansion fine
 Dull *ennui* will often creep ;
 Without napkins we can dine,
 On our straw can soundly sleep.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

On that pallet, blithe and free,
 Lies a god of aspect bright ;
 Love has called on Poverty,
 Who is laughing with delight.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

Friendship, whom we oft regret,
 Doth not yet our climate quit,—
 Still she drinks at the *guinguette*,
 With the soldiers pleased to sit.
 The jolly beggars, &c.

ORIGINAL.

LES gueux, les gueux,
 Sont les gens heureux ;
 Ils s'aiment entre eux.
 Vivent les gueux !

Des gueux chantons la louange,
Que de gueux hommes de bien !
Il faut qu'enfin l'esprit venge
L'honnête homme qui n'a rien.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Oui, le bonheur est facile
Au sein de la pauvreté :
J'en atteste l'Evangile ;
J'en atteste ma gaité.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Au Parnasse, la misère
Long-temps a régné, dit-on.
Quels biens possédait Homère ?
Une besace, un bâton.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Vous qu'afflige la détresse,
Croyez que plus d'un héros,
Dans le soulier qui le blesse,
Peut regretter ses sabots.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Du faste qui vous étonne
L'exil punit plus d'un grand ;
Diogène, dans sa tonne,
Brave en paix un conquérant.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

D'un palais l'éclat vous frappe,
Mais l'ennui vient y gémir.
On peut bien manger sans nappes,
Sur la paille on peut dormir.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

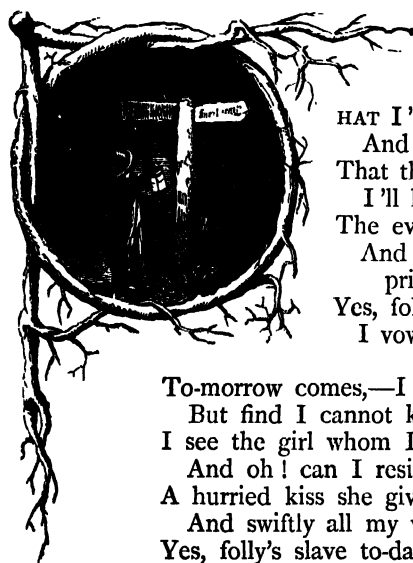
Quel dieu se plaît et s'agite
Sur ce grabat qu'il fleurit ?
C'est l'Amour, qui rend visite
A la Pauvreté qui rit.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

L'Amitié que l'on regrette
 N'a point quitté nos climats;
 Elle trinque à la guinguette,
 Assise entre deux soldats.
 Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

I'LL BE WISE.

(*Le desir d'être sage.*)

Anonymous.

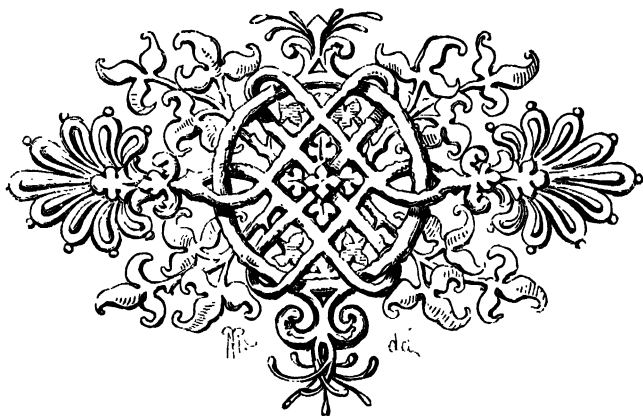


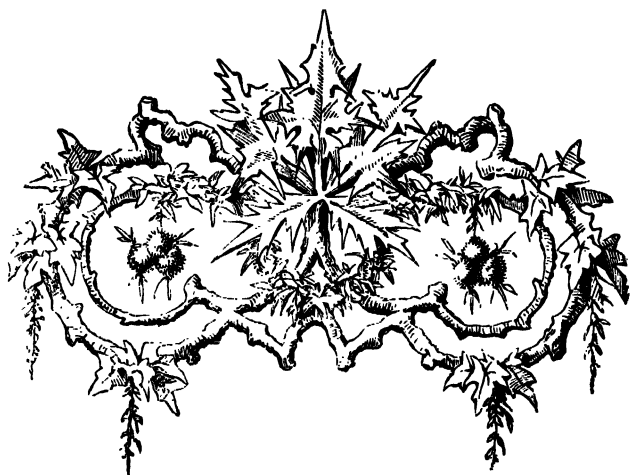
HAT I'll be wise, each day I swear,
 And follow reason's maxims cold;
 That though the fairest face is near,
 I'll look as Cato looked of old.
 The evening comes, my love I see,
 And pleasure takes me by sur-
 prise;
 Yes, folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
 I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

To-morrow comes,—I swear once more,
 But find I cannot keep my vow;
 I see the girl whom I adore,
 And oh! can I resist her now?
 A hurried kiss she gives to me,
 And swiftly all my wisdom flies;
 Yes, folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
 I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

Who, when a charming girl is nigh,
 Can hope to act as he has sworn?
 A tender glance—a smile—a sigh,
 And lo! his heart away is borne.
 Vainly we try from you to flee,
 For you alone our life we prize;
 Oh! folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
 I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

To-morrow then is wisdom's day,—
To-morrow's sun will never shine ;
Quick, take my mistress' charms away,—
The fault is hers—it is not mine ;
Those eyes, that shine so wickedly,
That smile, that causes many sighs,
Take all, in short, that maddens me,
And then to-morrow I'll be wise.







HUMOROUS SONGS.

Humorous and Satirical Songs.

UNDER this head are comprised what the French call "Chansonnettes Comiques et Satiriques." The most important of the songs are those elaborate descriptions of Parisian life by Désaugiers, to which we can scarcely find a parallel in our own language.

THE HUNCHBACKS.

(*Les Bossus.*)

This curious song was written about the year 1740. It is attributed to a physician, who is said to have been himself a hunchback, and to have composed it for a banquet which he gave to all the hunchbacks of his acquaintance.



'LL tell you a fact, which I learned in my youth,—

A hunch on one's back is a blessing in truth ;
That greatest of fav'rites, the good master Punch,
Who always is welcome as dinner or lunch,
Owes half of his fame, be assured, to his hunch.

To say that the hunch is a burden is wrong ;

The greatest advantages to it belong :
The man with a hunch both before and behind,
His stomach will easily guard from the wind,
And shelter besides for his shoulders will find.

The hunchback is mostly renowned, you will own,
For polished address and the true comic tone ;
Whenever in profile himself he displays,
His form so majestic all folks must amaze,
And deep admiration they feel as they gaze.

If I were as rich as King Croesus of old,
A hunchbacked assembly my palace should hold ;
What feelings of joy would arise in my breast,
While ruling a court which the lustre possessed
Of men by Dame Nature so specially blest !

Amid my broad gardens upon a tall base
A fine metal cast of great Æsop I'd place,

And graven below this inscription should tell
 My views on the subject to all who could spell :
 "Respect to the hunch, and the hunchback as well."

We rightly infer from reflections like these,
 That knights of the hunch push their way as they please;
 A man may be silly or surly at will,
 May go about dirty, and dress very ill,
 But give him a hunch, and he's somebody still.

THE COBBLER'S DAUGHTER.

(*La Fille du Savetier.*)

This tale of woe is ascribed to Taconet, celebrated in the last century as a writer of pieces illustrative of the manners of low life, in which he himself played the principal personage. A course of dissipation terminated his life in 1774, when he was forty-four years of age.



LAS !—to think a moment's pleasure
 May cause us trouble beyond
 measure !
 Ye ladies who in weeping find
 Sweet recreation for the mind,
 I know that tears will fill your eyes
 When you have heard my miseries.

My sire, a cobbler by vocation,
 Had gained a wondrous reputa-
 tion ;
 My mother took in washing ; I
 My darning-needle so could ply,
 That I earned fivepence every day,
 But without love what's money,
 pray ?

A very nice young man resided -
 Upon the selfsame floor as I did ;

If I went out,—if I went in,—
He always at my door was seen;
He followed me where'er I went,
But 't was not with my sire's consent.

One day into his room I ventured,
No thought of ill my bosom entered;
My father knocked against the door,
And made the devil's own uproar.
Oh, when will persecution cease,
And lovers talk of love in peace?

My sire with rage was boiling over,
So by the hair he seized my lover,
Who, though his heart was soft, alack!
Was forced to parry this attack;
His fist soon reached my father's face,
Who tumbled down in sorry case.

My mother heard the dying man,
And with a stick upstairs she ran,
Then, raging like a tempest dread,
She knocked my lover on the head;—
Alack! alack! and well-a-day!
Quite dead upon the floor he lay.

My mother for this hapless blow
Was into prison forced to go;
They've hanged her,—and the commissaire
Sends me to the Salpêtrière.
Alas! to think a moment's pleasure
May cause us trouble beyond measure!

KING DAGOBERT.

This extraordinary song is familiar even to the children of Paris, and yet no one seems to know its origin. Neither the style, nor the air to which it is sung, belongs to an antique period. Whatever may be its age, it has long been regarded as a sort of common property, with which any one may do as he pleases. Thus in 1813 some satirical verses were added,

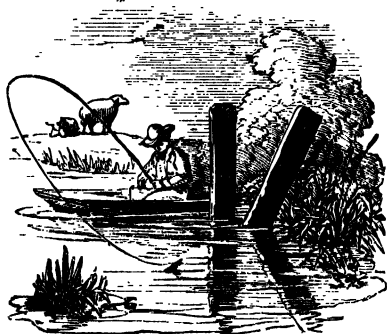
which evidently pointed to the Russian campaign, and the progress of the song through the streets was checked by the police.

Although the song is full of intentional anachronisms and absurdities, the intimacy between the ancient Merovingian King Dagobert and St. Eloi is an historical fact. The saint was Bishop of Noyon, and the confidant of the royal debauchee, whom he inspired with the idea of founding religious establishments as an atonement for his sins. He was, moreover, the king's treasurer, and gained great celebrity for his skill as a goldsmith.

The introduction of the devil in the last verse possibly owes its origin to an ancient legend, according to which a holy bishop saw in a vision a number of saints and demons contending for the soul of King Dagobert. This legend forms the subject of an old sculpture in the Abbey of St. Denis, which is still in existence.

A very pleasant miracle is related of St. Eloi. It appears that the church of Ste. Colombe was plundered of its ornaments, whereupon the good bishop addressed the deceased saint,

and told her that if she did not make the thieves bring the stolen property back to the church, he would shut it up. Ste. Colombe took the hint, and on the following night all the articles were restored.



ING Dagobert, so stout,
He wore his breeches wrong
side out.

Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Unseemly are
The hose you wear."

Then said the king, "That's
true," said he,
"But now I'll turn them right,
you'll see."

The king then turned them right;
His skin a little came in sight.

Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Your skin, alack!
As soot is black."

"Pooh, monsieur!" said the king, said he,
"Much blacker is her Majesty."

King Dagobert, one day,
Put on his coat of green so gay.

Good Saint Eloi
Said, "Look, mon roi,
In your best coat
A hole I note."

Then said the king, "That's true," said he;
"But yours is whole, so lend it me."

His stockings too were seen
In holes,—by maggots gnawed, I ween.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Just look below,—
Your calves you show."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he,
"So please your stockings lend to me."

King Dagobert, so brave,
In winter was not wont to shave.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
You'll get, I hope,
A little soap."
Then said the king, "I will," said he:
"Have you a penny?—Lend it me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
He wore his wig hind-part before.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Your wig's not right,
You look a fright."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he;
"You've got a scratch, so lend it me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
His cloak too short in winter wore.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Your cloak is scant,
New cloth you want."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he,
"So put on inches two or three."

King Dagobert wrote verse
So ill that nothing could be worse.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,

Songs, if you please,
You'll leave to geese."
Then said the king, "I will," said he,
"So you shall make my songs for me."

King Dagobert, they say,
Near Antwerp went to hunt one day.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
You're out of breath
And tired to death."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he;
"A rabbit scampered after me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
A mighty sword of iron wore.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Ain't you afraid
Of that sharp blade?"
Then said the king, "I am," said he;
"A wooden sword pray give to me."

King Dagobert was sad,
His dogs were with the mange so bad.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
To clean each hound,
It must be drowned."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he;
"So drowned with you they all shall be."

King Dagobert, so stout,
When fighting, flung his blows about.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
I fear they will
Your highness kill."
Then said the king, "They may," said he,
"So clap yourself in front of me."

So proud the monarch grew,
He thought the world he could subdue.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
A trip so far
Is full of care."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he;
"Tis better far at home to be."

King Dagobert of old
Made war although 't was winter cold.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
Your Highness' nose
Will soon be froze."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he,
"So back again at home I'll be."

One day, so runs the tale,
The king upon the sea would sail.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
If outward bound,
You may be drowned."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he;
"Le roi boit' then the cry will be."

The good King Dagobert
Was very fond of his dessert.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,
More than enough
You eat and stuff."
"Pooh, monsieur!" said the king, said he,
"In stuffing you're a match for me."

King Dagobert the great,
When he had tippled, walked not straight.
Good Saint Eloi
Said, "O mon roi,

Your footsteps slide
 From side to side."
 "Pooh, monsieur!" said the king, said he;
 "When you get drunk, you walk like me."

And when the good king died,
 The devil came to his bed-side.
 Good Saint Eloi
 Said, "O mon roi,
 You can't do less
 Than now confess."
 Then said the king, "Alas!" said he,
 "Why can't you die instead of me?"

ORIGINAL.

(FIRST THREE VERSES.)*

Le bon roi Dagobert
 Avait sa culotte à l'envers;
 Le grand Saint Eloi
 Lui dit: "O mon roi!
 Votre Majesté
 Est mal culotté."
 "C'est vrai," lui dit le roi,
 "Je vais le remettre à l'endroit."

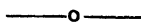
Comme il la remettait
 Et qu'un peu il se découvrait,
 Le grand Saint Eloi
 Lui dit: "O mon roi,
 Vous avez la peau
 Plus noire qu'un corbeau."
 "Bah, bah!" lui dit le roi,
 "La reine l'a plus noire que moi."

Le bon roi Dagobert
 Fut mettre son bel habit vert;
 Le grand Saint Eloi
 Lui dit: "O mon roi,



* More is not requisite where there is so much sameness.

Votre habit paré
 Au coude est percé."
 "C'est vrai," lui dit le roi;
 "Le tien est bon : prête-le-moi."



THE CANAL ST. MARTIN.

(*Le Canal St. Martin.*)

DUPEUTY AND CORMON.

This song, which is dated 1845, is taken from a dramatic piece of the same name.



COME, sons of the Canal, and join
 me in my strain,
 From Paris to Pantin—to
 Paris back again.
 Long live the Canal St.
 Martin !
 The joyous young *gamin*,
 The cosy *citadin*,
 All bless the Canal St. Mar
 tin.

There laundresses and bargemen loud,
 There *débardeurs* and colliers black,
 About the waters ever crowd,
 And none employment ever lack.
 Here full a hundred trades can gain
 Far better bread than on the Seine;
 And 'tis to our Canal, we know,
 Our cups of sparkling wine we owe.
 Come, sons of the Canal, &c.

There anglers, catching nought, are seen,
 Whose hopes no disappointments dash;
 Thither proceeds with solemn mien
 The stout *bourgeois* his dog to wash.

Though warning notices appear,
From its foundation, it is clear,
A swimming school was our Canal
For training dogs in general.
Come, sons of the Canal, &c.

The tradesmen who in liquor deal,
Of our Canal good use can make;
And when they mean their casks to fill,
They oft its water freely take.
By this device they render less
The ills that spring from drunkenness,
For harmless is the wine, you'll own,
From vines that in canals are grown.
Come, sons of the Canal, &c.

But now it's getting rather dark,
And just along the lone bankside
Methinks there is a signal: hark!—
And there I see a shadow glide.
There's not a star, the sky is black,
So homewards, friend, should be your track.
Decked with her veil the moon is seen,
And thieves will soon their trade begin.
Each prudent *citadin* will cherish wholesome fears,
From midnight till the hour when daylight first appears,
Of this same Canal St. Martin;
From Paris to Pantin,
Thou worthy *citadin*,
Oh! dread the Canal St. Martin.



PICTURE OF PARIS, AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.

(Tableau de Paris à Cinq Heures du Matin.)

DÉSAUGIERS.

This and the three following songs are perfect specimens of the descriptive style of Désaugiers.

Now the darkness breaks,
Flight it slowly takes ;
Now the morning wakes,
 Roofs around to gild.
Lamps give paler light,
Houses grow more white ;
Now the day's in sight,
 Markets all are filled.

From La Vilette
Comes young Susette,
Her flowers to set
 Upon the quay.
His donkey, Pierre
Is driving near,
From Vincennes here
 His fruit brings he.

Florists ope their eyes,
Oyster-women rise,
Grocers, who are wise,
 Start from bed at dawn ;
Artizans now toil,
Poets paper soil,
Pedants eyesight spoil,
 Idlers only yawn.

I see Javotte,
Who cries, "Carotte !"
And sells a lot
 Of parsnips cheap.



Her voice so shrill
The air can fill,
And drown it will
The chimney-sweep.

Now the gamester's seen ;
With a haggard mien,
And his pocket clean,
Swearing, home he goes ;
While the drunkard lies
On his path, more wise,
Making music rise
From his blushing nose.

In yonder house
They still carouse,
Change loving vows,
And sing and play.
Through all the night,
In sorry plight,
A wretched wight
Before it lay.

Now the patient rings
Till the servant brings
Draughts and other things,
Such as doctors know ;
While his lady fair
Feigns with modest air
(Love is lurking there !)
For a bath to go.

Love's pilgrims creep
With purpose deep,
And measured step
Where none can see ;
The *diligence*
Is leaving France,
To seek Mayence
Or Italy.

“Dear papa, adieu !
Good bye, mother too,
And the same to you,
 Every little one.”
Now the horses neigh,
Now the whip’s in play,
Windows ring away—
 Out of sight they’re gone.

In every place
New things I trace—
No empty place
 Can now be found ;
But great and small,
And short and tall,
Tag-rag and all,
 In crowds abound.

Ne’er the like has been ;
Now they all begin
Such a grievous din,
 They will split my head ;
How I feel it ache
With the noise they make !—
Paris is awake,
 So I’ll go to bed.



PICTURE OF PARIS, AT FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

(*Tableau de Paris à Cinq Heures du Soir.*)

DÉSAUGIERS.

Now the motley throng,
As it rolls along
With its torrents strong,
 Seems to ebb away.



Business-time has past,
Dinner comes at last,
Cloths are spreading fast,—
Night succeeds to day.

Here woodcock fine
I can divine,—
On fowl some dine,
And turkey too ;
While here a lot
Of cabbage hot
All in the pot
With beef they stew.

Now the parasite
Hastes with footstep light,
Where the fumes invite
Of a banquet rare.
Yonder wretch I see,
For a franc dines he,
But in debt he'll be
For his sorry fare.

Hark, what a noise !
Sure every voice
Its force employs
To swell the sound.
Here softest strains
Tell lovers' pains ;
There proudly reigns
The drunken round.

Dinner's over, so
To cafés they go,
While their faces glow ;
Then elate with wine,
Yon *gourmand* so great
Falls, and with his weight
Crushes one, whom fate
Suffered not to dine.

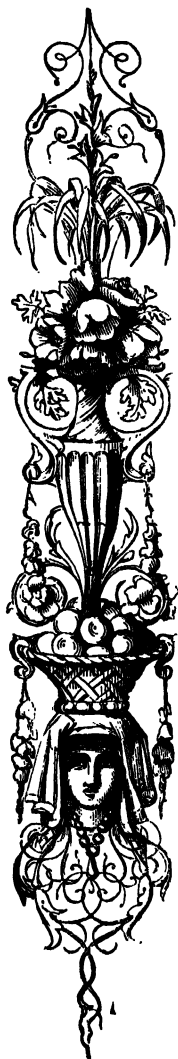
The mocha steams,
The punch-bowl gleams,
And perfume seems
To fill the air.
"Ice! ice!" they call,
And "Coffee!" bawl;
"Could you at all
The paper spare?"

Journals they read o'er,
Liquors down they pour,
Or they sit before
Tables spread for play.
While with watchful eyes,
And with aspect wise,
Stands to criticise
The *habitué*.

There tragedy
They go to see,
Here comedy
Asserts her reign;
A juggler here,
A drama there,
Your purse would clear,—
Nor sues in vain.

Now the lamps are bright,
Chandeliers alight,
Shops are quite a sight;
While with wicked eye
Stands the little queen
Of the magazine,
And with roguish mien
Tempt the folks to buy.

A nook obscure
Will some allure,
Who there secure
May play their parts.



There thieves at will
Their pockets fill ;
And lovers steal
The ladies' hearts.

Jeannot, and Claude, and Blaise,
Nicolas and Nicaise,
Who all five from Falaise
To Paris lately came,
Admire with upturned faces,
Fast rooted to their places,
Paillasse's strange grimaces,—
Nought paying for the same.

Her labours done,
Her dress put on,
To dance has gone
The gay *grisette*.
Her grandma dear
And neighbour near,
Their souls will cheer
With cool picquet.

Now 'tis ten o'clock,
Now against a rock,
With a heavy shock,
Three new plays have struck.
From the doors the mob
Rushes—mind your fob,—
Gentlefolks who rob
Try just now their luck.

"St. Jean," I say,
"Quick—no delay,
My cab this way!"
The livery all
With wine accursed
Could almost burst,
But still athirst,
From taverns crawl.

Carriages with pride
Take their lords inside,
Then away they glide
 In a solemn row.
Cabs retreat of course,
While the drivers hoarse
Swear with all their force,
 As they backwards go.

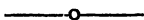
Hark ! what a rout !
They push about,
And loudly shout
 "Take care—take care !"
Some hurry, yet
Are soon upset,
Across some get,
 And home repair.

Trade begins to drop,
Finding custom stop,
Tradesmen shut up shop ;
 Here's a contrast strange !
Noisy thoroughfare,
Crowd-encumbered square,
To a desert bare
 Now is doomed to change.

A form I see
Approaching me :
"Qui vive ?" says he ;
 At once I shrink ;
As he draws nigh,
Away go I—
"T is best to fly
 All scrapes, I think.

Now there's nought in sight
Save the lamps' pale light,—
Scattered through the night,
 Timidly they peep ;

These too disappear,
 Nothing far or near
 But the breeze I hear,—
 All are fast asleep.



THE PILLAR OF THE CAFÉ.

(Le Pilier du Café.)

DÉSAUGIERS.



GENTLEFOLKS, pray, what must
 be
 In this world a fellow's
 lot,
 Who, like me, no family,
 Fortune, place, or wife has
 got?
 Through the squares to stray, no
 doubt,
 On the quays to roam about.
 Pardon me—by such a trade
 None but shoeblacks rich are
 made.

Now upon a plan I've hit
 Which far better suits my taste,
 Asks not too much time or wit,
 And prevents all sorts of waste.
 Hospitable roofs abound
 On the Boulevards, where are found
 Folks who nothing have to do,
 Folks who take their leisure too.

There, when weary, I obtain
 Sometimes pastime, sometimes sleep;
 Me they shelter from the rain,
 Me from sunbeams safely keep.

Ha! I fancy you have guessed
What must be those regions bless'd.
Well, for thirty years have I—
Through all weathers, wet and dry—

Just at seven left my bed,
On my sixth floor every day,
Washed and shaved and curled my head,
And dropped down to the Café.
There the waiter in a trice
Brings of bread a wholesome slice,
Which I think a breakfast rare,
With a glass of capillaire.

Being the first comer—then,
Early reading to ensure,
I snatch up the *Quotidienne*,
And the *Courier* I secure.
With the *Globe* beneath an arm,
With the other keeping warm
The *Débats*, I'm on the watch
Soon the *Moniteur* to catch.

Hunting meanwhile the *Pilote*,
Which, though gouty, I obtain;
Busy with my limping foot
The *Diable Boiteux* I gain.
“Hollo! neighbour, *quid novi?*”
Thus I hear a Picard cry,
Who is mighty pleased to show
Latin in his parts they know.

Then of Greece I glibly speak,
Touch upon the Institute,
Times, the weather of the week,
Dogs and actors,—never mute.
If by chance he should forget
All his sugar-lumps to eat,
What he leaves becomes my share:
Since 'tis paid for, this is fair.

No one can my right deny,
He that doubts it must be dull;
By this smart contrivance; I
Keep my sugar-basin full.
Then to billiards off I go,
Where the players, as they know
I could beat them, one and all,
Make me judge of every ball.

When the cause is judged I take
Beer and biscuit as my fee;
This the rule of life I make,—
Good advice well paid should be.
Soon I hear a "row" below;
To the Café back I go,
There on every side they say
Words like "*rente*"—" *indemnité*."

Running bareheaded about,
Where the tempest rages most,
Yonder clerk begins to shout
That his four-and-nine* is lost;
While I chuckle at my ease,
Watching well this foolish breeze,
Thanking destiny I've not
In the funds a farthing got.

Dinner-time its warning gives,—
All the mandate must obey;
E'en the hottest wrangler leaves
The dispute and the Café.
I've just eaten something—so
I am not obliged to go;
I can wait, and here, meanwhile,
Read at leisure the *Etoile*.

* The French expression for which we have risked this very free reading is "*trois pour cent*," and signified a form of hat worn at the time. To preserve the primary reference to the *rentes* is impossible.

'T will be long though, I suppose,
Ere it comes: what can I do?
Fidget with the dominoes,
Having read the papers through.
Here the *Etoile* comes—oh, joy!
First to read the news am I,
With my glasses on my nose,—
With an air that must impose.

Information do I draw
Of whate'er occurred to-day
At the Bourse or courts of law;
Likewise know to-morrow's play.
All at once a noise I hear,—
Now the diners reappear;
While the new-lit gas is gleaming,
In they come with faces beaming.

Various things they chat about,
On the seats their bodies throw;
Waiters pour their coffee out;
I approach *incognito*.
Near a banker now I sit,—
Choose my station near a wit,—
Brokers now my neighbours make,—
Every sort of hue I take.

Not one customer in all
Could, I'm sure, with me compete,
If for coffee I would call
Often as I change my seat.
'Tis eleven: from the play
Guests pour into the Café,
Twenty, thirty, I dare say,
Who with heat all melt away.

Politics of the *coulisse*
Like *habitués* they handle;
Censure actors and the piece;
Of the actresses tell scandal.

The bells of every story ring :
Here some one calls to bring
Some very pretty thing,
Some only visits come to pay,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

As early as the sun's first light,
Lolotte, who has not slept all night,
Gets up for all her gifts ;—ah, ha !—
Here comes a thimble from mamma,
And here six francs from dear papa,
From grandma books to make her pray,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

The banker, early in the morn,
Brings gems, his Chloris to adorn ;
His clerk, though not so rich, takes care
To bring some present rare
Unto his lady fair ;
And so he——puts his watch away,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

To some we haste, when we've no doubt
That when we call they will be out.
At once to the *concierge* we go :
“What, not at home, then?”—“No.”
“Alas ! you vex me so !”
We leave our names, and walk away,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

Now friends grown cool are cool no more,
But seem as hearty as before ;
The method is not dear—a pound
Of sugarplums is found,
For many a social wound,
The best of remedies they say,—
And such they give on New-year's day.

To yonder man direct your eyes,
Who ever bargains—never buys,—

Takes down—hooks up—peeps here, peeps there,
With such a solemn air;
Now hurries off elsewhere,
That he the selfsame game may play,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

Now nephews who'd inherit all,
Upon their uncle love to call;
To see him well is their delight;
But, with his wealth in sight,
They hug him—oh, so tight!—
They almost squeeze his life away,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

The tender swain who does not care
To buy fine trinkets for his fair
At Christmas-time, to save expense,
For coolness finds pretence;
His love will recommence
Next month—till then he stops away,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

When all the handsome things are said,
And wishes uttered, presents made,
Each visitor goes home at last;
And when an hour has past,
Mourns money spent too fast,
And time and trouble thrown away,—
Yes, surely this is New-year's day.



IMPORTANT TRUTHS.

(*Les grandes Vérités.*)

ARMAND CHARLEMAGNE.



ROTHERS, 't is a happy age,
This good age in which we live;
To his views the fearless sage
Now the freest scope may give.
Bolder than Philoxenus,
Down the veil of truth I tear;
While my verse I warble thus,
Friends, my revelations hear.

Light sometimes from candles
comes;

Water serves our thirst to slake;

Nipping cold our fingers numbs;
In good beds sweet rest we take.
Grapes are gathered in September;
Junc is mostly very hot;
When I am within my chamber,
Then elsewhere be sure I'm not.

Nought more cold than ice we know;
Without salt we cannot pickle;
Human pleasures come and go,
Mortals all must feel Time's sickle.
Not the Danube is the Oise,
Neither is the day the night;
While the high-road to Pontoise
To Pantin won't lead you right.

Many a rascal lives at ease;
Shirts are mostly made with sleeves;
If in summer you fell trees,
Every one can pick up leaves.

Those who every falsehood swallow
Some discrimination lack ;
Dancers should the figure follow ;
Crabs advance by going back.

Bread with everything we eat,
Even with the choicest dish ;
Pheasants are a greater treat
Than a bit of smoke-dried fish.
Vinegar won't catch a fly ;
And those barbers, big with hope,
Who to whiten niggers try,
Only throw away their soap.

When to shave ourselves we want,
We ne'er take a common broom ;
In your garden rhubarb plant,
And you'll find no turnips come.
That old famous horse of Troy
Was not given much to drinking ;
Every ass don't find employ
With the miller, to my thinking.

Fools but sorry numskulls are ;
He who's wise more wit commands ;
From the head the feet are far,
On the neck the former stands.
Drunkenness we get from drink ;
For the sauce the fish we prize ;
Every loaf weighs more, I think,
Than another half the size.

Romulus built Rome one day ;
Heavy rain will make us wet ;
Cato was austere, they say ;
Wealth we can't by wishing get.
Few of mustard can approve
When 't is after dinner brought ;
Though a snub nose we may love,
Yet a Roman 't is not thought.

He who sick of fever lies
Cannot be considered well ;
Several hares to catch who tries
Won't catch any, I can tell.
If you gently blow your soup,
You will cool it in a trice ;
All your cheese you should lock up,
Would you save it from the mice.

Flints composed of stone are found ;
Woods of trees are sometimes full ;
Streams with fish will oft abound,
Frogs are seen in many a pool.
At a rustle will the hare
Start, as 't were a mighty shock ;
Moved by every breath of air
Is the fickle weathercock.

Learning is not common sense ;
Wisdom is a prize, I hold ;
Half a crown is thirty pence ;*
Paper is not made of gold.
Every chatterbox may find
Deaf men are not wearied soon ;
'Tis peculiar to the blind
That they cannot see at noon.

Do not charge me with a crime,
Though no wit my song may season ;
If you find it is in rhyme,
Pray let that suffice for reason.
In this age of truth and light,
Where fair virtue reigns at will,
Happy is the silent wight,
He who thinks not, happier still.

* "*Trente francs font trente livres.*"

THE OXEN.

(Les Bœufs.)

PIERRE DUPONT.

This production of Dupont rivals in popularity his *Chant des Ouvriers*.

THE finest beasts are mine, I vow,
 Two spotted oxen, big and
 staunch;
 Of maple-wood is made my
 plough;
 My goad's a sturdy holly-
 branch.
 'Tis through their toil you see
 the plain
 In summer green, in autumn
 brown;
 More money in a week they
 gain,
 Than when I bought them I
 paid down.

Before with them I'd part,
 I'd hang with all my heart.
 I own that Joan, my wife,
 I love beyond my life,

But rather see her dead would I, than I would see my oxen die.

My gallant oxen—only look
 How deep and straight their furrows are!
 The strongest tempest they can brook;
 For heat or cold they do not care.
 And when to take a draught I stop,
 A mist from their wide nostrils flies,
 And on their horns the young birds drop,
 And there they perch before my eyes.
 Before with them, &c.

No oil-press is so strong as they;
 They're gentler far than any sheep;
 The townsfolk to our village stray,
 In hopes to buy my oxen cheap,

And take them to the Tuileries
On *Mardi-Gras*, before the king;
And slaughter them: nay, if you please,
Good townsfolk, I'll have no such thing.
Before with them, &c.

If when my little daughter's tall,
My royal master's son and heir
Should wooing come,—my money all
I'd pay him down, without a care.
But if he wanted me to give
My two white oxen, marked with red,—
Come, daughter, come, the crown we'll leave,
And keep our beasts at home instead.
Before with them, &c.

ORIGINAL.

J'ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
Deux grands bœufs blancs, marqués de roux;
La charrue est en bois d'érable,
L'aiguiller en branche de houx;
C'est par leurs soins qu'on voit la plaine
Verte l'hiver, jaune l'été;
Ils gagnent dans une semaine
Plus d'argent qu'ils n'en ont coûté.
S'il me fallait les vendre
J'aimerais mieux me pendre;
J'aime Jeanne ma femme, eh, ha! j'aimerais mieux
La voir mourir que voir mourir mes bœufs.

Les voyez-vous, les belles bêtes,
Creuser profond et tracer droit,
Bravant la pluie et les tempêtes,
Qu'il fasse chaud, qu'il fasse froid.
Lorsque je fais halte pour boire,
Un brouillard sort de leurs naseaux,
Et je vois sur leur corne noire
Se poser les petits oiseaux.
S'il me fallait les vendre, &c.

Ils sont forts comme un pressoir d'huile ;
Ils sont doux comme des moutons ;
Tous les ans on vient de la ville
Les marchands dans nos cantons,
Pour les mener aux Tuileries,
Au Mardi-Gras, devant le roi,
Et puis les vendre aux boucheries,—
Je ne veux pas, ils sont à moi.
S'il me fallait les vendre, &c.

Quand notre fille sera grande,
Si le fils de notre Régent
En mariage la demande,
Je lui promets tout mon argent,
Mais si pour dot il veut qu'on donne
Les grands bœufs blancs marqués de roux,
Ma fille, laissons la couronne
Et ramenons les bœufs chez nous.
S'il me fallait les vendre, &c.



SPECIMENS
OF THE
EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE,

FROM
THE TIME OF THE TROUBADOURS AND TROUVERES
TO
THE REIGN OF HENRI QUATRE.

BY
LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.





Specimens of the Early Poetry of France.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM a very early period the arts of poetry and music appear to have been much cherished in France. About the year 450, when the Gauls and Franks were united as one people under the name of French, their poets and musicians were in great esteem, were invited to all the meetings of princes and great lords, and frequently accompanied their armies, to encourage the soldiers by reciting the actions of noble men, and by the melody and inspiring tone of their instruments.

The opinion introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Robert of Paris," gives a correct notion of the esteem in which minstrels were held: "The company of a minstrel befits the highest birth, honours the highest rank, and adds to the greatest achievements."

Posidonius and Diodorus attest the taste of the Gauls for poetry and music, and numerous authors might be cited to prove the estimation in which their professors were held. Fauchet mentions that these arts were esteemed under Chilperic I., in the sixth century, and that this prince piqued himself on his proficiency in them. Some of his Latin pieces are still preserved, as the poem in honour of St. Germain, "which," says Fauchet, "may be read in the chapel of St. Symphorien in the church of St. Germain des Prés, where the saint was buried."

Under Pepin, father of Charlemagne, a musical body was established for the royal chapel, under a master called *ministrellus*. Charlemagne, according to Eginhard, his historian, delighted in hearing the feats of the kings, his predecessors, in verse; and

collected a great number of poems on the subject, with the intention of making a connected history from them. We know by several specimens of rhymed verse in the ancient French, German, or Tudesque, that rhymed poetry was in use in the ninth century. Both in the north and south of France poets abounded, and it has employed the attention of some of the most learned men, both of England and France, to decide to which race the honour is due of being the original masters in the art of versification.

The southern language, or *langue d'oc*, and the northern, or *langue d'oïl*, both proceeded from one common parent, the vitiated Latin, called in the councils of the ninth century *langue Romane ou rustique*. A specimen of the latter exists in the well-known treaty made between Charles the Bald and his brother Louis, at Strasburg, in the year 842.

Romance* was the common language of all the people who obeyed Charlemagne in the south of Europe, that is, all the south of France, part of Spain, and almost all Italy. This idiom seems to have gained ground on the Latin; so much so, that the latter was scarcely understood, and Charlemagne sent to Rome for some grammarians to re-establish the knowledge of Latin in France.

All the provinces had their respective dialects till the language was divided into two principal idioms, the Romance north of the Loire, *langue d'oïl*, and the Romance south of the Loire, *langue d'oc*. Each of these idioms soon had their poets, who are always the first writers in all languages. Those of the south were called Troubadours; and of the north, Trouvères.

The Troubadours travelled from kingdom to kingdom, and

* Great disputes have arisen amongst the learned respecting the origin and influence of the Romance language. The Provençaux assert, and the Spaniards deny, that the Spanish language is derived from the original Romance. Neither the Italians nor the French are willing to owe much to it as a parent. The Toulousans roundly assert that the Provençal is the root of all other dialects whatever. See Cazeneuve. "Obros de Goudelin" (preface), &c. Most Spanish writers insist that the Provençal is derived from the Spanish. See Notes to "Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas." Madrid, 1779.

Much valuable information on this interesting subject is contained in M. le Baron Taylor's beautiful work, "Voyages Pittoresques dans l'ancienne France," Art. Languedoc.

were received everywhere with honour and enthusiasm ;* they occasionally sang their own verses, and read or recited those which were not intended for music.

Pasquier and Fauchet are agreed that the oldest specimen of rhyming verse is that of Otfried, of the abbey of Wissembourg, in old Frankish, or Tudesque ; but the lays of the professors of *La Gaya Ciència* begin the age of poetry properly so called.†

Some authors are of opinion that the marriage of King Robert with Constance, daughter of William first Count of Provence or Aquitaine, about the year 1000, was the epoch of a great change in the manners of the court of France. Some even assert that this princess brought in her train Troubadours and Jougleurs, and it is contended that the taste for poetry and its accompaniments spread from the south of France to the more northern parts of the kingdom. This opinion is, however, indignantly refuted by M. de la Rue, in his work, “*Essais Historiques sur les Bardes*,” &c., in which he goes far to prove not only that the literature of the north of France had attained a high state of perfection previous to this period, but that the poets who accompanied Constance, according to the historian Glaber, were persons very unfit to form or to improve the taste of so refined a people as the northern French already were. He thinks the idea equally unfounded and absurd of Eleonore of Aquitaine, at a later period, introducing from the south any literature which could in the least be needed by the poets of the north. However this may be, the protection and encouragement afforded by these princesses could not fail to be valuable to literature in general.

The most ancient of the works of the Troubadours with which we are acquainted are those of William the ninth Count of

* Sometimes the Troubadours were accompanied by their wives, as, for instance, the wife of Anselm Faydit, of Avignon. She had been a nun, was young and lively, and used to sing her husband's poems.—See WARTON.

† Raynouard cites, as the most ancient relic of the *langue d'oc*, a poem, “*sur Boèce*,” belonging to the abbey of Fleury, or St. Benedict (Saint Benoit-sur-Loire), founded in the sixth century, under Clovis II. This abbey was plundered when Odet de Coligni, Cardinal de Châtillon, who was abbot, became Protestant in 1561, and the MSS. were dispersed. Many of them are now to be found in the Bibliothèque d'Orléans and in the Vatican.

Poitiers* and Aquitaine, who was born in 1070. From the grace and elegance of his style it is evident that poetry had attained considerable perfection in his time.

The Jougleurs,† who are sometimes confounded with the Troubadours and Trouvères, were an order of men who, uniting the art of poetry to that of music, sang to different instruments verses, sometimes of their own composition, sometimes of others. They frequently accompanied their songs by gesticulations and *tours d'adresse*, to attract the attention of and amuse the spectators, from whence their name Jugleors, Juggleours, Juglers, and Jongleurs, from the Latin word *joculator*, which comes from *jocus*.

Before the conquest of England by the Normans, the Anglo-Saxons named these persons *glee-men*; but, after the conquest, the Anglo-Normans gave them the name of Jougleurs, which they varied in different ways.

On the stage they were called Mimes and Histrions, from the Roman *mimi* and *histriones*: they were called Conteurs or Diseurs when they mixed prose with their verse, or related *dictiës* in verse and stories; and Fableurs when they introduced fables; Gesteurs when they sang romances to which they themselves gave the title of *Chansons de Gestes*; and Harpeurs when they accompanied themselves with the harp. They frequently travelled in troops, associated with performers on various instruments, buffoons, dancers, &c.; they were then called Ménestrels, Ménestriers, or Minstrels by the Anglo-Normans.‡ By the subsequent licence of

* Grandson of William called "the Great" because of his valour, "the Grammarian" c account of his great learning, and "the Pious" in consequence of his devotion.—DE ST. PALAÏE.

† Often written *jongleurs*. In Wace's poems the word is *jugleors*; in Spanish it is *juglar*, and in Provençal always *juglar*.

‡ An ancient Fabliau, says M. de Roquefort, traces the portrait of a Ménestrier in not the most favourable light, and its resemblance is unfortunately but too correct. The variety of talents necessary for the profession there described is most surprising; it is such, says Legrand, as one could scarcely expect to see combined in the present day. We have a proof of this in another Fabliau of the thirteenth century, in which the author enters into a long detail of all

* "De Saint Pierre et du Jougleur," MS. Nos. 7,218 and 1,830, de l'abbaye St. Germain. Barbazan, *tom. III.*, p. 282. Legrand d'Aussy, "Le Jougleur qui va en Enfer," *tom. II.*, pp. 35, 47.

† Les Deux Bortleors Ribauds, MS. No. 7,218, fol. 273, vo. 7,615, and 1,830, de l'abbaye St. Germain, fol. 67, vo. See also "Le Songe de la Voie d'Enfer," par Raoul de Houdan, MS. No. 7,615. Legrand d'Aussy, and M. Ginguené, *Hist. Litt. d'Italie*.

their conduct, they brought their order into the contempt which a length attended it.

Flanders, Artois, and Picardy were particularly distinguished by their compositions ; thus Warton calls the Jougleurs of these provinces "the constant rivals of the Troubadours." A comparison of their poetry with that of the southern minstrels would be very interesting, and it is to be hoped that M. de la Rue, since he himself points out the circumstance, will think the subject worthy his consideration.

While in the twelfth century the Jougleurs began to lose their respectability, men of quiet and retired habits were peaceably cultivating the muses, and were called Trouvères.

They differed from the Jougleurs, inasmuch as they contented themselves with making verses, while the Jougleurs both composed and sang them ; and while the Jougleurs gave themselves little trouble to study, leading as they did dissipated lives, the Trouvères devoted all their time to perfecting their works, and were even obliged to have recourse to secretaries to assist them in transcribing their poems, as we are told by Richard Wace and Guernes de Pont St. Maxence. There appears always to have been war between the Jougleurs and the Trouvères, as the latter justly considered the former inferior, and accused them of stealing their ideas.

Wace, the Trouvère, is placed by Fauchet in the first rank of northern poets : he lived, according to his own report, in 1155. His celebrated poems are "Le Brut," and "Le Roman de Rou."*

• The poem of Alexandre, and its numerous branches, followed,

that it is requisite for a Ménestrier or Joueur to know. The poet imagines that two parties of this description, having met in a château, endeavour to amuse the lord by a feigned quarrel. The rivals, after having mocked each other, and been sufficiently liberal of abuse, make each an enumeration of their accomplishments. They are acquainted with the poets of their time and with their works, can *conter* in Romance and in Latin, recite the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne and Arthur, sing songs of every kind, play on every instrument, and give advice to lovers ; know every description of game, and all poetry sung, declaimed, or related. 'This Fabliau also informs us that the most celebrated poets gave themselves *noms de guerre*, or *sobriquets*, such as Brise-tête, Tue-bœuf, Arrache-cœur, Ronge-foie, Brise-barre, Courte-barbe, Fier-à-bras, Tourne-en-fuite, Franche-côte, Courte-épée, &c.

* The "Roman de Rou," or of *Raoul* or *Rollo*, first Duke of Normandy, was written about 1155.

compiled by a crowd of Trouvères and Jougleurs, whose object appears to have been that of exciting to noble deeds.*

The Sotte Chanson or Sirvente of the Trouvères was satirical, and frequently very forcible and bold; that of Guiot de Provins, called "La Bible Guiot,"† presents an accurate picture of his times. It was produced under Philip Augustus: he lived long and had much experience, as he professes to speak only of what he had witnessed, and makes a long enumeration of the sovereigns he had known.

"Et cels dont j'ai oï parler.
Ne vueil-je pas ci toz nomer;
Mès ces princes ai-ge vëuz."

Philip Augustus was a patron of poetry,‡ and it has frequently been asserted (although perhaps erroneously) that he delighted in hearing the verses of Helinand, a monk of the abbey of Froidmont in Beauvoisis, a poet of repute who was attached to his court: he used to call for him at the conclusion of his repasts, according to an old romance:

"Quand li Roy (Alexandre) ot mangié, s'appella Helinand,
Pour li esbanoyer commanda que il chant."

During the regency of Blanche of Castile, and the reign of St. Louis, French poetry may be said to have been at its height.

* Thus the song of Roland (or of Rollo?) was sung by the Norman Taillefer to encourage the soldiers of William the Conqueror in 1066, in which the whole army joined, according to the custom of those days in rushing to battle:

"Armed, as if a knight he were,
Rushed forth the minstrel Taillefer."—*Roman de Rou.*

"As he sung, he played with his sword, and casting it high in the air, caught it again with his right hand, while all shouted the cry of 'God aid us!'; Taillefer was killed in the mêlée."—*Archæologia.*

The name of Taillefer was acquired by GuiUaume, Count of Angoulême, who in a combat with a Norman, clove his adversary from the head to the breast, *through armour and all*: his descendants for three hundred years kept the name.

† *La Bible* (the Book) was an ordinary title given to these kind of works. His poem opens thus:

"Dou siècle puant et orrible
M'estuet commencer une bible
Por poindre et por aguillonner
Et por grant essample doner."

‡ Nevertheless "Philip Augustus preferred giving his *old clothes* to the poor, rather than to bestow them, as many did, on minstrels, to encourage whom, he said, was to sacrifice to the devil. Sometimes a rich man would wear a splendid robe only five or six times, and then give it to a minstrel."—DULAURE'S *Histoire de Paris*.

The greatest lords, and even kings, were ambitious to shine as poets. The "Roman de la Rose" of Guillaume de Lorris, and of Jean de Meun, is too well known to need comment.* Thibault, Comte de Champagne, better known as Roi de Navarre, was one of the most remarkable Trouvères of his time, both for his compositions, his devotion to his lady-love, Queen Blanche, and his constant plots against her and her son.

The freedom of the writings of many of the poets had, for some time, given umbrage to the clergy,† and from the period of Louis le Gros war was continually waged between them. The fearless bitterness of their attacks is indeed surprising, and well calculated to enrage the objects of them. By degrees, however, after having attained its height, the *gaie science* began to decline, and the holy fathers saw with pleasure their enemies sinking into contempt, till at length their compositions became a by-word, and "*ce n'est que joglerie*" conveyed all that was lying and insignificant. Nevertheless the genius of Jean de Meun, called Clopinel, who continued the poem of Guillaume de Lorris, sustained the dignity of verse till the commencement of the fourteenth century; but the troubles which began about that time prevented its being cultivated with equal care or receiving the same encouragement; yet it is in the fourteenth century that French tragedy and comedy, properly so called, take their rise, however rude their first dawning. Few poets of any eminence appear to have disputed the palm with Jean de Meun, who seems to have lived to the age of ninety, and

*Molinet and Marot have given versions of the "Roman de la Rose," and have each greatly altered the sense of the author.—ROQUEFORT.

† Rutebeuf, in his "Ordres de Paris," thus expresses himself, speaking of the Jacobins: "Ils disposent à la fois de Paris et de Rome, et sont roi et Pape. Ils ont acquis beaucoup de biens, car ils damnent les âmes de ceux qui meurent sans les faire leurs exécuteurs testamentaires. Ils veulent qu'on les croie des apôtres, et ils auraient besoin d'aller à l'école. Personne n'ose dire la vérité sur leur compte, dans la crainte d'être assommé: tant ils se montrent haineux et vindicatifs. Il serait dangereux d'en parler avec ma liberté ordinaire; je me borne donc à dire qu'ils sont des hommes."—*Fabliaux*. DULAURE.

In the *Sirventes* of many of the Troubadours the ministers of the Church are violently attacked, and reproached for their crimes and cruelties with great boldness.

The "Bible de Hugues, seigneur et châtelain de Bersil," is very severe on the monks, and Raoul de Houdan, in his "*Chemin d'Enfer*," places the souls of several of his contemporary princes and prelates among the *dampnés*. Some of these satirical poems were called *Batailles*, *Chastimens*, and *Bestiaires*.

to have written to the last. In the enumeration of poets by Clement Marot he thus places them :

" De *Jan de Meun* s'enfle le cours de Loire :
 En maistre *Alain** Normandie prend-gloire,
 Et plaint encore mon *arbre paternel* : †
Octavien ‡ rend Cognac éternel :
 De *Molinet*, de *Jan le Maire* et *Georges*,
 Ceux de Haynault chantent à pleines gorges :
Villon Cretin ont Paris décoré :
 Les deux *Crebans* ont le mans honoré :
 Nantes la Brette en *Meschinot* se baigne :
 De *Coquillart* s'esjouit la Champagne :
 Quercy, *Salot*, de toi se vantera,
 Et (comme croy) de *moy* ne se taira."

Alain Chartier, secretary to the two monarchs, Charles VI. and VII., is a poet of whom any age and country might be proud. The tenderness, eloquence, and beauty of his compositions place him in the first rank, and indeed many of those on whom the French found their poetic fame, and distinguish in their "Parnasse," would scarcely be considered, by other nations, as worthy to approach him. His faults are those of his age, his beauties are his own, and those who followed did not scruple to adopt much of his style and many of his ideas. M. du Tillet, § who dismisses this great poet very cavalierly, is obliged to acknowledge his fame by admitting that he was esteemed the greatest ornament of the court, and relates the well-known and flattering testimony paid him by the beautiful and unfortunate Marguerite d'Ecosse, while dauphine ; who, finding him one day asleep in the king's antechamber, honoured him with a kiss, agreeably justifying her action by saying it was not the man she saluted, but the mouth from whence issued so many beautiful sentences.

Villon is the next poet who distinguished himself, of whom Boileau says :

" Villon scût le premier, dans ces siècles grossiers,
 Débrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers."

* Alain Chartier.

† Jean Marot.

‡ Oct. de St. Gelais.

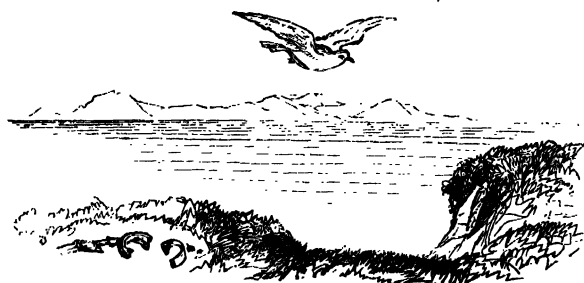
§ See "Parnasse François," by M. Titon du Tillet.

Clement Marot is, however, the great glory of French poetry, and the darling of French critics, who, as he appears to be the father of that epigrammatic style which forms the character of their compositions, no doubt is deserving of the enthusiastic encomiums lavished upon him. The reader must not expect from him the grace of the Troubadours, or the tenderness of Alain Chartier ; in his line, however, he is unrivalled. Of him Boileau says :

“ Marot bientôt après fit fleurir les ballades,
Tourna les triolets, rima les mascarades,
Et des refrains reglez asservit les rondeaux,
Et montra pour rimer des chemins tout nouveaux.”

Marot flourished in great credit under Francis I., the patron of science and the fine arts. In his reign, and that of his son, appear a considerable number of poets, whose works are known. Charles IX. and Henry III. also were encouragers of poetry ; indeed, from the time of Francis I. to that of his grandchildren may be considered the golden age of poetry as to “*justesse, noblesse et grâce*,” according to the opinion of the French themselves.





THE TROUBADOURS.



WILLIAM, NINTH COUNT OF POICTIERS.

THIS prince, whose name is always placed at the head of the Troubadours, as the earliest of that race of poets, was born in the year 1071. Although no specimens of Provençal poetry of an earlier date exist than his, yet we are warranted in supposing that the art had been cultivated for at least half a century before, as the language itself, during that period, had shown such manifest signs of improvement, a consequence arising from the intercourse between France and Spain, in which latter country the influence of Arabian literature was widely diffused from Toledo, its centre. The first poetical attempts of the Provençal poets were doubtless rude and imperfect, and to this cause we must probably attribute their loss; but that it underwent partial cultivation we may infer from the degree of perfection in which we find it in the poems of the Count of Poitiers. "On remarque," says the Abbé Millot, "dans les vers de cet illustre Troubadour, une facilité, une élégance et une harmonie dont les premiers essais de l'art ne sont point susceptibles." With regard to the licence which prevails throughout, that must be ascribed partly to the manners of the times, but still more, perhaps, to those of the individual. All authors concur in describing William as endowed with every personal advantage,—with courage and talent, but with a mind remarkably depraved even in that licentious age; of an open and cheerful character, but too prone to debase by low buffoonery his dignity and talent as prince and poet. On this subject many stories are told,—one which has been preserved by his own verse presents a curious picture of the amusements of the high-born ladies of those days. "He was once travelling," he says, "in company with two ladies who did not know him, and feigning to be dumb, they conversed before him without the slightest reserve. But they seemed afterwards to have had their doubts as to the cause of his silence, and resorted to an extraordinary experiment to ascertain whether it were natural or no. When the count had retired for the night, in the house where it appears they all rested, the ladies contrived to introduce a cat into his bed, which they dragged forcibly back by the tail, lacerating the unfortunate Troubadour in the most woful manner, an ordeal which he manfully endured

without compromising his assumed character." He complains of this treatment in his poem in very moving terms :

"Deriere m'aportero 'l cat
Mal e fello,
Ed escorgeron me del cap
Tro al talo."

He finishes the poem by telling his jogleur to carry his verses in the morning to the ladies, and desire them for his sake to kill their cat :

"E diguas lor que per m'amor
Aucizo 'l cat."

Another event of his life was of a different character. He is accused of having repudiated his wife Philippa (called also Mahaud), and having espoused Malberge, the wife of the Viscount de Châtelleraud, during her husband's lifetime. The Bishop of Poitiers resolved to punish this crime, and repairing to his court, began in the count's presence to repeat the formula of excommunication. William threatened him with his sword; the bishop, with a deprecating gesture, demanded a moment's grace, as if for the purpose of retracting, but took advantage of the pause allowed to finish the formula. Having concluded, he addressed the count : "Now strike," said he, "I am ready!" "No!" replied the prince, returning the sword to its scabbard, "I do not love you well enough to send you to Paradise." He ordered him, however, to be banished.* The general reputation of William was that of being a "grand trompeur des dames," and of perpetually seeking "des dupes de sa coquetterie;" but, says his apologist, in a tone to disarm resentment for these *venial* offences, "du reste, il sut bien *trouver* et bien chanter."

Infected with the common mania of the age, he became a crusader, and on his safe return, in the year 1102, he wrote a poem on the subject, which is entitled by Crescembeni, "*Le Voyage de Jérusalem*." Unfortunately we know it only by name. In one of his songs occurs probably the first mention of FAIRIES in modern poetry, unconnected at least with the rhymes of the North, where they had their birth. He speaks of the levity of his disposition and the inconsistency of his attachment, and says in excuse,

"Aissi fuy de nuietz *fadatz*
Sob'r un puegau."

("I was thus endowed by the fairies one night upon a mountain.") He died in 1127.—D.C.

LAY.†

(*Farai chansoneta nueva.*‡)

ANEW I tune my lute to love,
Ere storms disturb the tranquil hour,
For her who strives my truth to prove,
My only pride and beauty's flower,
who will ne'er my pain remove,
Who knows and triumphs in her power.

* This sentence of excommunication is attested by the *Chronique de Maillesais* under the year 1114, and also by a letter from Geoffroi de Vendôme to Pope Pascal II.

† We are ignorant from whence is derived the term *Lai*, and how it was called by British authors: the word is not only not to be found in their dictionaries, but none that resembles it; for the barbarous Latin word *Leudus*, already in use in the sixth century, seems to have been formed from the northern languages. It is, in fact, to be found in the Teutonic *lied*, Danish *leed*, Anglo-Saxon *leod*, Icelandic *liod*, Irish *luoi*—words which express a piece in verse proper to be sung. It is also said to be derived from the ancient German *leikr*, a concert of instruments, of which successively the words *leich*, *laics*, *lays*, *lay*, and *lai* have been formed. Others derive it from the Latin *lessus*, complaint, lamentation."—M. ROQUEFORT, *Lais de Marie de France*.

‡ Raynouard.

I am, alas ! her willing thrall,
 She may record me as her own ;
 Nor my devotion weakness call,
 That her I prize, and her alone.
 Without her can I live at all,
 A captive so accustomed grown ?

What hope have I, O lady dear ?
 Do I then sigh in vain for thee ?
 And wilt thou, ever thus severe,
 Be as a cloistered nun to me ?
 Methinks this heart but ill can bear
 An unrewarded slave to be !

Why banish love and joy thy bowers,
 Why thus my passion disapprove ?
 When, lady, all the world were ours,
 If thou couldst learn, like me, to love !

COMTESSE DE DIE.

There were two poetesses who bore the title of Comtesse de Die, but nothing remains to distinguish one from the other : they are thought to have been mother and daughter. The first was beloved by Rambaud d'Aurenge, who died about 1173 ; the latter is celebrated by William Adhémar, who died in 1190. On his death-bed both mother and daughter paid a visit to the expiring Troubadour, and afterwards erected a monument to his memory. The young countess retired to a convent at Tarascon, and died shortly after Adhémar.

ELEGY OF LOVE.*

(A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu no volria.)

Yes, sad and painful is my strain,
 Of him I love since I complain ;
 Although for him my boundless love
 All earth can give is far above.

* Raynouard.

Yet nought avails me—fondness, truth,
Beauty or grace, or wit or youth ;
Alike unheedful, cold, unkind,
As though some crime deformed my mind !

At least my comfort still may be,
In nought this heart has failed to thee,
Ne'er ceased to prize thee—to adore—
Not Seguis loved Valensa more !
Thus to surpass thee is my pride,
Thou, who excell'st in all beside !

Why, tell me why, severe and chill,
To me thy words sound harshly still ?
How shall I calmly bear to see
Thy looks so soft to all but me ?
While all thy courtesy approve,
All praise, admire, alas ! and love !

Can I my wondering thoughts restrain,
To mark thee thus affect disdain ?
Can I behold each studied slight,
Nor faint with anguish at the sight ?
Can I to any else resign
The heart that was—that must be, mine ?

Oh ! is it just, whate'er her charms,
Another wins thee to her arms ?
Think, think on all since first we met,
And ask thy heart can it forget !
Whate'er thy cold neglect may be,
The cause can ne'er arise from me.

Yet, yet 'twill pass : I know thee well,—
Thy worth, thy virtue, is the spell
That bids me hope the time will come
When thy true heart shall seek its home.
I know that should some high-born fair
Her love, her choice for thee declare,
She does what all may do whose soul
Can feel perfection's strong control ;

But thou hast learnt whose heart the best
Can prize thee above all the rest,
Her faith, her fondness thou hast proved,—
Remember when and how we loved!

Methinks some hope may yet be mine,
Rank, beauty, worth, may still combine;
And my fond truth far more than all,
To lure the wanderer to my call.
I bid my song thy presence seek,
And this despairing message speak:—

O thou, too charming and too dear!
Fain would I know why thus severe,
Why thus my love so harshly tried;
Ah, tell me, is it hate or pride?
Learn, learn, unkind one, from my song,
Such pride may last, alas! too long!

WILLIAM ADHÉMAR.

(*S'ieu conogues, &c.**)



! were I sure that all the lays
Which wake my idle strings
Would in her heart one moment raise
Kind thoughts of him who sings,
What ardour in my song would glow,
What magic in its numbers flow!

Yet what avails? though I despair
To gain one tender smile,
The world shall know that she is fair,
Although so cold the while.

* Raynouard.

Ungrateful though she be too long,
To her I dedicate my song.
Better to suffer and complain,
Than thus another's love obtain.

(*Ben say que ja, &c.**)

SHE will not always turn away,
She will at length forget her pride;
My tenderness she will repay,
My fond affection, sorely tried.
She is all mercy; can she be
Harsh and unjust alone to me?

Oh! in the hope her praise to gain,
Have I not rushed where dangers throng,
And far beyond the treacherous main
Have suffered slavery and wrong.
Yet all,—she knows,—why need I say?
One gentle smile could well repay.



RAMBAUD D'AURENGE.

(*Rire deg ieu, &c.†*)

I SHOULD be blest! for in my dreams
I know what happiness may be,—
'Tis then her smile upon me beams,
And then her lovely form I see.
She leans upon my breast, her eye
Gazes on mine—how tenderly!

* Raynouard.

† Ibid.

So beautiful she looks, so bright,
 Like some immortal shape of light,
 Whose presence can all pain remove,
 Who breathes the air of peace and love.

That look that made my dream divine
 Dwells on my mind when I awake;
 Oh! why must I the bliss resign,
 Why must the spell so quickly break?
 If all the angels who above
 Pass their bright lives in joy and love,
 Together sought to yield me bliss,
 Which neither fate nor time may fade,
 They could not give me more than this—
 The substance of that lovely shade.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

This fierce and warlike Troubadour, who flourished from 1140-50 to 1199, is well known for the part which he took in fomenting the quarrels between Henry II. of England and his three sons. His turbulent and intriguing disposition have ensured him a conspicuous place in the "Inferno" of Dante, who represents him as suffering a strange and fearful punishment, being condemned to bear his own head in his hand in the manner of a lantern.

"E'l capo tronco tenea per le chiome
 Pesol con mano a guisa di lanterna."

The cause of his punishment is related in the following powerful lines:

"Quando diritto appiè del ponte fue,
 Levò'l braccio alto con tutta la testa,
 Per appressarne le parole sue,
 Che furo: Or vedi la pena molesta
 Tu, che spirando vai veggendo i morti;
 Vedi s'alcuna è grande, come questa.
 E perchè tu di me novella porti,
 Sappi ch'io son Bertram dal Bornio, quelli,
 Che diedi al re Giovanni i ma' conforti.
 Io feci'l padre e'l figlio in se ribelli;
 Achitofel non fe' più d'Absalone,
 E di David co'malvagi pungelli.
 Perch'io parti' così giunte persone,
 Partito porto il mio cerebro, lasso!
 Dal suo principio, ch'è 'n questo troncone."—*Inferno*, canto 28.

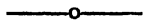
His poems in praise of war and its terrible pleasures paint his character better than his lays of love can do. He died a monk, according to the fashion of those days.

(*Ab que s tanh, &c.**)

SHE cannot be mine! her star is too bright,
It beams too gloriously;
She is radiant with majesty, beauty, and light,
And I unmarked must die!

The more I gaze on her lovely face,
The more my fate is proved,
To another she will accord her grace,
More worthy to be loved.

Are there not crowds around her sighing?
And can I her pity awake,
Whose only merit is in dying
All hopeless for her sake?



GEOFFROI RUDEL.†

LAI.

(*Pro ai del cant essenhadors, &c.‡*)

AROUND, above, on every spray,
Enough instructors do I see
To guide my unaccustomed lay,
And make my numbers worthy thee.

* Raynouard.

† Geoffroi Rudel loved the Countess of Tripoli by report only, having never seen her. He made a voyage to visit her, and being met by her on the beach, at his disembarkation, fell dead at her feet. He was Prince of Blaye, near Bordeaux.

‡ Raynouard.



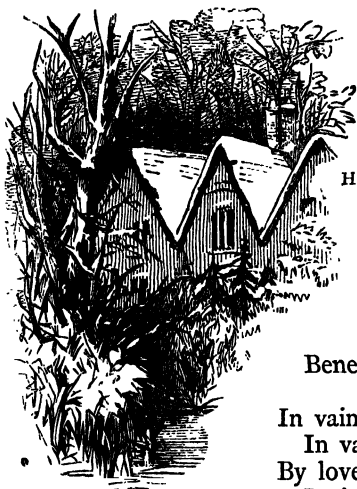
Each field and wood and flower and tree,
Each bird whose notes with pleasure thrill,
As, warbling wild at liberty,
The air with melody they fill,—
How sweet to listen to each strain,
But without love, how cold, how vain!

The shepherds love the flocks they tend,
Their rosy children sporting near;
For them is joy that knows no end,
And oh! to me such life were dear!

To live for her I love so well,
To seek her praise, her smile to win;
But still my heart with sighs must swell,
My heart has still a void within!

Far off those towers and castles frown
 Where she resides in regal state,
 And I, at weary distance thrown,
 Can find no solace in my fate.

Why should I live, since hope alone
 Is all to my experience known?



BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.*

(*Quant ieu la vey, &c.†*)

HEN I behold her, sudden fear
 My throbbing bosom feels,
 My cheek grows pale—the start-
 ing tear
 My altered eye reveals.
 And like the leaves, when winds
 are shrill,
 Beneath her glance I tremble still.

In vain I call my pride to aid,
 In vain my reason's power would try,
 By love a very infant made,
 I yield me to his witchery.
 She sees, she knows her power too well,
 But ah! she will not break the spell!

* Bernard de Ventadour divided his lays between the Princess Elionore of Guienne, afterwards Queen of Henry II. of England, and the Viscountess de Ventadour. He was page and secretary to Ehlis, Viscount de Ventadour, who, disapproving of his love songs addressed to his lady, removed him from his service. He followed Elionore to England, and ended by becoming a monk. He also addressed the Countess Agnes de Montluçon under the title of *Bel Vizer*, and Elionore of Guienne as *Conort*.

† Raynouard.

(*El mon non es, &c.**)



O!—joy can wake my soul no more,
Its visions are for ever o'er,
For all they pictured was of thee,
And what, alas! art thou to me?
Less than the shade a cloud has cast,
Less than a sound of music past,
And others thou hast made still less
The source to me of happiness.

And yet, ah! yet I blame thee not,
Though all my sufferings are forgot,
For if I live renowned, carest,
In all but in thy pity blest,
My praise, my glory, all my fame,
From thy dear inspiration came.†

And, but that I have loved so well,
Ah! more than poet e'er can tell!
I still had, in the nameless throng,
Concealed my unattended song,
Nor told the world that thou wert fair,
Nor waked the numbers of despair!

PIERRE ROGIER.‡

(*Jà non dira hom, &c.§*)

WHO has not looked upon her brow
Has never dreamt of perfect bliss,

* Raynouard.

† See the same in Petrarch. Many of the Troubadours repeat it; see Vidal:

"S'alcun bel frutto nasce di me
Da voi vien prima il seme."

‡ His lady-love was Ermengarde, Viscountess de Narbonne (he celebrated her under the mysterious name of *Tort n'aveiz*), who presided at a Court of Love with Queen Elionore of Guienne, the Countess of Champagne, and Countess of Flanders. She died in 1194. The Countess of Champagne was designated by the author of "*L'Art d'Aimer*" by the initial letter M.

§ Raynouard.

But once to see her is to know
What beauty, what perfection is.

Her charms are of the growth of Heaven ;
She decks the night with hues of day ;
Blest are the eyes to which 't is given
On her to gaze the soul away !



FOLQUET DE MARSEILLES.*

F I must fly thee, turn away
Those eyes where love is sweetly dwelling,
And bid each charm, each grace decay,
That smile, that voice, all else excelling ;
Banish those gentle wiles that won me,
And those soft words which have undone
me !
That I may leave without regret
All that I cannot now forget ;
That I may leave thee, nor despair
To lose a gem without compare.†

* Raynouard.

† From the above song it would be difficult to guess that its author was one of the most furious of the persecutors of the Albigenses, and distinguished himself against them in the "sacred" war of extermination. He was Bishop of Toulouse, and appears to have suggested to Innocent III. the first rules of his order of "Preaching Brothers of St. Dominic;" it is to this "gentil troubadour," then, that the world was indebted for the first idea of the Inquisition. —See Sismondi and others.

He addressed Azalais de Roquemartine under the title of *Mon Plus Leial*. He took the monastic vow at Citeaux in 1200, but reappeared in the world as a persecutor: his exclamation at the sacking of Beziers is well known,—"Kill all! God will know His own!" He died in 1237, and was sainted by the monks of Citeaux; even Petrarch extols him in his "Triumph of Love." Dante places him in Paradise. Genoa and Marsilles disputed the honour of his birth, as if he had been another Homer!

AUBADE

Author unknown.

(Oy Deus, oy Deus ! d'e l'alba tantost ve !)*

WITHIN our hawthorn bower how sweet
 The stolen moments pass away !
 But ah ! our hour of joy how fleet !
 Alas ! alas ! how soon 't is day !
 Why flies the star-lit night so soon,
 Why ends the nightingale her lay,
 Why sinks the pale and waning
 moon ?—
 Alas ! alas ! how soon 't is day !
 If we might meet as others do,
 Nor dread what watchful foes may
 say,
 Were we but blest as we are true,
 We need not mourn how soon 't is
 day !

But see the early-waking flowers
 Spread to the morn their colours gay,
 And hand in hand the dancing hours
 Proclaim, alas ! how soon 't is day !
 So lately met—so soon to part !—
 Can time our sorrows e'er repay ?
 Must we, like guilty 'spirits, start
 And shrink before the eye of day ?
 Adieu—adieu ! the time may come,
 Though sad and tedious the delay,
 When this shall be our mutual home,
 And thou may'st linger, though 't is day !†

* Raynouard.

† In the lays called "Aubades" it was necessary to bring in the word *Alba* at the end of every stanza. In the Serenades it was the word *Ser*.

RAIMOND DE MIRAVALS.*

(Lo plus nescis, &c.†)

must be worthy of her love,
 For not the faintest shade
 Of all the charms that round her move,
 Within my heart can fade.
 The glances of her gentle eyes
 Are in my soul enshrined,
 Her radiant smiles, her tender sighs,
 Are treasured in my mind.

To see her is at once to learn
 What beauty's power can do ;
 From all that pleased before to turn,
 And wake to life anew.

To feel her charms all else efface,
 To bask beneath their light ;
 To find her genius, sense, and grace,
 A day that knows no night !
 Ah ! to be loyal, brave, sincere,
 Her worthy slave to prove,

It is enough to think on her,
 To see her and to love !

SONG OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION IN HIS CAPTIVITY.‡

In Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," a translation is given of this celebrated song, beginning

"If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain ;"

but the sense of the original has been strangely misunderstood, the spirit quite lost, and the lines are singularly unmusical. In Dr. Burney's "History of Music" is also a version, beginning

"No wretched captive of his prison speaks."

JA nuls hom pres non dira sa razon
 Adrechament, si com hom dolens non ;

* He addressed Adelaide, Countess of Beziers, as *Bel Regard, Gen Conquis, Bel Vizer, &c.*

† Raynouard.

‡ Ibid. "Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours." Paris, 6 vols. 1819, Didot.

Mas per conort deu hom faire canson :
 Pro n'ay d'amis, mas paure son li don,
 Ancta lur es, si per ma recenzon
 Soi sai dos yvers pres.

Or sapchon ben miey hom e miey baron,
 Angles, Norman, Peytavin e Gascon,
 Qu'ieu non ay ja si paure compaignon
 Qu'ieu laissasse, per aver, en preison ;
 Non ho die mia per nulla retraison,
 Mas anquar soi ie pres.

Car sai eu ben per ver, certanament,
 Qu' hom mort ni pres n'amie ni parent,
 E si m laissan per aur ni per argent,
 Mal m'es per mi, ma pieg m'es per ma gent,
 Qu'apres ma mort n'auran reprochament
 Si sai mi laisson pres.

No m meravilh s'ieu ay lo cor dolent,
 Que mos senher met ma terra en turment ;
 No li membra del nostra sacrament
 Que nos feimes el sans cominalment ;
 Ben sai de ver que gaire longament
 Non serai en sai pres.

* Suer comtessa, vostre pretz sobeiran
 Sal Dieus, e gard la bella qu'ieu am tan,
 Ni per cui, soi ja pres.

FREE TRANSLATION OF RICHARD'S SONG.

AH ! what avails the captive's strain,
 Whose numbers wake but to complain ?
 Yet there is comfort still in song,
 My solitary solace long.
 Still may I sing of friends afar, .
 Beloved in peace, admired in war :
 Can sordid gold have sway with those,
 That thus they leave me to my foes ?

If sordid gold could make me free,
The shame to them—the grief to me!
Two winters past!—how sad, how chill!—
And Richard is a prisoner still!

On ye, my barons, I rely,
Of England, Poitiers, Gascony:
My Norman followers, can it be
Unmoved your monarch's fall ye see?
Has with'ring avarice changed my land,
And closed each open heart and hand?
I would not cherish thoughts of ill,
But Richard is a prisoner still!

Alas! too well I know what fate
The weary prisoner may await,—
Forgot, neglected, he may die,
Nor claim or friend's or kindred's sigh.
But if for dross you let me pine,
I mourn your fate far more than mine:
My death reproach and shame shall bring,
And your own hearts remorse shall sting,
That let regret and bondage kill,
For Richard is a prisoner still!

What wonder if my fainting soul
Sinks under sorrow's fierce control,
When mem'ry brings before my sight
Each cherished friend, each gallant knight,
And bids my wounded heart recall
The sacred vows that bound us all?
What wonder that I start in pain,
And ponder o'er those vows in vain?

And when I muse on her whose love
All other hopes was far above,
Whose captive I must ever be,
Though Heaven, who guards her, set me free,
My eyes with tears of anguish fill,
To feel I am a prisoner still!

GAUCELM FAIDIT.

Gaucelm or Anselm Faidit, or Fayditt, of Avignon, was very celebrated. The Provençaux called his poetry "De bons mots et de bon sens." Petrarch is said to be indebted to him for many strokes of high imagination in his "Trionfo d'Amore." He was extremely profuse and voluptuous. After the death of his friend, Richard Cœur de Lion, he travelled near twenty years seeking his fortune. He married a nun at Aix, in Provence, who was young and lively, and could accompany her husband with her voice.—WARTON.

"Nul ne chantoit aussi mal que Gaucelm Faidit ; mais sa musique et ses vers estoient bons."
—NOSTRADAMUS. *Vies des Troubadours.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF KING RICHARD
CŒUR DE LION IN 1199.

(*Fortz chausa est, &c.**)



AND must thy chords, my lute, be strung
To lays of woe so dark as this?
And must the fatal truth be sung,
The final knell of hope and bliss!
Which to the end of life shall cast
A gloom that will not cease,
Whose clouds of woe that gather fast
Each accent shall increase?
Valour and fame are fled, since dead
thou art,
England's King Richard of the Lion
Heart!

Yes, dead!—whole ages may decay
Ere one so true and brave
Shall yield the world so bright a ray
As sunk into thy grave!
Noble and valiant, fierce and bold,
Gentle and soft and kind,
Greedy of honour, free of gold,
Of thought, of grace refined:
Not he by whom Darius fell,
Arthur or Charlemagne,
With deeds of more renown can swell
The minstrel's proudest strain;

* Raynouard.

For he of all that
with him strove
The conqueror be-
came,
Or by the mercy of
his love,
Or the terror of his
name !

I marvel that amidst
the throng
Where vice has
sway so wide,
To any goodness may
belong,
Or wisdom may
abide.
Since wisdom, good-
ness, truth must
fall,
And the same ruin
threatens all !

I marvel why we idly
strive*
And vex our lives
with care,
Since even the hours
we seem to live
But death's hard
doom prepare.
Do we not see that
• day by day
The best and
bravest go ?
They vanish from the
earth away,
And leave regret and woe.



* A similar strain of melancholy reflection on the uncertainty of human life occurs in the chorus to the final act of Tasso's "Torrismondo," beginning

"Ahi ! lagrime, ahi ! dolore,
Passa la vita, e se delegua c' fugge !"

Why, then, since virtue, honour, cannot save,
Dread we ourselves a sudden, early grave?

O noble king! O knight renowned!
Where now is battle's pride,
Since in the lists no longer found,
With conquest at thy side,
Upon thy crest and on thy sword
Thou show'dst where glory lay,
And sealed, even with thy slightest word,
The fate of many a day?

Where now the open heart and hand,
All service that o'erpaid,
The gifts that of a barren land
A smiling garden made?
And those whom love and honest zeal
Had to thy fate allied,
Who looked to thee in woe and weal,
Nor heeded aught beside:
The honours thou couldst well allow
What hand shall now supply?
What is their occupation now?
To weep thy loss—and die!

The haughty pagan now shall raise
The standard high in air,
Who lately saw thy glory's blaze,
And fled in wild despair.
The holy tomb shall linger long
Within the Moslem's power,
Since God hath willed the brave and strong
Should wither in an hour.
Oh for thy arm on Syria's plain,
To drive them to their tents again!

Has Heaven a leader still in store
That may repay thy loss,
Those fearful realms who dares explore,
And combat for the Cross?

Let him—let all—remember well
 Thy glory and thy name,
 Remember how young Henry fell,
 And Geoffrey, old in fame.

Oh! he who in thy pathway treads
 Must toil and pain endure:
 His head must plan the boldest deeds,
 His arm must make them sure.



RAMBAUD DE VAQUIERAS.

DESCORT.

(*Eras quan vey verdecyar.**)

The following poem offers a singular specimen of this species of composition. The idiom and the number of lines are different in each stanza. According to Crescembeni, the first stanza is in Romance, the second in Tuscan, the third in French, the fourth in Gascon, the fifth Spanish, and the sixth a mixture of each language.

WHILE thus I see the groves anew
 Clothed in their leaves of verdant hue,
 Fain would I wake a lay to prove
 How much my soul is bowed to love.

* Raynouard.

But she who long inspired each lay
Has turned her changeful heart away,
And only strains of discord now
My words, my notes, my language show.

I am he to sorrow born,
And who no joys can know
(In April and in May forlorn)
Unless from her they flow.

I cannot in her language tell
How fair she is, how bright,
Fresh as the corn-flower's purple bell—
Ah! can I quit her sight?

O lady, sweet, and dear, and fair,
I give myself to thee;
No bliss is mine thou dost not share,—
Our hopes should mutual be.
A cruel enemy thou art!
Through too much love I die,
But never shall my soul depart
From truth and fealty.

Lady, I give myself to thee,
For good and true thy mind;
Ah! what so perfect e'er can be,
Wert thou, alas! but kind.
What graces in thy actions shine!
How bright thy cheek, thine eye!
Thine all I am, and wert thou mine,
My faith should never die.

So much I tremble to offend,
Such fear and care I know,
My pain and torment never end,
My form consumes with woe.
Each night when on my couch I lie,
I start in sudden dread,
Methinks thou still art hov'ring nigh,
But soon my dream is fled.



Vain is each vision I believed,
I who, alas ! have ne'er deceived !

Ye sons of chivalry, so high
Is prized your worth and fame,
Each day renews my misery,
Lest I no notice claim.
Should she I love my prayer despise,
And make my life her sacrifice,
By all the saints I vow, my heart
Can never more be free,
And, lady, all my minstrel art
Is lost for love of thee !



ELIAS CAIREL.

(Ma dona a pretz, &c.)*

HE's fairer than my dreams could
frame,

A vision of all charms combined ;
And love can teach no word, no name,
To tell the sweetness of her mind.
Blest were my eyes that looked so
long,

And found existence in their gaze ;
Blest was my harp that waked the
song
Which proudly sought to hymn her
praise.

Yet, all perfection as she is,
I dare not make my secret known,
Lest, while I would increase my bliss,
I lose the little still my own.
For should she all my weakness know,
Perchance her eyes, now calm and sweet,
With anger or disdain might glow,
Or dread my ardent glance to meet.

Perchance no more her gentle words
Would charm and soothe me as of yore ;
The precious hours she now accords
Would be my happy lot no more.

Oh, let me, then, in silence still
Lament and hope, and gaze and sigh ;
Even though my silent sorrow kill,
To lose her were at once to die.

THE COUNT DE LA MARCHE.*

(Biaux doux Rubis, &c.†)

AIR, precious gem ! when first I cast
My eyes upon that heavenly brow,
I quite forgot, in trembling haste,
Before the dazzling shrine to bow.

No marvel, for my heart had flown,
Even as I gazed all rapt on thee,
Straight from my bosom to thy own,
Nor has it c'er returned to me.

Oh, she excels, whose praise I sing,
Whate'er the world of beauty
shows,
Even as the lovely bud of spring
Is fairer than the full-blown rose

— o —
PEYROLS,*(Evuelh be, &c.‡)*

So FULL of pleasure is my pain,
To me my sorrow is so dear,
That not the universe to gain
Would I exchange a single tear.

* Hugues, tenth De Lusignan, and Count de la Marche, was at length so fortunate as to marry his beloved Elizabeth or Isabella, of Angoulême, who was equally attached to him, but whom Jean sans Terre of England had violently taken from him and married. On his death she repaid the constant affection of her first lover.

When Hugues died, Isabella entered the convent of Fontevrault, where her tomb is to be seen, together with those of many of the kings and queens of England : among them are those of Henry II., who died in 1189; of Queen Elionore, his wife, who died in 1204; of Richard Cœur de Lion, their son, killed 1199; of his sister, Jeanne of England, who died a nun, after having been twice married—first, to William, King of Sicily, next to Raymond, Count of Toulouse; also the heart of Henry III., who died in 1272; he was the son of John, by Isabella of Angoulême.

† Raynouard.

‡ Ibid.

What have I said?—I cannot choose,
 Nor would I seek to have the will;
 How can I, when my soul I lose
 In thought and sleepless visions still?
 Yet cannot from her presence fly,
 Although to linger is to die!



WILLIAM DE CABESTAING.

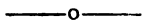
(*Ans pus n'Adam, &c.**)

No, NEVER since the fatal time
 When the world fell for woman's crime,
 Has Heaven in tender mercy sent—
 All pre-ordaining, all foreseeing—
 A breath of purity that lent
 Existence to so fair a being!

* Raynouard.

Whatever earth can boast of rare,
 Of precious and of good,
 Gaze on her form, 'tis mingled there,
 With added grace endued.

Why, why is she so much above
 All others whom I might behold,
 Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
 To whom my sorrows might be told?
 Oh! when I see her, passing fair!
 I feel how vain is all my care:
 I feel she all transcends my praise,
 I feel she must condemn my lays.
 I feel, alas! no claim have I
 To gain that bright divinity.
 Were she less lovely, less divine,
 Less passion and despair were mine.



THE COUNTESS DE PROVENCE
 TO HER HUSBAND.*

CHANSON.

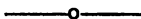
(*Vos ge m' semblatz del corals amadors, &c.†*)

I FAIN would think thou hast a heart,
 Although it thus its thoughts conceal,
 Which well could bear a tender part
 In all the fondness that I feel;
 Alas! that thou wouldst let me know,
 And end at once my doubts and woe!

* Beatrix de Savoie, wife of Raymond Bérenger, fifth and last Count of Provence of the house of Barcelona, flourished in 1235. The above is the only song of her composition which has survived her, notwithstanding her celebrity.

† Raynouard.

It might be well that once I seemed
 To check the love I prized so dear;
 But now my coldness is redeemed,
 And what is left for thee to fear?
 Thou dost to both a cruel wrong;
 Should dread in mutual love be known?
 Why let my heart lament so long,
 And fail to claim what is thine own?



THE MONK OF MONTAUDON.

His real name is not known, but it has been ascertained that he belonged to a noble family of Auvergne, and was born in the Château de Vic. He was prior of the monastery of Montaudon, and, at first, confined himself to the duties of his situation, which he well fulfilled; but his love of poetry and pleasure at length induced him to leave the walls of his convent, and travel to courts and castles, where he was always well received. All the gifts presented to him he brought back to the priory at Montaudon. L'Abbé d'Orlac, his superior, well content provided the affairs of the convent went on well, permitted him to go to the court of the King of Arragon, on condition of his submitting to whatever the prince should enjoin, the condition to be proposed by himself. This king (Alphonso II.) ordered him to abandon his convent, live in the world, compose and sing verses, *manger gras et être galant auprès des dames*; the monk was very obedient, "*et il s'y fit*."

His agreeable qualities obtained for him the lordship of Pui Ste. Marie, and the place of falcon-bearer to the king.

He remained in favour till the monarch's death, and continued with his successor, Peter II., till the battle of Moret. During the frequent journeys which Alfonso made in Provence, the Monk of Montaudon visited the courts of Roussillon, Perigord, Gascony, and probably that of Poitiers, where reigned Richard Cœur de Lion. The Abbé d'Orlac finally gave him the priory of Villefranche, which he governed wisely and greatly benefited. He died there, it is supposed, about the year 1226.

(*Mout me platz deportz e guayeza, &c.**)

I LOVE the court by wit and worth adorned,
 A man whose errors are abjured and mourned,
 My gentle mistress by a streamlet clear,
 Pleasure, a handsome present, and good cheer;
 I love fat salmon, richly dressed, at noon;
 I love a faithful friend both late and soon.

I hate small gifts; a man that's poor and proud;
 The young who talk incessantly and loud;

* Raynouard.



I hate in low-bred company to be ;
I hate a knight that has not courtesy ;
I hate a lord with arms to war unknown ;
I hate a priest or monk with beard o'ergrown ;
A doting husband, or a tradesman's son,
Who apes a noble, and would pass for one ;
I hate much water and too little wine,
A prosperous villain, and a false divine ;
A niggard lout who sets the dice aside ;
A flirting girl, all frippery and pride ;
A cloth too narrow, and a board too wide ;
He who exalts his handmaid to his wife,
And she who makes her groom her lord for life ;
The man who kills his horse with wanton speed,
And he who fails his friend in time of need.

CLAIRE D'ANDUZE.

LAY.

(Selh que m blasma, &c.)*

THEY who may blame my tenderness,
 And bid me dote on thee no more,
 Can never make my love the less,
 Or change one hope I formed before;
 Nor can they add to each endeavour,
 Each sweet desire to please thee ever!

If any my aversion raise,
 On whom my angry looks I bend,
 Let him but kindly speak thy praise,
 At once I hail him as my friend.

They whom thy fame and worth provoke,
 Who seek some fancied fault to tell,
 Although with angels' tongues they spoke,
 Their words to me would be a knell.

PIERRE VIDAL.†

(E! s'ieu dai, &c.‡)

AH! if renown attend my name,
 And if delight await my song,

* Raynouard.

† "Pierre Vidal chantoit mieux qu'homme du monde; ce fut le Troubadour qui composa les meilleurs airs." He was the son of a furrier, and was a most extraordinary person. Nostradamus says of him, "Cantava mielhs c'on del mon, e fo bon trobaires, e fo dels plus fols home que mais fossen." He speaks in his songs of a lady whom he calls "Na Vierna." At one time he devoted himself to a lady called Louve, and in compliment to her clothed himself in the skin of a wolf, and suffered himself to be hunted by dogs, till, exhausted with fatigue, he was overtaken and with difficulty rescued. Perhaps he believed himself a Werewolf, according to the popular superstition of the day. See lays of Marie de France "Bisclaveret."

‡ Raynouard.

Thine is the glory, thine the fame,
The praise, the joy, to thee belong ;
For 't was thy beauty taught me first
To emulate the poet's lay,
Thy smile my trembling numbers nurst,
And soothed my early fears away.
If aught I breathe of good and sweet,
The strain by thee is taught to flow,
My songs thy accents but repeat,
Their purity to thee they owe.

If gazing crowds around me sigh,
And listen with enraptured ear,
'Tis that thy spirit hovers nigh,
'Tis that thy tender voice they hear.
When faint and low I touch the string,
The failing sounds, alas ! are mine ;
But when inspired and rapt I sing,
The power, the charm, the soul is thine !

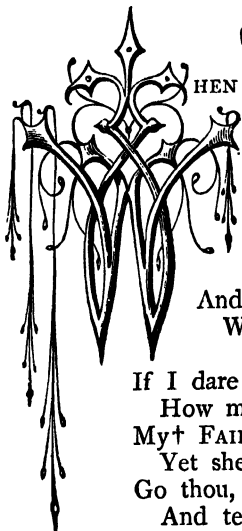
ARNAUD DANIEL.

Arnaud Daniel belonged to a noble family of Ribeirac in Perigord; he received a good education, and was distinguished for his learning. His style is constrained and difficult, and scarcely merits the eulogium pronounced by Petrarch. The mistress to whom he addressed the greater part of his poems was the wife of Guillaume de Boville, a lord of Gascony, to whom he gave the name of Ciberne. He designates her also by the titles "*mon bon esper*," and "*miels de ben*" (*mieux que bien*). It appears he was doomed to sigh in vain. Arnaud visited the court of Richard Cœur de Lion in England, and encountered there a jogleur, who defied him to a trial of skill, and boasted of being able to make more difficult rhymes than Arnaud, a proficiency on which he chiefly prided himself. He accepted the challenge, and the two poets separated, and retired to their respective chambers to prepare for the contest. The muse of Arnaud was not propitious, and he vainly endeavoured to string two rhymes together. His rival, on the other hand, quickly caught the inspiration. The king had allowed ten days as the term of preparation, five for composition, and the remainder for learning it by heart to sing before the court. On the third day the jogleur declared that he had finished his poem, and was ready to recite it, but Arnaud replied that he had not yet thought of his. It was the jogleur's custom to repeat his verses out loud every day, in order to learn them better, and Arnaud, who was in vain endeavouring to devise some means to save himself from the mockery of the court at being outdone in this contest, happened to overhear the jogleur singing. He went to his door and listened, and succeeded in retaining the words and the air. On the day appointed they both appeared before the king. Arnaud desired to be allowed to

sing first, and immediately gave the song which the jongleur had composed. The latter, stupefied with astonishment, could only exclaim, "It is my song, it is my song!" "Impossible!" cried the king; but the jongleur persisting, requested Richard to interrogate Arnaud, who would not dare, he said, to deny it. Daniel confessed the fact, and related the manner in which the affair had been conducted, which amused Richard far more than the song itself. The stakes of the wager were restored to each, and the king loaded them both with presents.



(*Lan quan voi feuill.**)



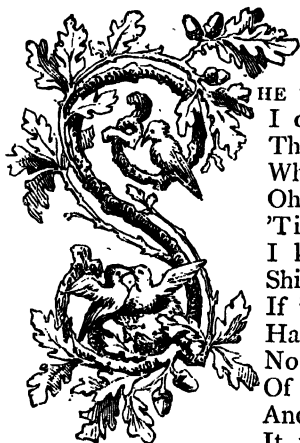
WHEN leaves and flowers are newly springing,
And trees and boughs are budding all,
In every grove when birds are singing,
And on the balmy air is ringing
The marsh's speckled tenants' call;
Ah! then I think how small the gain
Love's leaves and flowers and fruit may
be,
And all night long I mourn in vain,
Whilst others sleep, from sorrow free.

If I dare tell!—if sighs could move her!
How my heart welcomes every smile!
My† FAIREST HOPE! I live to love her,
Yet she is cold or coy the while.
Go thou, my song, and thus reprove her;
And tell her Arnaud breathes alone
To call so bright a prize his own!

* Raynouard.

† "MON BEL ESPER."

BONIFACE CALVO.

*(Tant era dreich'en, &c.*)*

HE was so good, so pure, so fair,
 I could not raise to Heaven a prayer
 That she might find a home above,
 Where all is purity and love.
 Oh ! if this grief destroy my rest,
 'Tis not from doubt that she is blest ;
 I know that those enchanting eyes
 Shine brighter now in Paradise ;—
 If 'twere not so, that blissful place
 Had no' perfection, beauty, grace.
 No : she is there, the most divine
 Of all that, crowned with glory, shine ;
 And if I cease not to deplore,
 It is, that we shall meet no more !



THE TROUVÈRES.

THE TROUVÈRES.

MARIE DE FRANCE.

The *lais* of Marie de France are preserved amongst the MSS. in the British Museum, *Harl.* No. 978. There is every reason to believe that the originals of these lays existed in the Bas-Breton or Armorican language; but the life of the authoress, as well as her precise place of birth, and the period when she actually flourished, are involved in much obscurity. Ellis thinks the lays were certainly composed in England: according to him they are twelve in number, and are arranged in the following order:

1. Gugemer (translated by the late G. L. Way, Esq.).
2. Equitan.
3. Lai del Freisne (translated in the 15th century by some English writer).
4. Bisclaveret.
5. Lanval (translated by G. L. Way, Esq.).
6. Lai des Deus Amanz.
7. Lai de d'Ywenecc.

8. Lai du Laustic (in the 41st tale of the *Gesta Romanorum* is the same story).
9. Lai de Milun.
10. Lai du Chaitivel.
11. Lai de Chèvre-foil.
12. Lai d'Eliduc.
- To these M. de Roquefort adds—
13. Lai de Graellent-Mor.
14. Lai de l'Espine.

About fifty-six lines at the beginning of the *lais* of Marie are intended as a general prologue, and twenty-six more form the introduction to the first lay. This prefatory matter is written in a style of no little obscurity, which was perhaps intentional, because the author defends it by the example of the ancients, and quotes Priscian as her authority; but the doctrine she means to inculcate is that those who possess talents are bound to employ them, and that study is always good as a preventative to vice and consolation in affliction. She tells us that she had therefore formed a plan of translating from Latin some *good history*, but found that her project had been anticipated by others. She then thought of the numerous lays *which she had heard*, and had carefully *treasured in her memory*. These she was sure must be new to the generality of her readers, and in this confidence she offers to *the king* the fruits of her labours. After complaining that she has met with envy and persecution where she deserved praise, she declares her intention to persevere, and relate as briefly as possible, such stories as *she knows to be true, and to have been formed into lays by the Britons*.

* "Les contes ke jeo sai verrais,
Dunt li Bretun ont fait les lais,
Vus cunterai asez briefment."

Of her lays she says:

"Plusurs en ai de conter,
Ne voil laisser ne's oblier;
Rimez en ai e fait ditié, &c.
Plusurs le m'unt cunté e dit,
E jeo l'ai trové en escrit."

Her works were much esteemed in her own time, and Denys Pyramus, an Anglo-Norman poet of the reign of Henry III., says that

† "Les lays solcient as dames pleire,
De joye les oyent e de gré;
Qu'il sunt sulum lur volenté."

Previously he observes:

"E les vers sūit mult amez
E en ces riches curtes loez;
E dame Marie autresi,
Ki en rime fist e basti
E cōpensa les vers de lays
Ke ne sunt pas de tut verais.
E si en est-ele mult loée
E la ryme par tut amée,

* ELLIS, "Specimens of Anc. Met. Rom."

† Cotton. MS. 96. Domitian, A. XI. Vie de St. Edme id par Denys Pyramus.

Kar mult l'aymēt si l'unt mult cher
 Cunt, barun e chivaler;
 E si en ayment mult l'escrit
 E lire le funt, si unt délit
E si les funt sovente reteindre."

This approbation from a rival, who was in great credit at court, is a proof of his sincerity, and of the rank she held.

Her second work consists of a collection of fables, entitled "Le Dit d'Ysopet," translated into French. In her epilogue are these lines:

"Per amur le cunte Willame
 Le plus vaillant de nul realme
 M'einteneur (entremis) de ceste livre feire," &c.

A complete collection of the works of Marie has been published by M. de Roquefort (Paris, 1820), who speaks of her in the following terms: "She possessed that penetration which distinguishes at first sight the different passions of mankind, which seizes upon the different forms which they assume, and remarking the objects of their notice, discovers at the same time the means by which they are attained."

Her fables profess to be from the version of King *Alured's* Esop, probably that of King Alfred; her words are:

"Li reis {Alurez"}, qui mut l'ama,
 {Henris}
 Le translata puis en Engleiz,
 Et jeo l'ai rimé en Franceiz."

They amount to one hundred and one. "They are," says M. de Roquefort, "composed with that force of mind which penetrates the hidden recesses of the heart, and are particularly remarkable for superior reasoning, simple and unaffected diction, delicate and subtle reflections, and a high order of morality."

Her last production is the history, or rather tale, of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," translated from the Latin.

That Marie was born in France † is to be inferred from her appellation, and her own assertion in the epilogue to her fables,

"Marie ai num, si sui de France;"

but there is no reason for supposing with M. de Roquefort that she was a native of Normandy.

The precise period when she flourished is, as we have observed, a subject of great doubt. The Abbé de la Rue (*vide Archaeologia*, vol. xiii. p. 36), and after him M. de Roquefort (*Poésies de Marie de France*), are of opinion that she wrote in England during the reign of Henry III., and conceive that the patron whom she names must have been William Longue-Espée, Earl of Salisbury, the natural son of Henry II. and Rosamond Clifford, who died in 1226, and that her poems were consequently written anterior to that date. This opinion is founded upon her words, "Le plus vaillant de cest royaume;" but as the Harleian MS. (978) offers the word "nul" for "cest," and is confessedly the most complete copy of her works extant, we are not justified in considering the expression as applicable solely to England; it may refer to whatever country her patron belonged to. That the Earl of Salisbury was one of the most renowned knights of his time will readily be admitted; but we have no proof of the patronage which he afforded to literature, nor is it easy, as M. Robert observes, † to understand why an English nobleman should so earnestly desire a French version of fables already written in his own language. The second opinion which we shall notice is that of M. Meon, who, in the preface to his edition of the "Roman du Renart" (4 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1826), supposes also that she wrote during the reign of Henry III., but thinks that her patron could be no other than William, Count of Flanders, who accompanied St. Louis in his first crusade, in 1248, and was killed at a tournament at Frasnes, in Flanders, in 1251. The principal reason which he assigns for this supposition is, the probability of her being the authoress of the anonymous poem entitled "Le Couronnement du Renard," in which the particulars of Count William's death are detailed,

* The name of the king is differently spelt in different MSS.

† It must be remembered that "France" was then used only to designate that central portion of the kingdom, still termed the Isle of France. The Normans, Bretons, Poitevins, Gascons, &c., were called after their respective provinces.

‡ "Essai sur les Fabulistes, qui ont précédé la Fontaine," in the preface to his "Fables Inédites du xii., xiii., and xiv. siècles," 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1825.

and reference made to him by name. This probability arises from a passage at the end of the "Couronnement," where the author says:

"Et pour çou veil ici endroit
Raconter pour coi m'entremet
Des bons proverbes d'Ysopet;"

and the fables of Marie de France immediately follow the "Couronnement" in the only MS. which contains the latter in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, a MS. of the thirteenth century. But this is not sufficient authority to prove that Marie and the author of the "Couronnement" were identical, for a little earlier in the same poem Marie is mentioned in the third person:

"Pris mon prologue com Marie
Qui pour lui traitu d'Ysopet."

But although we may doubt this double authorship, yet the presumption in favour of Count William of Flanders is strong, as he it is, according to the author of the "Couronnement," for whom the fables were written,—a proof that the writer (probably a contemporary) was of that opinion.

The last conjecture which we shall offer is that of M. Robert. Coinciding in opinion with M. Meon, that the fables were written for William, Count of Flanders, the question which he asks is, *which* Count William is intended? We know that Marie wrote in England, and may infer that her patron was connected with the country by some powerful ties; it would also be a natural desire in a Flemish noble, a lover of literature, to have a French version of these English fables. To unite these two qualities he thinks that William, Count of Ypres, is the only possible person. This nobleman had disputed the title of Count of Flanders with Charles le Bon, who was assassinated in 1126; on his death he assumed the title, but deprived of it by Louis le Gros, King of France, he took refuge in England at the court of Henry I., who had already afforded him support. He there embraced the cause of Stephen, whom he assisted in placing on the throne, a service for which he was rewarded by being created Earl of Kent. He subsequently retired to a monastery in England, where he died. In admitting this opinion, it will be necessary to antedate the period in which Marie is said to have flourished, and her style and orthography are certainly of a more ancient period than has usually been assigned to them. It is not improbable that her lays were dedicated to Stephen, a prince whose native language was French, and who, when at length in peaceable possession of the throne, doubtlessly endeavoured to cultivate the taste for his own tongue, which began to be neglected towards the close of the long reign of his predecessor, Henry I. At the solicitation of William of Ypres, whose language also was French, she translated the fables which Henri I. (Beauclerc) had rendered from Latin into English. The last circumstance which attaches weight to the opinion in favour of the greater antiquity of Marie's poems, is the use of terms in her fables when speaking of the wolf and fox, which, as early as the reign of Cœur de Lion, were designated by the names of Ysengrin and Renard; the latter *generally* so at the commencement of the thirteenth century. It seems unlikely that Marie would have failed to notice these new and remarkable names, had they existed when she wrote. We may therefore conclude that the "Roman du Renard" was a production subsequent to her fables.

These are the various conjectures which have been offered in support of the different opinions already cited. We are inclined to favour the supposition most which we have stated last; but other and more competent judges must eventually decide, when circumstances throw more light on the obscurity in which the subject is enveloped. —D. C.





LAY OF BISCLAVERET.

(Quant de lais faire m'entremet
Ne voil ublier Bisclaveret, &c.*)



HEN lays resound, 'twould ill
beseem

Bisclaveret were not a theme :
Such is the name by Bretons
sung,

And Garwal† in the Norman
tongue ;—

A man of whom our poets tell,
To many men the lot befell !
Who in the forest's secret gloom
A wolf was destined to become.

This savage monster in his
mood
Roams through the wood in
search of blood,

* "Poésies de Marie de France," publiées par J. B. de Roquefort.

† *Garwal* is a corruption of the Teutonic Wer-wolf or English Were-wolf, the same as the "λύκάνθρωπος" of the Greeks, Man-wolf, *loup-garou*, a man who has the power of transforming himself into a wolf. It does not appear that this word *Garwal* has continued in Normandy to our time ; neither is that of *Bisclaveret* found among the Bretons, who still say *Denbleis* (Man-wolf).

Nor man nor beast his rage will spare
When wand'ring near his hideous lair.
Of such an one shall be my lay,
A legend of Bisclaveret.

In Brittany a knight was known,
Whose virtues were a wonder grown :
His form was goodly, and his mind
With truth endued, with sense refined ;
Valiant, and to his lord sincere,
And by his neighbours held most dear.
His lady was of fairest face,
And seemed all goodness, truth, and grace.
They lived in mutual love and joy,
Nor could one thought their peace annoy,
Save that, three days each week, the knight
Was absent from his lady's sight ;
Nor knew she where he made repair,—
In vain all questions and all care.

One evening as they sat reclined,
And rest and music soothed his mind,
With winning smiles and arts she strove
To gain the secret from his love.
“ Ah! is it well?” she softly sighed,
“ Aught from this tender heart to hide?
Fain would I urge, but cannot bear
That thy dear brow a frown should wear,
Else would I crave so small a boon,—
’T is idly asked, and granted soon.”
The gentle knight that lady prest,
And drew her closer to his breast:
“ What is there, fairest love,” he cried,
“ I ever to thy wish denied?
What may it be I vainly muse
That thou couldst ask, and I refuse?”
“ Gramercy!” said the artful dame,
“ My kindest lord, the boon I claim.
Oh! in those days, to sorrow known,
When left by thee in tear: alone,

What fears, what torments wound my heart,
Musing in vain why thus we part.
If I should lose thee! if no more
The evening should thy form restore!
Oh, 't is too much! I cannot bear
The pangs of such continued care!
Tell me, where go'st thou?—who is she
Who keeps my own dear lord from me?
For 't is too plain, thou lov'st me not,
And in her arms I am forgot!"
"Lady," he said, "by Heaven above,
No deed of mine has wronged thy love.
But, were the fatal secret thine,
Destruction—death, perchance—were mine."

Then pearly tears that lady shed,
And sorrow bowed her lovely head,
And every grace, and art, and wile,
Each fond caress, each gentle smile,
She lavished on her lord, who strove
In vain against her seeming love;
Till all the secret was revealed,
And not the slightest thought concealed.
Know, then, a truth which shuns the day,—
I am a foul——Bisclaveret!
Close sheltered in my wild retreat,
My loathsome food I daily eat,
And, deep within yon hated wood,
I live on rapine and on blood!"

Faint grew that pale and lovely dame,
A shudder crept o'er all her frame;
But yet she urged her questions still,
Mindless but of her eager will,
To know if, ere the change was made,
Clothed or unclad he sought the shade.
"Unclad, in savage guise I range,
Till to my wolfish shape I change."
"Where are thy vestments then concealed?"
"That, lady, may not be revealed,

For should I lose them, or some eye
Where they are hid presume to pry,
Bisclaveret I should remain,
Nor ever gaze on thee again
Till he who caused the fatal harm
Restored them and dissolved the charm.”
“Alas!” she said, “my lord, my life,
Am I not thine, thy soul—thy wife?
Thou canst not doubt me, yet I feel
I die if thou the truth conceal.
Ah! is thy confidence so small,
That thou shouldst pause, nor tell me all?
Long, long she strove, and he denied,—
Entreaties, prayers, and tears were tried,
Till, vanquished, wearied, and distressed,
He thus the fatal truth confessed:
“Deep in the forest’s awful shade
Has chance a frightful cavern made,
A ruined chapel moulders near,
Where oft is shed my secret tear.
There, close beside a hollow stone
With rank and bushy weeds o’ergrown,
My garments lie, till I repair,
My trial past, to seek them there.”

The lady heard the wondrous tale,
Her cheek now flushed, now deadly pale,
And many a day and fearful night
Pondered with horror and affright.
Fain would she the adventure try,
Whose thought drove slumber from her eye.
She dared not seek the wood alone;
To whom, then, could she make it known?

A knight there was, whose passion long
Had sought the hapless lord to wrong,
But coldly from his vows she turned,
And all his feigning ardour spurned;
Yet now, a prey to evil’s power,
She sought him in a luckless hour,

And swore a deadly oath of love,
So he would the adventure prove.
The wood's recess, the cave, the stone,
All to his willing ear made known,
And bade him seize the robes with speed,
And she should be the victor's meed.

Thus man, by too much trust betrayed,
Too often is a victim made!

Great search was made the country round,
But trace was none, nor tidings found,—
All deemed the gallant knight was dead,
And his false dame again was wed.

Scarce had the year attained an end,
The king would to the greenwood wend,
Where, 'midst the leafy covert, lay,
'The fierce and fell Bisclaveret.
Soon as the hounds perceive the foe,
Forward at once with yells they go.
The hunters urge them on amain,
And soon the Garwal had been slain,
But, springing to the monarch's knee,
Seemed to implore his clemency,
His stirrup held, embraced his feet,
And urged his suit with gestures meet.
The king, with wond'ring pity moved,
His hunters called, his hounds reproved :
" 'Tis strange," he said, " this beast indeed
With human reason seems to plead.
Who may this marvel clearly see?—
Call off the dogs, and set him free.
And, mark me, let no subject dare
To touch his life, which thus I spare.
Let us away, nor more intrude
On this strange creature's solitude.
And from this time I'll come no more
This forest's secrets to explore."

The king then rode in haste away,
But, following still, Bisclaveret
Kept ever closely by his side ;
Nor could the pitying monarch chide,
But led him to his castle fair,
Whose goodly towers rose high in air.
There stayed the Garwal, and apace
Grew dearer in the monarch's grace,
And all his train he bade beware
To tend and to entreat him fair :
Nor murmured they, for though unbound,
He still was mild and gentle found.
Couched at his master's feet he lay,
And with the barons loved to stay ;
Whene'er the king abroad would wend,
Still with him went his faithful friend ;
In hall or bower, at game or feast,
So much he loved the gallant beast.

It chanced the king proclaimed a court,
Where all his barons made resort ;
Not one would from the presence stay,
But came in rich and bright array.
Among them he who, with his wife,
Had practised on the Garwal's life.
He, all unconscious, paced along,
Amidst that gay and gallant throng,
Nor deemed his steps that fatal day
Watched by the sad Bisclaveret.
With sudden bound on him he flew,
And towards him by his fangs he drew,
Nor would have spared him, but the king,
With angry words and menacing,
Forbade the vengeance which had straight
Dealt to the trembling wretch his fate.
Much marvel all, and wond'ring own
He ne'er before so fell was known :
Why single out this knight from all ?
Why on him thus so fiercely fall ?
In much amaze each went his way,
But pondered on it many a day.

The king next eve the forest sought
Where first Bislaveret was caught,
There to forget the toils of state
That on a monarch's splendour wait.
The guilty wife with false intent
And artful wiles to meet him went,
Apparelled in her richest guise,
To draw on her admiring eyes.
Rich presents brought she in her train,
And sought an audience to gain.
When she approached Bislaveret,
No power his vengeance could allay :
With hideous howl he darted forth
Towards the fair object of his wrath,
And soon her false but beauteous face
Of deadly fury bore the trace.
All rush to staunch the dreadful wound,
And blows and shouts assail him round.

Then spoke a learn'd and reverend sage,
Renowned for wisdom, grey with age :
Sire, let the beast receive no wrong :
Has he not here been harboured long,
And never, even in sport, been seen
To show or cruelty or spleen ?
This lady and her lord alone
The fury of his ire have known.
Twice has the lady been a wife :
How her first lord was reft of life,
For whom each baron sorrows still,
Breeds in my mind some fear of ill.
Question the wounded dame, and try
If we may solve this mystery ;
I know, by long experience taught,
Are wondrous things in Bretagne wrought."
The king the sage advice approved,
And bade the lady be removed,
And captive held till she should tell
All that her former lord befell.
Her guilty spouse they seek with speed,
And to a separate dungeon lead.

'T was then, subdued by pain and fear,
The fearful tale she bade them hear ;
How she her lord sought to betray,
And stole his vestments where they lay,
So that for him the hope were vain
To gain his human form again.

Her deed of treachery displayed,
All pause, with anxious thought dismayed,
Then each to each began to say,
"It is the beast Bislaveret !"

Soon are the fatal vestments brought,
Straight is the hapless Garwal sought,—
Close in his sight the robes they place,
But all unmoved, and slow his pace,
He heeds not as he passes by,
Nor casts around a curious eye.
All marvel, save the sage alone,
The cause is to his prescience known.
"Hope not," he said, "by means so plain
The transformation to obtain.
Deep shame and grief the act attend,
And secrecy its aid must lend ;
And to no vulgar mortal eye
'T is given to view this mystery.
Close, then, each gate, be silence round,
And let a hollow stone be found ;
Choose ye a solitary room,
Shade each recess with deepest gloom ;
Spread forth the robes, let none intrude,
And leave the beast to solitude."

All that the sage advised was done.
And now the shades of night were gone,
When towards the spot, with eager haste,
The king and all his barons past :
There, when they oped the guarded door,
They saw Bislaveret no more,
But on a couch, in slumber deep,
Beheld the uncharmed knight asleep !

To ask the simple shepherd swains
Some tidings of the hapless queen.*

Then told they how the baron bold
Was banished to his distant home,
And to Tintagel's mighty hold
The king, with all his court, was come.

For Pentecost, with pride elate,
The feast, the tourney they prepare,
And, mistress of the regal state,
The lovely Yseult would be there.

Joy sprang in Tristan's eager heart :
The queen must through the forest wend,
While he, unnoticed, there apart,
Secure her coming could attend.

But how to bid her understand,
When close to him she loved she drew?—
He cut in haste a hazel wand,
And clove the yielding wood in two.

Then on the bark his name he traced,
To lure her for a while to stay ;
Each branch with trembling hand he placed
At distance in fair Yseult's way.

It was their sign of love before ;
And when she saw that name so dear,
The deepest shade she would explore,
To find if he were wandering near.

* Tristan de Léonois, Knight of the Round Table, is the hero of one of the most pleasing of the romances of antiquity. The translation of it into French prose in the twelfth century is by Lucès de Gast, a Norman, who lived at Salisbury. The celebrated poet, Chrestien de Troyes, versified it, but his work is unfortunately lost. Sir Walter Scott has published an edition of "Sir Tristrem" by Thomas the Rhymor of Ercildown.

This romance is said to have been written in Latin prose about 1110 by Rusticien de Pise, in the time of Louis le Gros : it is asserted he took this, and Lancelot du Lac, from two much older British writers. Rusticien composed his romances for Henry I. of England, grandson of William the Conqueror, in the splendid court which that prince held in Normandy.

The wife of Tristan was Yseult aux Blanches Mains, daughter of Hoël, King of Little Britain, whom he married after his separation from Yseult la Blonde. King Marc having sent him to Ireland, to fetch his destined bride, they unfortunately fell in love on the voyage. The latter is sometimes called La Belle Isoulda.

"Oh ! well thou know'st, dear
love," he said,
"No life has Tristan but in
thee !
And all my fondness is repaid,
My Yseult lives alone for me !

"Thou know'st the tree around
whose stem
The eglantine so fondly clings,
And hangs her flowery diadem
From bough to bough in per-
fumed rings.

"Clasped in each other's arms, they
smile,
And flourish long in bliss and
joy,
As though nor time nor age the
while
Their tender union could de-
stroy.

"But if it chance by Fate's hard
hest
The tree is destined to decay,
The eglantine droops on his breast,
And both together fade away.

"Ah, even such, dear love, are we :
How can we learn to live apart ?
To pine in absence thus from thee
Will break this too devoted
heart !"

She came—she saw the dear-loved
name,
So long to deep regret consigned,
And rosy bright her cheek became,
As thoughts flashed quick across
her mind.



She bade her knights a space delay,
While she reposed amidst the shade;
Obedient all at distance stay,
Nor seek her slumber to invade.

The faithful Brangian alone
Companion of her search she chose,
To whom their early hopes were known,
Their tender love and after woes!

Nor long amidst the wood she sought,
Ere she beheld, with wild delight,
Him whom she loved beyond all thought,
Rush forth to bless her eager sight.

Oh, boundless joy unspeakable!
After an age of absent pain,
How much to say—how much to tell—
To vow, regret, and vow again!

She bade him hope the time was near
When his sad exile would be o'er,
When the stern king her prayer would hear,
And call him to his court once more.

She told of many a bitter tear,
Of hopes, of wishes unsubdued:
Ah! why, 'midst scenes so brief, so dear,
Will thoughts of parting still intrude?

Yes, they must part, so lately met,
For envious steps are lurking round;
Delay can only bring regret,
And danger wakes in every sound.

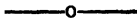
“Adieu, adieu!” and now 't is past,
And now each path far distant lies;
Fair Yseult gains her train in haste,
And through the forest Tristan hies.

To Wales again his steps he bent,
 And there his life of care renewed,
 Until, his uncle's fury spent,
 He called him from that solitude.

'T was then in mem'ry of the scene,
 To both with joy so richly fraught,
 And to record how blest had been
 The signal Love himself had taught,

That Tristan waked the softest tone
 His lute had ever breathed before,
 Though well to him, Love's slave, was known
 All the deep springs of minstrel lore.

His strain to future times shall last,
 For 't was a dream of joy divine ;
 And that sweet record of the past
 He called "The Lay of Eglantine."*



LE CHÂTELAÎN DE COUCY.

Le Châtelain de Coucy lived before the time of St. Louis, and was celebrated as a poet and lover. Eustace le Peintre, a poet, contemporary with Thibault of Navarre, speaks of him. He flourished certainly between the years 1187 and 1203, or perhaps 1221. He was versed in all the literature of his age, and was both a poet and musician. The adventures of the Châtelain de Coucy and the Dame de Fayel are well known, but they have been greatly disputed. The Provençaux claim them as belonging to one of their Troubadours, Guilhem de Cabestanh, or de Cabestaign, the Italians to a knight named Guardastagno (see Boccace), and a certain Guiscard (see also Boccace), the Spaniards for the Marquis d'Astorga under Charles II. M. Francisque Michel, from whose interesting edition of the poems of the Châtelain de Coucy these specimens are derived, is of opinion that the Sire de Fayel's cruel vengeance gave rise to all the other stories, and that the poets chose the subject and attributed the events to other heroes.

* There is printed "Le Roman du noble et vaillant Chevalier Tristan fils du noble roy Meliadus de Leonnoys, par Luce, chevalier, seigneur du château de Gast." Ronen, 1489, fol. In Caxton's "Morte Arthur," the eighth, ninth, and tenth books treat of "Sir Trystram."

CHANSON II.

(*Nouvele amor où j'ai mis mon penser, &c.*)



y wand'ring thoughts awake to love anew,
And bid me rise to sing the fairest fair
That e'er before the world of beauty knew,
That e'er kind Nature made her darling care;
And when, entranced, on all her charms I muse,
All themes but that alone my lays refuse,—
Each wish my soul can form is hers alone,
My heart, my joys, my feelings all her own!

Since first my trembling heart became a prey,
I have no power to turn me back again;
At once I yield me to that passion's sway,
Nor idly seek its impulse to restrain.
If she, who is all sweetness, truth, and joy,
Were cold or fickle, were she proud or coy,
I might my tender hopes at once resign,
But not, thank Heaven! so sad a lot is mine!

If ought I blame, 't is my hard fate alone,
Not those soft eyes, those gentle looks of thine,
On which I gazed till all my peace was gone!
Not at their dear perfection I repine.
I cannot blame that form, all winning grace,
That fairy hand, that lip, that lovely face;
All I can beg is that she love me more,
That I may live still longer to adore!

Yes, all I ask of thee, O lady dear,
Is but what purest love may hope to find;
And if thine eyes, whose crystal light so clear
Reflect thy thoughts, be not to me unkind.
Well may'st thou see, by every mournful lay,
By all I ever look, or sigh, or say,
'That I am thine, devoted to thy will,
And, 'midst my sadness, fondly thank thee still.

I thank thee, even for these secret sighs,
 For all the mournful thoughts that on thee dwell,
 For as thou bad'st them in my bosom rise,
 Thou canst revive their sweetest hopes as well.
 The blissful remedy for all my woe
 In those dear eyes, that gentle voice, I know;
 Should Fate forbid my soul to love thee more,
 My life, alas! would with my grief be o'er.

To thee my heart, my wishes I resign,
 I am thine own; O lady dear, be mine!

LA DAME DE FAYEL.

The Dame de Fayel, the heroine of the tragedy which has made her so celebrated, must not be confounded with Gabrielle de Vergy, a mistake which has very frequently occurred.

LAI.

(Je chanterai par mon corage, &c.)



TILL will I sing to soothe my heart,
 Deprest, alas! and full of care;
 Not even yet shall hope depart,
 Not even yet will I despair.
 Though none from that wild shore
 return
 Where he abides I love so well,
 Whose absence I for ever mourn,
 Whose voice to me was music's
 spell;
 God! when the battle-cry resounds,
 Thy succour to the Pilgrim show,
 Whom fatal treachery surrounds,
 For faithless is the pagan foe!

No time my sorrow can assuage
 Till I behold him once again;
 He roams in weary pilgrimage,
 And I await in ceaseless pain:
 And though my lineage urge me long
 With threats another's bride to be,*
 In vain they seek to do him wrong,—
 All idle seem their frowns to me.
 Noble he is, and I am fair;
 Ah, Heaven! all mercy since Thou art,
 Why doom two hearts to this despair,
 Why bid us thus so rudely part?

One tender solace yet I find,—
 His vows are mine, my treasured store!
 And when I feel the gentle wind
 That blows from yonder distant shore,
 I turn me to the balmy gale,—
 Its whisp'ring breath my fancy charms,
 I list his tender voice to hail,
 He seems to clasp me in his arms!

He left me! ah, what vain regret!
 I may not follow where he flies!—
 The scarf† he gave, when last we met,
 A cherished relic still I prize:
 I fold it to my throbbing heart,
 And many a vanished scene recall:
 For quiet to my soul distrest,
 For joy, for solace—this is all!
 God! when the battle-cry resounds,
 Thy succour to the Pilgrim show,
 Whom fatal treachery surrounds,
 For faithless is the pagan foe!

* It would appear by these lines that the unfortunate Dame de Fayel was attached to the Châtelain de Coucy previous to her ill-fated marriage with a man who was indifferent to her, and whom the importunities of her family alone induced her to accept.

† I must here apologize for the liberty I have taken with the original in this line: it was impossible, without some change, to make the idea pleasing to a modern reader.

THIBAUT DE CHAMPAGNE.

This celebrated Trouvère was the son of Thibaut, third Count of Champagne and Brie, and Blanche, daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre. He was born about the beginning of 1201, a few months after the death of his father, who died very young. His mother, who was a great patroness of poetry, governed his dominions during his minority, and Philip Augustus of France took him under his protection. He had to sustain a long war against Airard de Brienne, who, having married one of the daughters of his uncle, disputed his right to the counties of Champagne and Brie. This great quarrel was finally transferred to the Court of Peers of the kingdom, and terminated by negotiation in November, 1221. Ten or twelve years afterwards the barons of the kingdom, indignant at Thibaut having abandoned them in the war which they waged against the king and the regent of the kingdom, leagued together, and called upon Aleide, widow of the King of Cyprus, the second daughter of his uncle, to assert her claims upon Champagne. The protection of the king and the queen-mother defended him from this invasion, and enabled him to negotiate with Aleide, whose rights he purchased. The death of Sancho the Powerful, his maternal uncle, elevated him to the throne of Navarre in April, 1234. A short time afterwards he set out for the crusades. He remained in Romania a year or two without having contributed much to soften the misfortunes of the Christians in the Holy Land. On his return to his kingdom he devoted his attention to the government of his dominions, and died in June, 1253, at Pampeluna, where he was buried: his heart was taken to the monastery of Ste. Catherine, near Provins, which he had founded. See "Préface aux Poésies du Roy de Navarre." Paris, 1742, par M. l'Evêque de la Ravallière.

The above learned author treats as quite apocryphal the well-known tradition of Thibaut's love for Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, and attributes it to the malice and misrepresentation of some authors and the neglect of others. Who the Dame de ses Pensées really was is not ascertained, but he will not allow the supposition to exist of its being Blanche of Castile, fixing the probability on a certain daughter of Perron, or Pierre, who was chamberlain to St. Louis, or else of Pieron, Seigneur de Pacy. He adds, however, "Non que je prétende par cette découverte affirmer que Thibaut ait eu cette seule maîtresse." He asserts that many of the poems written in honour of this mysterious Blanche were not composed till he was upwards of thirty, and the queen past fifty.

However this may be, it is difficult to relinquish the received opinion, which has little in it to shock the mind, as all authors agree that the fair regent was insensible to his passion. I add the testimony of numerous authors who take a different view of the question.

M. Tiron du Tillet, in his "Parnasse François," has this passage: "Nous ayons encore quelque chansons de sa façon composées à la louange de la Reine Blanche de Castille *qu'il aimoit avec passion*, quoique cette princesse fût très-indifférente pour lui, ne pensant uniquement qu'à le nuire pour les intérêts du roi son fils."

Pasquier recounts, from the book of the Great Chronicles of France, dedicated to Charles VIII., that a great number of the fine songs of Thibaut, made for the Queen Blanche, were transcribed in the great saloon of the palace of Provins,* with notes of music to the first stanzas.

The poems of the King of Navarre had great reputation in his own time, and even long after, as Dante witnesses in his work "De vulgari eloquentia" "Il buon re Tbaldo."

"Thibaut was constantly forming plots against St. Louis, during the regency of Blanche, with whom he was for years desperately in love. On several occasions he is said to have submitted 'cluchi' by her beauty and grandeur. When she was fifty-one and he thirty-five, handsome, accomplished, and loving without hope, she banished him the court, owing to his making his passion too apparent. He quitted her, went to Palestine, and on his return to his kingdom of Navarre, he no longer sang of love, but made pious verses, and died a year after Blanche." — *Vie de Blanche de Castille, par la Comtesse de Macheco née Bataille.*

The story is well known of the insult he received at court from Robert d'Artois, a boy, brother of the king; who, instigated by the lords, threw a *soft cheese* in his face, with a contemptuous remark. He could not resent this from a child, but being aware by whom it was encouraged, he retired in disgust from court. Sir Walter Scott observes: "Enthusiasm of every kind is peculiarly sensible to ridicule. Thibaut felt that he was an object of mirth, and retired forever to his feudal dominions, where he endeavoured to find consolation in poetry for the rigour and *perhaps the duplicity* of his royal mistress. His extravagant devotion to poetry and beauty did not prevent his being held a sagacious as well as accomplished sovereign." — *Tales of a Grandfather. France.*

Thibaut the Posthumous, Count of Champagne, set the example to the vassals of Louis VIII.

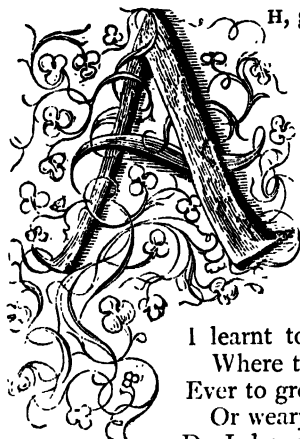
* And also in that of Troyes. Those discovered in the château de Provins were, according to the Chronicles, "À l'endroit de la prison."

to retire from his army. At the age of twenty-six he was reckoned among the best poets of his age; he called himself "the Queen's Knight," and *pretended to be in love with her*, though she was more than forty. The death of Louis soon after a dispute with Thibaut has occasioned some historians to attribute that event to the latter, as he was thought to have died poisoned.—SISMONDI'S *Albigenses*.

He was grandson of Marie de France, Countess of Champagne, the zealous patroness of the Provençal poets, and daughter of Elionore of Guienne.

LAY.

ON DEPARTING FOR THE HOLY LAND.

(Dame, ensi est qu'il m'en convient aler, &c.)*

H, gentle lady! must I go,
 And quit this sweet, enchanting shore,
 Where I, 't is true, have suffered woe,
 But, thus to leave thee, suffer more?
 Why, cruel Nature, didst thou frame
 A land from bliss so far removed,
 Where joy exists but as a name,
 And banished is each dream of love?
 Without affection can I live?
 'T is all my solace, all my thought;
 My heart can nought beside receive,
 For me with vital breath 't is fraught.

I learnt to prize it in a school
 Where too severe my lessons were
 Ever to grow content or cool,
 Or weary absence strive to bear.
 Do I deserve this life of care?
 My truth methinks thou must approve,
 Who art the purest, brightest fair,
 That ever man durst ask to love!
 Alas! if I must leave thee so,
 What ceaseless torments will be mine,
 When, but an hour condemned to go,
 My fainting heart would still repine!
 If now I tear myself from thee,
 Will not remorse, regret, betide,
 When thy dear lines with tears I see,
 And know what seas our fates divide?

* M. de la Ravallière.

O Heaven! be Thine my future days,—
 Farewell each hope that bade me live,—
 Rich the reward Thy hand displays,
 To Thee my love, my joy, I give.
 See, in Thy service I prepare,
 My fortunes henceforth are Thy own;
 I seek Thy banner, blest and fair,—
 Who serves Thee ne'er can be o'erthrown.
 My bosom throbs 'twixt joy and pain,—
 For grief that from my love I part;
 For joy that I shall now maintain
 His cause, whose glory nerves my heart.
 The love of Heaven is ever blest,
 Without all shade or taint of harm,
 A gem, how precious when possess't!
 Which all the sins of earth can charm.
 Bright queen, and lady without peer!
 To guard me be thy power displayed;
 Fill thou my soul with faith sincere:
 I lose my lady,—lady, aid!

TRANSLATION OF A STANZA.

(*Li rossignols chante tant.**)

THE night bird sings so loud, so long,
 That as she ends her heavenly song,
 Exhausted her melodious breath,
 Amidst the boughs she sinks in death.
 Is there a lot so full of bliss,
 So rich in ecstasy as this?
 Even thus I die while I her praise relate,
 But ah! how little she regards my fate!

* This specimen, which is also in M. de la Ravallière's collection, vol. ii., p. 33, is given from the "Lays of the Minnesingers." The author of that delightful work considers the style of the royal poet dull and meagre, and refuses him the credit he deserves. Bossuet is very severe on him, and dismisses him, saying, "he made songs which he was fool enough to publish." His own opinion, recorded in *Chroniques de St. Denis*, is more favourable; these are his words: "Qu'il fit les plus belles chançons et les plus délitables qui furent oncques oyées."

SONG TO EXCITE TO THE CRUSADE.

(*Signor, saciez ki or ne s'en via, &c.**)



ORD ! Thou canst tell that he who turns
away

From that blest land where God
was born and died,
Nor will in pagan realms the cross
display,
In blissful Paradise shall ne'er
abide.

Ye whose high souls remorse and
pity know,
For God and vengeance rise and
strike the blow,
Redeem His country from the
heathen's pride !

Yet let the unworthy linger still behind,—

Who loves not God no honour shall attain :

A wife, a friend, subdue his wav'ring mind,

Bound by the idle world in passion's chain. .

Away with those who friends or kindred name,
Before the cross which beckons them to fame !

Arm ! noble youth, pursue the bright career !

'Tis glory's call, 'tis mighty Heaven's command ;

Let earth and all her frailties disappear ;

Rouse for the faith, uplift thy conquering hand,
And leave thy ashes in the sacred land !

God died for us,—for us His cross He bore,

And these, His words, a happy promise tell :

“Ye who my cross uphold for evermore,

Shall find a place where glorious angels dwell :

There ye shall gaze upon my brow of light,

There my celestial mother ye shall know ;

But ye who turn ye from the happy sight,

Descend to darkness and eternal woe !”

Those who, devoted to the joys of earth,
 Shun death and danger with a coward's care,
 I hold as foes and sinners little worth,
 Senseless of good, and worthy of despair.

O bounteous Lord! our evil thoughts remove,
 Let us behold Thy sacred land of love!
 Pray for us, Queen and Virgin, heavenly bright,
 And let no ill assail us, through thy might!

LAY.

(*Une chanson encore voil*
*Faire, pour moi comforter, &c.**)



ANOTHER lay I breathe for thee,
 To rouse my soul again,
 Sole solace of my misery,
 Sole refuge of my pain!
 I sing, for if a moment mute,
 My tears bedew the mournful lute!

I thought to prove thee soft and kind,
 Even as thou art fair,
 But ah! those gentle looks I find
 Were but a secret snare.
 My love I cannot yet resign,—
 Awake, in sleep, my thoughts are thine!

Yes, in my sweetest dreams thou art,—
 Ah! then what visions rise!
 Then my poor unregarded heart
 To thy dear presence flies,
 And sweetly, gently is carest;
 Why is my slumber only blest?

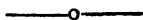
Delight and sorrow mingled sound
 Amidst my fitful strains,

* M. de la Ravallière.

And still I sing, although the wound
 Deep in my breast remains :
 Dear love ! too soon thou wert my fate !
 But ah ! my guerdon comes too late !

And dost thou feel not one regret
 That thus I slowly pine ?
 It is not meet thou shouldst forget
 That all the blame is thine.
 Ere long thy unrelenting eye
 Will only gaze to see me die !

My lute still pleads, perchance in vain,
 And idle each endeavour,
 One smile, one look, at least, to gain.
 Before 't is mute for ever !



THIBAUT DE BLAZON.*

CHANSON.

(*Certes a tort.*†)

I AM to blame ! why should I sing ?—
 My lays 't were better to forget :
 Each day to others joy may bring,
 They can but give to me regret !
 Love makes my heart so full of woe
 That nought can please or soothe me more,
 Unless the cruel cause would show
 Less coldness than I found of yore.

* Thibaut de Blazon was a friend of Thibaut of Champagne.

† Auguis.

Yet wherefore all my cares repeat?
 Love's woes, though painful, still are sweet.
I am to blame!

I am to blame!—was I not born
 To serve and love her all my life?
 Although my recompense is scorn,
 And all my care with pain is rife;
 Yet should I die, nor ever know
 What 't is to be beloved again,
 At least my silent life shall show
 How patiently I bore my chain.
 Then wherefore all my griefs repeat?
 Love's woes, though painful, still are sweet.
I am to blame!

GACE BRULÉ.*

(*Les oisillons de mon país, &c.†*)



THE birds in Brittany I hear
 Warble in plaintive strains,
 Like those that once to me were
 dear
 Amidst my native plains.

And gentle thoughts and
 mem'ry sweet
 Wake with their melody,
 'Till I would fain like them
 repeat
 Love's promises to me.

* Gace Brulé was the friend of the Count of Champagne. In the *Chroniques de St. Denis* it is said of them, "qu'ils firent entre eux les plus belles chansons, les plus délieuses et les plus mélodieuses qui furent oncques oyées."

† Auguis.

I know, by disappointment crost,
'Tis useless to complain,
But all the joys that others boast
To me seem only pain.

How many times have I believed
Bliss might be mine once more!
And still I find my hopes deceived,
Even as they were before.



THE EARLY FRENCH POETS.

JEAN DE MEUN.

THE name of Jean de Meun is so closely associated with that of William of Lorris and the celebrated poem "The Romance of the Rose," that it is necessary to refer both to the latter author and the poem itself, in speaking of the former. Of William of Lorris, the original author of the poem, little more is known than the place of his birth at Lorris, on the Loire, not far from Montargis. He was born in the early part of the thirteenth century, and died—probably young, as his poem was unfinished—about the year 1340.* Forty years after his death, the subject was continued and amplified by Jean de Meun, surnamed Clopinel, a poet also from the banks of the Loire. Although not equal to his predecessor in imagination and descriptive talent, he possessed many of the qualifications of a good poet, and the satire which he infused into the work considerably enhanced its reputation. This quality appears to have been a remarkable characteristic of Jean de Meun, as is proved by some anecdotes which are related of him:† one amongst them is sufficiently amusing, though perhaps apocryphal. During his whole life he had invariably inveighed against the new orders of monks, particularly the Jacobins, and in his last testament he did not forget them. He there gave orders, that as soon as his funeral should be over, which he directed should be performed in the church of the Jacobins, a weighty coffer was to be placed in their hands. The monks imagined that remorse for the abuse which he had heaped upon them while living had dictated this heavy atonement after his decease; and scarcely was the ceremony of interment concluded, when they became anxious to ascertain the amount of treasure which the excellent Jean de Meun had bequeathed to them. Accordingly they immediately caused the coffer to be opened; but great was their dismay and surprise, when nothing presented itself to their disappointed gaze but a few sheets of lead, inscribed with mathematical figures. In the fury of their disappointment, they immediately disinterred the poet's remains, and cast his body out of their consecrated enclosure; but the Court of Parliament being informed of the event, directed that it should be honourably re-interred in the cemetery attached to the same church. The poet's life was passed at court, where he figured as its principal literary ornament, and where most of his works were composed. Besides his continuation of the "Romance of the Rose," he translated "Les Merveilles d'Irlande," the "Letters of Abelard to Heloise," and other works; he also wrote two other poems, "Le Testament de Jean de Meun," a general satire, and "Le Codicile, ou Trésor," relating chiefly to the mysteries of religion.

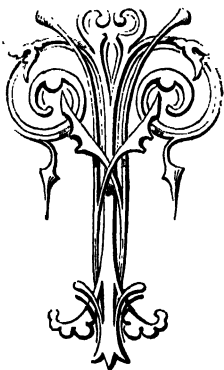
His principal work was very highly estimated by some of the most celebrated of the early poets of France. Clément Marot admired and gave an edition of it; Jean Molinet rendered it into prose; and Pasquier compares the author to Dante! M. Lenglet-Dufresnoy, who published an edition of the "Roman de la Rose" in 1735, says: "Nos ancêtres ont si fort estimé le Roman de la Rose, qu'il y auroit ou trop de mépris, ou une ingratitude trop marquée de n'en pas faire aussi quelque cas." But this consideration would, we fear, be almost the only one with the modern reader, whose patience must weary of an allegory extending through upwards of 22,000 verses. The merit of the poem is, however, great; there is much of invention, the style is lively and agreeable, and many of the descriptions are beautiful. The father of English poetry was alive to these excellences when he translated the greater part of the poem written by William of Lorris, and the most congenial to his taste. The descriptions of May, of the Gardens, of the figures of Sorrow, Envy, Hatred, and Avarice, are admirable, both in the original and in Chaucer's version. The chief defects of the work are a certain monotony, the number of digressions, and the little interest excited by a series of allegorical personages. It has had many antagonists as supporters, and was at an early period the subject of much controversy. The reputation on which it must rely is that which it has acquired as a poetical monument illustrating the language of France in the early period when it appeared.—D. C.

* Not 1360, as has been generally stated; this question has been decided by M. Raynourad. Vide "Journal des Savans," 1816, pp. 69 and 70.

† See his life by Thevet, and Dissertation by Lantin de Damery, in M. Méon's edition of the "Roman de la Rose," Paris.

LE CODICILLE.

(J'ai fait en ma jeunesse maint dit par vanité, &c.)*



Too many lays, too light and vain,
In youth I sang, and praise was mine;
The time is come to change the strain,
And all those idle toys resign.
Perchance my words, though late, may be
More sage for others and for me.

'T were harsh the faults of youth to blame,
Which yet, by time, may wiser grow;
But great his worth, and high his fame,
Whose heart in youth would wisdom know.

But mine and others yet, I fear,
From time small store of virtue claim;
Still do we hold our youth too dear,
As death to us were but a name.

Alas! the fatal truth is plain,—
We die, nor know we how nor where:
Youth may be summoned, age remain;
Which fate is best who may declare?

ROMAN DE LA ROSE.

(Amour soubstient, amour endure, &c.†)

Love sustains, and Love endures;
Love is lasting, Love secures;
Love in loving takes delight;
Loyal love, Love pure and bright
Feels his vassalage no care,
Can all things gain, can all things dare:

* Ed. de Méon.

† Ibid

His sign two hearts in one can blend ;
His magic glance a charm can lend
To parting sighs or meeting smiles.
Souls of all envy he beguiles ;
Restores a heart, or makes it roam,
Leads it astray, or brings it home ;
Delights to please, makes peace at will,
Makes all things fair, or all things ill.
Love can attract or turn aside ;
Estrange two bosoms once allied.
Nothing from Love's great power can fly,—
Love tunes the heart to ecstasy,
Gives grace and joy, divides, unites,
Destroys, creates, avoids, invites.

No wound can pierce him, nor offend :
'Twas Love that made a God descend,
Stoop to our form, and for our sake
The cross and all its sorrows take ;
Love bade Him teach the good His Word,
And precepts to the bad afford ;
'Twas Love that made Him seek us here,
Love makes our souls His laws revere.

Virtue can have no stay on earth
If Love preside not at her birth,
Nor faith nor hope can find a place,
Nor truth nor justice, force nor grace,
If Love inhabit not the soul,
Nor with his breath illumine the whole !



JEAN FROISSART.

Jean Froissart is better known as a delightful historian than as a poet; indeed, so little merit do his compositions possess, that the specimens which follow are only given as curiosities rather than as deserving a place amongst the poets of his time. He was born at Valenciennes about 1336, and was, as he relates, a great *lover* in his youth, and he speaks with complacency of the numerous songs, poems, and romances which he composed. He travelled into England to divert his mind from a disappointed attachment, and became secretary to Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III. After her death he entered into holy orders. One of his romances is called "*Méliador, ou le Chevalier au Soleil d'Or*." This work he presented to Gaston de Foix, when at the brilliant court of that prince, which he preferred to all others. So greatly was the romance admired, that the chief delight of Gaston was to hear passages of it read to him constantly after supper.

On his introduction to Richard II. he presented that monarch with a superb MS., engrossed with his own hand, containing his poems. He is supposed to have died in 1400. The "*Paradis d'Amour*" is one of his productions.*

TRIOLET.

(*Faut prendre le tems comme il vient, &c.†*)



TAKE time while yet it is in view,

For Fortune is a fickle fair:

Days fade, and others spring anew,

Then take the moment still in view.

What boots to toil and cares pursue?

Each month a new moon hangs in air:

Take, then, the moment still in view,

For Fortune is a fickle fair.

VIRELAY.

(*Moult m'est tart.‡*)

Too long it seems ere I shall view

The maid so gentle, fair, and true,

Whom loyally I love:

Ah! for her sake, where'er I rove,

All scenes my care renew!

I have not seen her—ah, how long!

Nor heard the music of her tongue;

* WARTON. Vigneul Marville ("*D. Bonav. d'Argonne*"), &c.

† "*Œuvres de Jean Froissart*." "*Chroniques Nationales Françaises publiées par Buchon*."

‡ Buchon.

Though in her sweet and lovely mien
Such grace, such witchery is seen,

Such precious virtues shine,
My joy, my hope is in her smile,
And I must suffer pain the while,
Where once all bliss was mine.

Too long it seems!

Oh, tell her, love!—the truth reveal;
Say that no lover yet could feel

Such sad consuming pain:
While banished from her sight I pine,
And still this wretched life is mine,

Till I return again.

She must believe me, for I find
So much her image haunts my mind,
So dear her memory,
That wheresoe'er my steps I bend,
The form my fondest thoughts attend,

Is present to my eye.

Too long it seems!

Now tears my weary hours employ,
Regrets and thoughts of sad annoy,

When waking or in sleep;
For hope my former care repaid,
In promises at parting made,

Which happy love might keep.
Oh for one hour my truth to tell,
To speak of feelings known too well,

Of hopes too vainly dear!

But useless are my anxious sighs,
Since fortune my return denies,

And keeps me ling'ring here:

Too long it seems!



CHRISTINE DE PISE.

Christine was the daughter of Thomas de Pise, and was born at Bologna, the most flourishing school of literature, next to Florence, of that age. The reputation of Thomas for science spread so diffusely, that, having married the daughter of Dr. Forti, a member of the great council of Venice, the Kings of France and Hungary were jealous of Venice possessing such a treasure, and invited Thomas de Pise to adorn their respective courts. The personal merit of Charles V., surnamed the Wise, "*la prépondérance du nom François*," the desire of visiting the university of Paris, then in great brilliancy, determined the illustrious stranger. Charles showered honours and wealth on Thomas de Pise: the *Wise* monarch appointed him his astrologer, and fixed him in France, whither he sent for his wife and daughter, who were received at the Louvre, where the people, astonished at their magnificent costume, "*à la Lombarde*," flocked to see them, and overwhelmed them with admiration and applause. This happened in 1368, when Christine was but five years old. She was born with her father's avidity for knowledge, and was early instructed in the Latin tongue. At fifteen she had made such progress in the sciences, and her personal charms were so remarkable, that she was sought in marriage "*par plusieurs chevaliers, autres nobles, et riches cleres*," but she adds modestly, "*qu'on ne regarde ceci comme vaineuse: la grande amour que le roi démontroit à mon père en étoit la cause, et non ma valeur*."

The king had bestowed on Thomas a pension of 100 livres, payable every month, and equivalent to 8,400 livres of the present day, besides annual gratifications of "*livrées et autres bagatelles*;" and that this bounty might not be thought extravagant in so economical a monarch, Christine, to prove the solidity of her father's knowledge, informs us that he died on the very hour that he himself had predicted, and that Charles owed much of the prosperity of his arms, and of the great effects of his government, to the sage counsels of Thomas of Pise.

Stephen Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy, was the fortunate suitor who obtained the hand of the favourite astrologer's daughter; and the sovereign, who made the marriage, appointed the bridegroom one of his notaries and secretaries. Christine adored her husband, whose character she has painted in the most favourable colours, and by whom she had three children. But their brilliant horizon was soon overcast: the king died; the uncles of the young successor thought of nothing but plundering the kingdom, and probably were not fond of predictions. The pensions of Thomas were stopped, and his son-in-law was deprived of his offices. Thomas, who his daughter confesses had been too liberal, fell into distress, grew melancholy, and soon followed his royal master. Castel, by his good conduct, for some time sustained the family, but was taken off by a contagious distemper at the age of thirty-four.

The widowed Christine was deeply afflicted for the loss of her consort, and had injustice and poverty to struggle with as well as her grief. Still she sank not under her misfortunes, but, with true philosophy, dedicated her melancholy hours to the care of her children and the improvement of her mind, though but twenty-five at the death of her husband. She gave herself up to study, and then to composition. Poetry was a cordial that naturally presented itself to her tender heart; yet, while unfortunate love was her theme, the wound was rather mitigated than cured, and proved that a heart so sensible was far from being callous to a new impression. In a word, ere her tears were dried for Castel, the Earl of Salisbury arrived at Paris as ambassador from his master to demand the young Princess Isabel in marriage. The beauty and talents of Christine outshone in the eyes of the earl all the beauties of the court of France; and the splendour and accomplishments of this personage were too imposing not to make his homage agreeable to the philosophic, disconsolate widow. Yet so respectful were the Paladins of those days, or so austere were the manners of Christine, that, though they communicated their compositions to each other, in which Salisbury spoke by no means mysteriously of his passion, yet the sage Christine affected to take the declaration for the

* John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, lived in the time of Richard II., and was executed as a conspirator in the following reign. The words which Shakspeare has put into his mouth in pity to his royal master, might apply to the unfortunate nobleman himself:

"Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sits weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

K. Rich. II., Act ii., Scene 4.

simple compliment of a gallant knight; and the earl, blushing at having gone too far, vowed for the future to be more circumspect.* Christine's eldest son was about the age of thirteen. The discreet earl, to prove at once his penitence and esteem, proposed to her to take the youth with him to England, declaring that he bade adieu to love, renounced marriage, and would build his future happiness on educating and making the fortune of her son. Far from being offended at so extraordinary an alternative, the tender mother resigned her son to that mirror of knighthood, and the too generous Salisbury departed with the pledge of his mistress's favour, which his unaccountable delicacy had preferred to one it had been more natural to ask, and which some indirect queries that Christine confesses to have put to him induce us to think she would not have received too haughtily, if consistent with the laws of honour. When King Richard was deposed, the usurper Henry immediately imprisoned his faithful servants, and struck off the head of his favourite Salisbury; and the savage Boingbroke, who found the *Lays* of Christine in the portefeuille of her murdered lover, was so struck with the delicacy and purity of her sentiments, that he formed the design of drawing her to his court, and actually wrote to invite her. She!—she at the court of the assassin of her lover! horrible, impossible thought! However, the decorum due to a crowned head, and one who had taken into custody and treated kindly her son, imposed on her the hard necessity of making a gentle but firm excuse; and though the monarch twice dispatched a herald to renew the invitation, she declined it, and nevertheless obtained the recovery of her son.

Visconti, Duke of Milan, and Philip le Hardy, Duke of Burgundy, wrote no less pressingly to obtain her residence in their courts. The first was positively refused, though her fortunes in France were far from being re-established. The latter had taken her son under his protection, and had tempted her by an employment most congenial to her sentiments, a proposal of writing the reign of her patron Charles V. She had even commenced the agreeable charge when death deprived her of that last protector likewise. Destitute of everything, with a son, an aged mother, and three poor female relations to maintain, her courage, her piety, and the muse supported her under such repeated calamities; the greatest of all being to her that of being reduced to borrow money, a confession perhaps never before made by a lady of so romantic a complexion. "Beau sire Dieu! comme elle rougissoit alors! demander lui causoit toujours un accès de fièvre," are her own words.

Her latter days were more tranquil; and her ingenious and moral writings are favourable indications of her amiable mind, and justify the attention paid her by so many distinguished princes.

Christine wrote, in addition to her Moral Proverbs, the "Epistle of Othea," and other poetical subjects. A "Life of Charles the Wise," which is preserved in the MSS. of the King's Library at Paris. *Vide* "Mémoire Historique," p. 31, prefixed to the first vol. of the *Anthologie Française*.

• Her moral proverbs were translated into English by Anthony Widville, Earl Rivers, brother to Edward IV.'s queen. The *explicit* of his translation is as follows:

'Of these sayinges Cristyne was the auctoresse,
Whych in makyn had such intelligence,
That thereof she was mirror and maistresse;
Her workes testifie th' experience:
In French language was written this sentence;
And thus englished doth hit reherse
Antoine Wydeville therle Ryvers."

Caxton, who printed this work, and was protected by Lord Rivers, inspired by his patron's muse, concludes the work thus:

"Go, thou litel quayer, and recommaund me
Unto the good grace of my special lorde,
Therle Ryvers, for I have emprinted thee
At his commandement, following every worde
His cople, as his secretaire can recorde;
At Westmystre of Fevere the xx daye,
And of K. Edward the xvii yere vraye.
Emprinted by Caxton
In Fevere the colde season."

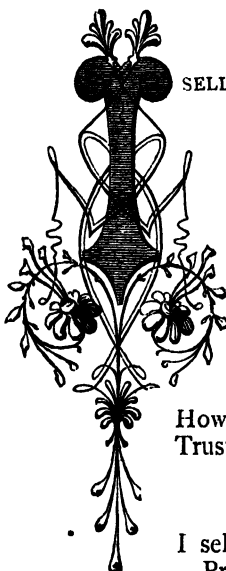
WALPOLE'S *Royal and Noble Authors*.

* This is the opinion of the French author; but does it not seem more natural to suppose that Christine declined the offer of his hand, being so recently deprived of a beloved husband, notwithstanding which she was sensible of his worth and goodness?

TENSON, ENTITLED GIEUX A VENDRE.

(Je vous vens la passe-rose, &c.)*

L'AMANT.



SELL to thee the autumn rose,—
Let it say how dear thou art!
All my lips dare not disclose,
Let it whisper to thy heart:
How love draws my soul to thee,
Without language thou may'st see.

LA DAME.

I sell to thee the aspen-leaf,—
'Tis to show I tremble still,
When I muse on all the grief
Love can cause, if false or ill:
How too many have believed,
Trusted long, and been deceived!

L'AMANT.

I sell to thee a rosary,
Proving I am only thine;
By its sacred mystery
I to thee each thought resign.
Fairest, turn thee not away,
Let thy love my faith repay!

LA DAME.

I sell to thee a parrot bright,—
With each colour of the sky,
Thou art formed to charm the sight,
Learned in softest minstrelsy;
But to love I am unknown,
Nor can understand its tone.

L'AMANT.

I sell to thee a faded wreath,
 Teaching thee, alas ! too well,
 How I spent my latest breath,
 Seeking all my truth to tell ;
 But thy coldness bade me die,
 Victim of thy cruelty !

LA DAME.

I sell to thee the honey flower,—
 Courteous, best, and bravest knight,
 Fragrant in the summer shower,
 Shrinking from the sunny light :
 May it not an emblem prove
 Of untold but tender love ?



RONDEL.*

EN, espérant de mieulx avoir
 Me fault le temps dissimuler,
 Combien que voye reculer
 Toutes choses à mon vouloir.

Pourtant s'il me fault vestir noir
 Et simplement moy affuller,
 En espérant, &c.

* MS. Harl. 4431, fol. 29, r^o, col. 2. We give the original of some of these poems, as they have never yet been printed.

Se fortune me fait douloir,
 Il me couvient tout endurer,
 Et selon le temps ruier
 Et en bon gré tout recevoir.
 En espérant, &c.

RONDEL.



LIVE in hopes of better days,
 And leave the present hour to
 chance,
 Although so long my wish delays,
 And still recedes as I advance ;
 Although hard fortune, too severe,
 My life in mourning weeds
 arrays,
 Nor in gay haunts may I appear,
 I live in hopes of better days.

Though constant care my portion
 prove,
 By long endurance patient grown,
 Still with the time my wishes move,
 Within my breast no murmur known ;
 Whate'er my adverse lot displays,
 I live in hopes of better days.

RONDEL.*

Je ne sçay comment je dure,
 Car mon dolent cuer font d'ire
 Et plaindre n'ose ne dire
 Ma doulereuse aventure.

Ma dollente vie obscure
 Riens fors la mort ne desire.
 Je ne sçay, &c.

* MS. Harl. 4431. fol. 29, r^o, col. 1.

Et me faut par couverture
 Chanter quant mon cuer souspire,
 Et faire semblant de rire ;
 Mais Dieux scet ce que j'endure.
 Je ne, &c.

RONDEL.

I KNOW not how my life I bear !
 For sad regrets my hours employ,
 Yet may I not betray a tear,
 Nor tell what woes my heart destroy ;
 My weary soul a prey to care,
 I know not how my life I bear !

And must I still these pangs conceal,
 And feign the joys that others feel ?
 Still vainly tune my lute to sing,
 And smile while sighs my bosom wring ?
 Seem all delight amidst despair ?—
 I know not how my life I bear !

SUR LA MORT DE SON PÈRE.

RONDEL.*

Com turtre suis, sans per, toute seulet
 Et, com brebis sans pastour, esgarée ;
 Car par la mort fus jadis separée
 De mon doulx per, qu'à toute heure regrete.
 Il a .vij. âns que le perdi, lassette !
 Mieulx me vaulsist estre lors enterrée.
 Com turtre sui, &c.

Car depuis lors en dueil et en souffrette
 Et en meschief très grief suis demourrée ;
 Ne n'ay espoir, tant com j'aray durée,
 D'avoir solas qui en joye me mette.
 Com turtre sui, &c.

* MS. Harl. 4431, fol. 28, v^o, col. 2.

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.



MOURNING dove, whose mate is dead,
 A lamb, whose shepherd is no more,
 Even such am I, since he is fled
 Whose loss I cease not to deplore,
 Alas! since to the grave they bore
 My sire, for whom these tears are shed,
 What is there left for me to love?
 A mourning dove!

Oh that his grave for me had room!
 Where I at length might calmly rest,
 For all to me is saddest gloom,
 All scenes to me appear unblest!
 And all my hope is in his tomb,
 To lay my head on his cold breast,
 Who left his child nought else to love.
 A mourning dove!

ALAIN CHARTIER.

The distinguished poet, Alain Chartier, of whom, unfortunately, little seems known, and whose works appear to have been strangely neglected by his countrymen, was secretary to the two kings, Charles VI. and VII., and was the ornament and boast of the court. His wit, taste, and eloquence made him the most esteemed poet of his time; and of the estimation in which he was held a proof is given in the well-known compliment paid him by the Dauphiness Marguerite d'Ecosse (afterwards Queen, wife of Louis XI.). See page 276, Introduction.

The beautiful and unfortunate Marguerite appears to be the Dame des Pensées of the grateful poet, if we may judge by the numerous allusions in his poems to one whom he dares not name, to whom his duty and homage is due, and by his pathetic lamentations for the early death of his beloved mistress. Marguerite died very young, a victim to the tyranny of her detestable husband, Louis XI., whose character Mezeray has well described in these lines:

"Louis renversa tout pour suivre son caprice.
 Mauvais fils, mauvais père, infidèle mari,
 Frère injuste, ingrat maître, et dangereux ami,
 Il régna sans conseil, sans pitié, sans justice;
 La fraude fut son jeu, sa vertu l'artifice,
 Et le prévost Tristan son plus grand favori!"

When she was dying, some of her attendants, wishing to recall her thoughts to life and the

enjoyments yet in store for her, she turned from them with disgust, exclaiming, "Fi de la vie!—Ne m'en parlez plus!"

There is so much deep and real feeling, so much beauty of expression, so much energy in the style of Alain, that his works cannot but delight all whom the antiquated dress in which poetry is far more smooth and flowing, and his diction less quaint, than many much later poets, who thought themselves his superiors. Occasionally, indeed, he falls into the tiresome strain of his period, as appears by the following lines, which are known more as a nursery rhyme than as the production of a celebrated poet; though Dr. Johnson is said to have rendered it into English to show the capability of the language, which had been doubted by the arguer in favour of French superiority:—

BALLADE.

"Quant ung cordant
Veult corder ung corde,
En cordant trois cordons
En une corde accorde;
Et se l'ung des cordons
De la corde descorde,
Le cordon descorde
Fait descorder la corde."

He has another ballad beginning

"Le doux plaisant *nominative*
Dont je prétends former ung *génitive* ;"

and so on for *thirty-five* lines, like Caleb Quotum's song! But at this we shall not be surprised, but rather wonder he escaped, as he did, the vice of his age, when we read what the Abbé Massieu says on the subject: he observes, speaking of the state of French poetry under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., a period immediately succeeding that in which Chartier flourished:

"Those who appeared in the reigns of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. disfigured poetry in such a manner as to render it scarcely possible to be recognised. They composed nothing good in their endeavours to surpass all others, and spoil all by too much refinement.

"Since they could not reach the *naïveté* of which Villon* had left them examples, they sought other methods of pleasing; but it was more in astonishing the ear than in satisfying the mind that they succeeded. Their chief object was to multiply rhymes, at the expense of all kind of reason, and to pile them one upon the other. Molinet and Cretin set the most pernicious example of this style, and were more instrumental than any others in producing this disorder.

"Hence those rhymes of all kinds, the descriptions of which occupy so much of our ancient dissertations on the poetic art: *la Batellée, la Fraternisée, l'Enchaînée, la Brisée, la Retrograde, l'Équivoque, la Génée, la Couronnée, l'Empêchée*, and others, which, with great justice, are at the present day considered as an abuse of human intellect. The singular feature in this circumstance is, that this bad taste took possession of all France. It even lasted long after, till the time of Francis I., Marot himself, *tout Marot qu'il étoit*, did not escape, and there are none of these rhymes of which specimens cannot be found in his writings."—See *Hist. de la Poésie Française*, by the Abbé Massieu.

Some examples of this absurd style may not be uninteresting to the reader. *La rime Batellée* was when the end of the first line rhymed with the middle of the following, as

"Quand Neptune, puissant Dieu de la mer,
Cessa d'armer galères et vaisseaux," &c.

It was called *Fraternisée* when the last word of a verse was repeated entire, or in part, at the commencement of another: as

* It is singular to observe how entirely French critics pass over Chartier to arrive at Villon, whom they make their standard of excellence, till the all-conquering Marot throws, in their opinion, all others into shade. The English reader will find some difficulty in discovering the beauties of either of these poets.

"Dieu garde ma maîtresse et *regente*,
Gente de corps et de façon;
 Son cœur tient le mien dans sa *teinte*,
Tant et plus en mortel fusson," &c.

It was termed *Retrograde* when the rhyme and measure were preserved on reading the verse backwards: ex.—

"Triomphamment cherchez honneur et prix.
 Désolez cœurs, méchans, infortunez,
 Terriblement estes moqués et pris," &c.

Read backwards the lines run thus:

"Pris et moqués, estes terriblement,
 Infortunez, méchans cœurs, désolez.
 Prix et honneur cherchez triomphamment," &c.

La rime Enchaînée consisted in a certain connection of the rhyme and sense in the following manner:

"Dieu des amours, de mort me garde;
 M'en gardant, donne-moi bonheur;
 En me le donnant, prens la darde;
 En la prenant, navre son cœur."

It was *Brisée* when, in dividing the lines, the divisions still rhymed, thus:

"De cœur parfait chassez toute douleur,
 Soyez soigneux, n'usez de nulle feinte,
 Sans villain fait, entretenez douceur,
 Vaillant et pieux, abandonnez la feinte."

The *Equivoque* was when a word was entirely repeated at the end of two lines, but with a different signification: thus Cretin says to "Ste. Geneviève":

"Peuples en paix te plaise *maintenir*
 Et envers nous si bien la *main tenir*,
 Qu'après la vie ayons fin de *mort sentir*,
 Pour éviter infernale *morsure*."

It was called *Génée* when all the words in each line began with the same letter, as

"Ardent amour, adorable, angélique."

The rhyme was *Couronnée* when it appeared twice at the end of each line, thus:

"Ma blanche Columbe, belle,
 Je vais souvent priant, ériant,
 Qui dessous la Cordelle d'elle
 Me jette un œil friant riant:"

but the rhyme *Entpérière* was the most extravagant of all, being heard three times at the end of the line, thus:

"Benins lecteurs, très diligens, *gens, gens,*
 Prenez en gré mes imparfaits, *faits, faits,*" &c.

It is difficult to conceive a period in which men could make such an absurd use of their talents and their time; yet this was the approved style under the two above-named reigns. They gave themselves infinite trouble to produce the most insignificant results, and, entirely occupied in endeavours to excel in vain sound, the sense was totally neglected.

As they turned rhymes to all possible uses, so they made lines of all possible lengths. Hitherto we have named only those of ten or twelve syllables; but they were pleased to make

* See a specimen of this style by d'Hemery d'Amboise, "à son jeune portrait"—

"Mais dis-moy, dis-moy, mon portrait,
 Mon portrait, dis-moy, qui t'a fait?
 Qui t'a fait à moi si semblable?
 Si semblable à moy misérable,
 Moy misérable," &c.—1607.

some of *two, three, and four*, and meaning could not be too much confined: these of Marot will show those of two syllables:*

"Tel bien
Vaut bien
Qu'on fasse
La chasse," &c.

Those of three syllables:

"Ami jure,
Je te jure
Que desir
Non loisir
J'ai d'écrire," &c.

Scarron has employed this kind of verse in a manner most suitable in his jesting letter addressed to Sarrasin, the *badinage* of which is sustained throughout:

"Sarrasin,
Mon voisin,
Cher ami,
Qu'à demi
Je ne vois:
Dont, ma foi,
J'ai dépit
Un petit," &c.†

But M. le Duc de Nevers has shown, what appeared impossible, that this style was susceptible of sublimity and majesty:

"Prince fait
A souhait,
Qu'on admire,
Qu'on peut dire
Tout parfait;

Le portrait,
Et le peindre
Sans rien feindre
Trait pour trait.

* * * *

"Dont Homère
Eust dû faire

"L'univers
Mis au fers,

* See several specimens of this *rime double ou en écho*, in M. de Roquefort's work, "De l'Etat de la Poésie Française dans les 12^e et 13^e siècles." The following is by Gilles le Viniers, a poet of the thirteenth century:

"Au partir de la froidure
Dure,
Ke voi apresté
Esté;
Lors plaing ma mésaventure,
Cure
N'ai eu d'aimer,
Car amer
Ai sovent son gieu trové
Prové
Ai soventes fois,
Malefois
Fait par tot trop à blasmer."

† The following "Magdaléniade," by Père Pierre de St. Louis, is conceived in a similar style:

"Que donne le monde aux siens plus souvent?
[Echo] vent.
Que dois-je vaincre ici sans jamais relacher?
— La chair.
Qui fit la cause des maux qui me sont survenus?
— Vénus.
Que faut dire auprès d'une telle infidelle?
— Fi-d'elle."

† The reader will be here reminded of similar lines in *Hudibras*, written to ridicule this absurd style.

Nulle peine
N'eust senti
Dans la chaîne
De Conti."

"Our poets were in too happy a vein to rest contented with achievements like the above; they appeared anxious to multiply the difficulties of an art already in itself sufficiently so. They sought of joining together lines of unequal length, and arranging them in such a manner that the pieces they composed should present to the eye extraordinary figures, such as ovals, triangles, crosses, forks, rakes, &c.; a frivolous amusement, for which, however, they may find an excuse in the example of antiquity. Symmius of Rhodes was passionately attached to this mode of composition: some of his pieces still exist, which represent a hatchet, an altar, an egg, a whistle, and wings. It was thus our poets sought every means of torturing their minds, and vied with each other in the glory of imagining the most senseless and ridiculous things."—ABRÉ MASSIEU, *Hist. de la Poés. Franç.*

The French are not the only poets who adopted this style. Many instances [of its adoption] occur among the early Spanish authors; thus, in a *cancion* by Juan de Mena, in the time of John II. of Spain (in the fifteenth century)—

"Ya doior del dolorido,
Que con olvido cuydado,
Pues que antes olvidado
Me veo, que fallecido
Ya fallece mi sentido," &c.

And also:—

"Cuydar me hace cuydado
Lo que cuydar no devría
Y cuydando en lo pasado
Por mí no passa alegría."

Similar playing on words is common throughout the celebrated collection of Spanish songs called "Cancionero General."—See BOUTERWICK, *Hist. Span. Lit.*

Addison, in the fifty-eighth number of the "Spectator," "On False Wit," a subject which he continues in several papers, brings forward many instances of this barbarous style, and quotes Dryden's lines in Mac Flecnoc:—

"Choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land,
There may'st thou wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

He speaks also of a famous picture of Charles I., which has the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. This extraordinary conception was imitated by some ingenious artist so late as the time of the First Consul Napoleon, whose head and bust are entirely represented in writing, recording his victories, &c.

(*Au dixiesme an de mon dolent exil, &c.**)

TEN seasons of a hapless exile's life,
With ceaseless woes and frequent perils rife,
Opprest with suffering past, and present care,
Of which Heaven willed that I should have my share,†
Brief time had I to dwell on history's page,
Or with heroic deeds my mind engage:

* "Poésies d'Alain Chartier," édition de 1526.

† The resemblance is forcible in this line to Goldsmith's

"In all my grief, and God has given me share."

The original line runs thus—

"Dont j'ay souffert, grâce à Dieu assez."

To trace the rapid steps of chiefs, whose fame
 Has given to glorious France her deathless name,
 Who ruled with sov'reign right sublime and sage,
 And left unstained the noble heritage
 To sons who saw, beneath their wise command,
 Increased the power and glory of the land;
 Their manners kept, their precepts made their guide,
 And followed where they led with filial pride;
 Beloved and honoured through their wide domain,
 And feared where foreign shores the waves restrain;
 Just in each act, in friendship never slow,
 Stern to the bad, and haughty to the foe;
 Ardent in honour, in adventure warm,
 All good protecting, and chastising harm;
 Reigning with justice, and with mercy blest,
 Sway, strength, and conquest on their mighty crest.

'Twas thus they lived, 'twas thus the land was swayed,
 By truth and equity unequalled made,
 And leaving, after countless victories past,
 Their country peace and glorious fame at last.

Oh, great and envied lot! ordained by Heaven,
 And for their virtues to our fathers given,
 Whose lives passed on, ere death undreaded came,
 Calm and secure in the repose of fame.
 But we—ah, wretches!—we, whose stars malign
 Did at our birth in evil spells combine,
 And cast us forth to view our country's fall,
 Our wrongs a mockery and reproach to all!
 And those once noble, just, revered, and high,
 Now slaves, confounded in their misery.
 Ah, wretched exiles! shunned, despised, forlorn,
 Who ev'ry ill of fate have tried and borne;
 Who day by day lament our blasted fame,
 And, hunted, helpless, lost, grow old in shame!
 Deserted! outcast! and is this our due,
 For following right, and keeping truth in view?

Alas! what bitter thoughts, what vain regret,
 Our ever-wakeful hearts would fain forget!

Those vanished hours no sorrow can restore,
 Our land another's, and our friends no more,
 We dare not towards the future turn our eyes,
 So little hope our dismal lot supplies,
 While we behold fair France contemned, o'erthrown,
 And in her low estate deplore our own.

And how should I, though youth my lays inspire,
 To joyous numbers rouse my slumbering lyre?
 Ah! in its strain far other accents flow,—
 No joy can issue from the soul of woe!
 Grief, dread, and doubt, and adverse fortune still
 Besiege my thoughts, and turn their course to ill!
 Till fainting genius, fancy, wit, decline,
 And all is changed that once I deemed was mine.
 Sorrow has made me, with his touch, so cold,
 In early years unnaturally old;
 Subdues my powers, contemns my thirst of praise,
 And dictates all my melancholy lays!

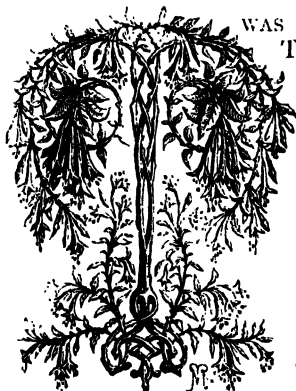
PART OF LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

(Si disoye: Il fault que je cesse, &c.)*

YES, I must cease to breathe the song,
 At once must lay my harp aside;
 No more to me may joy belong,
 It withered when my lady died!
 In vain my lips essay to smile,
 My eyes are filled with tears the while;
 In vain I strive to force my lays
 Back to the dreams of former days.
 Let others sing, whom love has left
 Some ray of hope amidst their grief,
 Who are not of all bliss bereft,
 And still can find, in verse, relief.
 The thoughts, by fancy beauteous made,
 All now are changed to endless gloom,
 And following still my dear one's shade,
 Sleep with her in her early tomb!

* *Poésies*, éd. de 1576.

(C'estoit tout mon bien en ce monde.)*



WAS all the joy the world could give,
 To serve her humbly and alone;
 For this dear task I seemed to live,
 And life to me all summer shone.
 All that I sought in Fortune's store
 Was thus to love her evermore!
 I thought my state a Paradise
 More bright than I have words to
 tell,
 When those fair, soft, and smiling eyes
 A moment deigned on mine to dwell:
 It seemed far better thus to me
 To live, although no hope were mine,
 Than monarch of fair France to be,
 And this existence to resign.

From infancy began my care,
 And all my being centres there.

LE BREVIAIRE DES NOBLES.†

COURTOISIE.

FOR ever sinks a noble name,
 When once the heart is known to shame,
 When outrage dwells upon the tongue,
 And envy's knell unchecked has rung.
 A fiery soul, a hasty sword,
 Makes man a jest in deed and word.
 True courtesy assumes no part,
 Disdainful looks, or feigning art,
 But gently seems to prize each guest,
 And makes all happy and at rest;
 To none a foe, by all adored,
 Without deceit in deed and word.

* *Poësies*, édit. de 1526.

† *Ibid.*

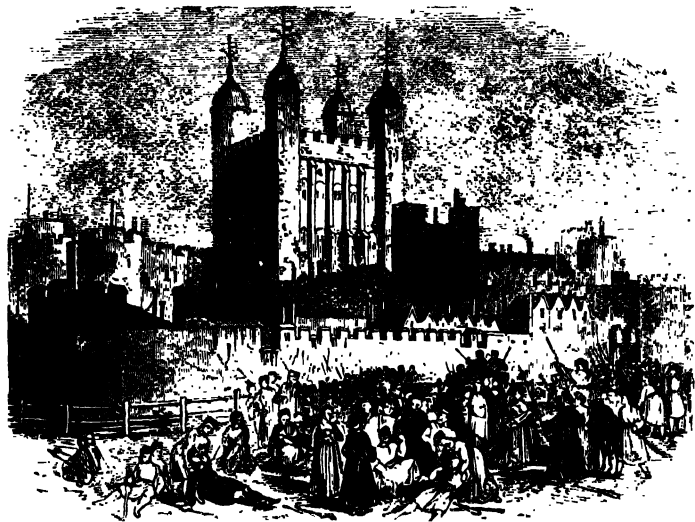
LE BREVIAIRE DES NOBLES.*

AMOUR.

A HAPPY thing is love, unstained by wrong,
 A life of endless joy unspeakable !
 Love, pure and innocent, exists not long,
 Save in the mind where worth and wisdom dwell.
 'T is the high feeling of a noble mind,
 That not for selfish joy alone he lives,
 That shares his good with all, and strives to find
 Another heart for that he frankly gives.
 Hate withers in the flame herself gave birth ;
 Who has nor love nor friends is nothing worth !

Seek friendship as a gem that hath no peer ;
 Strive by high deeds to win it for thine own ;
 The king, thy country, and thy friend hold dear,
 And at their need be thou their champion known.
 Hence with deceit that fain by art would gain !
 Whose mantle, torn aside, a monster shows,
 Whose hope, by evil deeds to rise, is vain,
 For nor his own nor other's good he knows.
 Check, noble youth, this weed even at its birth ;
 Who has nor love nor friends is little worth !

Unblest his lot, a lot for fiends to share,
 Whom envy urges and whom malice leads,
 Who sees around no virtue worth his care,
 And finds a blemish in the brightest deeds.
 His punishment close on his crime attends ;
 Love springs to love, and knows at once his friends.
 The man who hates must cast contentment forth ;
 Who has nor love nor friends is nothing worth !



CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"Charles, duke of Orleans, nephew of the king."

—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*

Charles, Duke of Orleans, was grandson of Charles V. of France, father of Louis XII., and uncle of Francis I.; he was born May 26, 1391.* He applied himself to letters from his earliest youth, and particularly attached his attention to poetry and eloquence. He found consolation in these pursuits during the course of an eventful and chequered life. He became twice a widower in the space of nine years. In 1415 he was at the disastrous battle of Agincourt, where he was made prisoner,† and taken to England: he remained there twenty-five years, notwith-

* His father, Louis of France, Duc d'Orleans, is said to have instituted the Order of the Porcupine on the occasion of his baptism: this device was chosen, and the epigraph *Cominus et Eminus*, not only out of aspiring hopes conceived of his child, but to intimate something of revenge against John of Burgundy, his mortal foe, being an emblem both offensive and defensive. Others make Charles himself the founder of the order.—ASHMOLE.

† The Duke of Orleans was found wounded and insensible under a heap of slain. About 1417 a poem was written for the harp, called "The Battallie of Agynkourte," in which these lines occur:

"Oure gracyus kyng men myzt knowe
That day fozt with his owene hond,
The erlys was dyscomevityd up on a rowe,
That he had slayne understand.

"As thonder-strokys there was a sounde
Of axys and sperys ther they gan glyd,
The lordys of Franyse lost her renowne," &c.

standing his great credit and the exertions made for his deliverance. He owed his liberty at length principally to Philippe le Bon, Duc de Bourgogne. In 1440, on his return to France, he espoused Marie de Clèves, daughter of Adolphe, Duc de Clèves, and of Marie de Bourgogne. His misfortunes had a salutary effect on the mind of Charles: he became a virtuous and estimable prince, and was generally regretted when he died the 8th of January, 1466.

A taste for literature had become the fashion of the court from the time of Charles V. Few, however, of his contemporaries possessed talents which could aspire to comparison with those of the Duke of Orleans, although they treated the same subjects. Every nobleman was ambitious of being an author, and the greatest part were so. The well-known "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" were composed under the direction of Louis XI., by the most distinguished persons of the court, and this prince is himself supposed to have had a share in them. It was chiefly in this description of work that their talents were employed, but poetry was a favourite occupation. In a MS. on vellum, called "Ballade du Duc d'Orléans," in the library of M. de Bombarde, which is nearly of the time of the author, are some poems by John, Duke of Bourbon, Philippe le Bon, Duc de Bourgogne, and René d'Anjou, King of Sicily, of John de Lorraine, Duke of Calabria, the Duc de Nevers, the Count de Clermont, and Jean, Duc d'Alençon; but all these poets want the delicacy, grace, and *naïveté* which so distinguish the compositions of Charles. He may be said with truth to have possessed a genuine taste for poetry, and, in a more enlightened age, he would have been one of the first poets of France. The defect of the period at which he lived was the false taste of allusions: the Duke of Orleans, like others, has fallen into it, but his allusions are much less forced than those employed by his contemporaries. If he makes use of images, whether under the forms of Justice, Theology, or Philosophy, he introduces them in a certain agreeable manner, which pleases the reader. His subjects are less remarkable for elevation than for gentleness and tenderness; they require a sweet and quiet imagination. The most simple and easy fiction is sufficient for his purpose, and seems to present itself. Nothing, therefore, beyond this simplicity is to be found in the verses of the Duke of Orleans; but his ideas are always noble, and inspired by delicate sentiment, always correct, and expressed with infinite elegance. In every one of his poems these characteristics are observable.

The father of Charles was murdered in Paris, in 1407. His mother was the celebrated Valentine of Milan, who held a Court of Love; after his assassination she adopted this motto, "Rien ne m'est plus—plus ne m'est rien!" She died fourteen months afterwards, a prey to grief and mortification at the composition between Charles VI. and Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, her husband's murderer. The children of the Duke of Orleans were taken to Chartres to ratify the treaty of peace with Jean sans Peur. When the latter, to obtain his pardon, approached Charles and his brother, the princes, overwhelmed by grief, were a long time before they could reply. The queen and the princes, who accompanied them, used the most urgent entreaties that they would accede to his wishes: the king himself asked it of them, and, displeased with their continued silence, he was obliged to command their obedience. Charles then repeated the answer which was dictated to him: "My very dear lord," said he, addressing the king, "I am pleased with all that you have done, I pardon him all he has committed, since your majesty commands it, having no thought of being disobedient." His brother repeated the same words. After the ceremony the court returned to Paris, and Charles, with his brother, took the road to Blois. By the death of their parents, the children of Orleans were plunged in the deepest sorrow. Charles, the eldest, at the age of sixteen (in 1406), married Isabella, daughter of Charles VI. of France, widow of Richard II. of England. She died in 1409, and thus his sad retirement was rendered even more lonely, and in his solitude he fostered the resolve to avenge his father's death. But in the next year, in order to strengthen his party with the Dukes of Bourbon and Berry, he espoused Bonne d'Armagnac, daughter to the Count d'Armagnac, and from this period a series of party wars and disturbances occupied his attention, until the year 1415, when he joined the dauphin in marching against the English, led on by Henry V. The battle of Agincourt was fatal to his liberty, he was wounded and left for dead on the field of battle. The King of England ordered all care to be taken of him, and he was conducted to Calais with the other prisoners. He refused on the road to take any

Henry V., disgusted at the vanities and boastings to which this great victory gave rise, commanded, by a formal edict, that the theme should not be chosen by the harpers and minstrels. This prohibition, however, had no other effect than that of displaying Henry's humility.—WATSON.

"The above verses are much less intelligible than some of Gower's and Chaucer's, which were written fifty years before." If we compare with them the *English songs* of the Duke of Orleans, they do not appear to disadvantage.

* Father of Margaret, wife of the unfortunate Henry VI. of England. He was not only a celebrated poet of his time, but a painter and musician. A magnificent work in MS., illuminated by his own hand, is in the Royal Library at Paris.

nourishment, and Henry asked him the cause; on his replying that he was resolved to fast, the king answered, "Fair cousin, be of good cheer; it is to the protection of Heaven that my victory alone is due, that Heaven which was determined to punish the French nation for its bad conduct." The prisoners accompanied the king from Calais to London, and were kindly treated in their captivity, but Charles had shortly the misfortune to hear of the death of Bonne d'Armagnac, his wife. Some efforts were now made by himself and the Duke de Bourbon to obtain their liberty and consolidate a peace; but on the failure of their negotiations, they were removed from London to Yorkshire, and confined in Pontefract Castle. The detention of Charles was considered of so much consequence, that, on the occasion of Henry's marriage with Catherine of France, he said to his chancellor, "If the prisoners of Agincourt, and, above all, if Charles of Orleans were to escape, it would be the most unfortunate event that could possibly happen." When Henry died in 1419, he recommended in his will that none of the prisoners should be liberated till his son attained his majority, and Charles saw that the term of his captivity was now indefinitely prolonged. In fact, for five-and-twenty years he remained prisoner in England, all the projects failing which had for their object a peace between the two nations, and the recovery of his own liberty. In 1440, owing to the powerful mediation of Philip of Burgundy, he was freed from his chains.* On this occasion the Duke of Cornwall, the Sire de Roze, and several English noblemen, were charged to conduct him to Calais, and accompanied him as far as Gravelines, where the Duchess of Burgundy met him and gave him a noble reception. Philippe le Bon did not linger long behind, and the interview between the princes was indescribably affecting. They held themselves locked in each other's arms, then gazed wistfully in silence. Charles was the first to speak: "By my faith, fair cousin and brother-in-law, I am bound to love you more than any prince in this kingdom, and my fair cousin your wife also; for without your assistance I had never escaped from the hands of my enemies, or found so good a friend to help me." Philip replied, "that much it grieved him that he could not sooner effect that which he had laboured so long to gain, namely, his liberty." The Bastard of Orleans (the celebrated Dunois) also warmly welcomed him, and Charles, to requite him, gave him the county of Dunois,† and other lordships. He afterwards followed the court of Burgundy to St. Omer, where he made oath that the assassination of Jean sans Peur, which took place in the year 1418, had been perpetrated without his privy, and not at his instigation. He shortly afterwards espoused the Princess Marie de Clèves,‡ the niece of Philip, and the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp. A chapter general of the order of the Golden Fleece was held, and Charles was decorated with the order. In return he invested the Duke of Burgundy with that of the Porcupine,§ founded by his father.|| His

* The deliverance of the Duke of Orleans from captivity was chiefly due to the exertions of his cousin Michelle, Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Charles VII. and wife of Philippe le Bon. She contrived to engage the interest of the Cardinal of Winchester, whose party was always opposed to that of the protector, Duke Humphrey. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Duke of Gloucester, the council of state decided in favour of the Duke of Orleans' release, assigning as the principal reason, that his return to France would only serve to increase the troubles of that country; but the real motive was want of money. The ransom was fixed at 120,000 crowns of gold, a sum which equalled two-thirds of the entire subsidy which the council had been able to obtain during seven years for the expenses of the government from the commoners of England. The dauphin and all the French princes became bound for the payment. The states of Burgundy granted Philip a subsidy of 30,000 crowns to pay the share for which he had agreed.

† Le Dunois is a little province depending on the government of Orleans, and is in the Pays-Chartrain: Chateaudun is the capital. There are two fine forests in this county called Freteval and Marchenoir. The Counts of Dunois and the Viscounts of Chateaudun were celebrated. The Counts of Blois united the county of Dunois with theirs, and both passed into the house of Châtillon at the end of the fourteenth century. Guy, second and last Count of Blois, of Châtillon, having no issue, sold his county to Louis of France, Duke of Orleans, second son of Charles V. This prince united with it Chateaudun, confiscated from Pierre de Craon, for having assassinated the Constable de Clisson. Charles of Orleans, son of Louis, gave it, thus re-united, to his natural brother, John, Bastard of Orleans, whose exploits have rendered the name of the Count de Dunois so famous. This hero was the founder of the house of Longueville. *Dun*, in ancient Celtic, means mountain.—*Mélanges d'une Grande Bibliothèque.*

‡ Their *fiançailles* took place in the abbey of St. Bertin, at St. Omer.

§ This order was also called *du Camail*, because, in conferring it, Louis gave a golden ring set with a cameo or agate, on which was engraved the figure of a porcupine.

|| On the entry of the Dukes into Bruges, the splendour of their reception was very great: amongst the numerous pageants and devices was one of a young girl dressed like a nymph, leading a swan, wearing a collar of the Golden Fleece, and a porcupine, which, according to the popular belief, had the power of darting its quills at its enemies: hence the motto of the

progress from Burgundy into his own dominions was a series of triumphs, and so much anxiety and joy were displayed on his account that it gave umbrage to Charles VII., who gave him to understand that if he were to present himself with all his retainers, and those who had recently swelled his train, the king would refuse him an audience. Charles, offended at this conduct, returned to his estates, and complained to the Duke of Burgundy. At length, after much negotiation, and through fear of Charles becoming his enemy, the king consented to receive him, and at Limoges the interview took place, where he was highly honoured.

He now for some years enjoyed himself in tranquillity on his own domains. On the death of Charles VII. he was present in Paris at his funeral; but, being now advanced in years, he was unable to be present at the coronation of Louis XI., nor could he go out to meet him on his entrance into Paris. He, however, followed the court into Touraine, and at Chinon his wife was delivered of a son, whom Louis XI. held at the baptismal font, and who finally came to the crown by the title of Louis XII.

But Louis XI. was not destined long to remain his friend; after deceiving him with false appearances for some time, his real intentions broke out, and he openly accused him of connivance with a rebellious party, at the head of whom was the Duc de Bretagne. He loaded him with the severest reproaches, and Charles, indignant at so unmerited an outrage, his heart pierced with grief, retired from the court, and a few days after, at the age of seventy-four years, he died, carrying to the tomb the regrets of all his contemporaries. The principal events in the life of this prince form a part of the history of France. His youth was consecrated to the pursuit of the assassins of his father: he only quitted the turmoil of civil war to lose his liberty, and languish on a foreign soil; but, in all situations, according to the best received accounts, his conduct was such as to command universal esteem. In the war which he undertook, though his youth prevented him from being the chief actor, he nevertheless gave proofs of capacity and courage, whenever circumstances required them of him. Of the actions of his private life history has preserved only one, which, of a piece with the manners of the times, offers an instance of his religious piety. Every year, on the Thursday of Passion week (according to Monstrelet), it was his custom to assemble together a number of poor persons, whose feet he washed, in imitation of our Saviour's act. This practice of humility in showing his attachment to the virtues of Christianity makes it probable to presume that the consolations to be derived from religion were not unknown to him. He was indebted for his virtues and his talents to his mother, Valentine of Milan. Louis d'Orléans, his father, esteemed the most amiable and one of the most learned men of his time, confided to his wife the education of his sons. As wise as virtuous, Valentine omitted nothing to instil into their hearts the principles of religion and goodness. Charles answered her most sanguine expectations, and gave her great hopes of future promise. He particularly studied French and Latin literature, and succeeded so well in the former as to obtain the distinction he desired. If he merited by his birth a high rank among the princes of his time, his talents no less demanded a brilliant place among the writers of the period. By his marriage with Isabella, eldest daughter of Charles VI. of France, he had one child, Jeanne d'Orléans, who was married to the Duke d'Alençon.

Bonne d'Armagnac died without giving any increase to his family. By Marie de Clèves he had three children: Marie d'Orléans, who married Jean de Foix, Vicomte de Narbonne; Jeanne d'Orléans, abbess of Fontevault; and Louis, who succeeded Charles VIII., and whose reign obtained for him the flattering title of Father of his People.—L'ABBÉ GOUJER.

In Drayton's "Battaile of Agincourt" are the following lines respecting the Duke of Orleans:

"When in comes Orleans, quite thrust off before,
By those rude crowdes that from the English ran,
Encouraging stout Borbon's troupes the more,
T' affront the foe that instantly began:
Faine would the duke, if possible, restore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour lost by this their late defeat,
And caused onely by their base retreat.

* * * * *
"They put themselves on those victorious loris
Who led the vanguard with so good successe
Bespeaking them with honourable words,
Themselves their prisoners freely to confesse,

* * * * *
The Dukes of Orleans
and Borbon taken
prisoners

order, "Cominus et Eminus," *de près et de loin*. The fountains and conduits ran with wine: one rich citizen covered the walls and roof of his house with gold and silver leaves. A miniature tournament was held in the great hall of the abbey of St. Bertin, previous to their leaving St. Omer.—See M. DE BARANTE.

Who by the strength of their commanding swords
 Could hardly save them from the slaughtering presse,
 By Suffolk's ayde till they away were sent,
 Who with a guard conveyed them to his tent."

In an historical account of Tunbridge Wells, the following passage occurs :

"Groombridge, the place of first note in this parish, was purchased from the Clintons by Sir Richard Waller, a brave warrior under Henry V., who followed the king into France, and distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt, from whence he brought the Duke of Orleans prisoner, whom he was allowed to keep in honourable confinement at Groombridge.

"This prince remained twenty-five years in captivity, and paid at last 400,000 crowns for his ransom; and from a principle of gratitude for the hospitality of his generous keeper, rebuilt the mansion house, and repaired and beautified the parish church, which to this day bears his arms over the portal.

"He also assigned to Sir Richard and his heirs for ever, as a perpetual memorial of his merits, this honourable addition to his family arms, viz., the escutcheon of France suspended upon an oak, with this motto affixed to it: 'Hi fructus virtutis.'"—See DUGDALE'S *Baronetage*, edit. 1720, vol. ii., p. 280.

"The order of Orleans, of the Porcupine, was composed of twenty-five knights, comprehending the duke as chief governor thereof. They wore long loose cassocks of fine scarletted murray (which is violet), and over them cloaks of watchet-coloured velvet, lined (as the mantellet and chaperon) with carnation satin: and thereupon the collar of the order formed as a wreath of chaines of gold, at the end whereof hung upon the breast a porcupine of pure gold upon a rising hill of green grass and flowers."—FAVIN'S *Theatre of Honour*.

When Louis XII. came to the crown, he retained the porcupine for his device, where, in the halls of state and in other places of high ceremonial, in addition to the fleurs-de-lis, *semez de France*, are his initial L., and a "porc-espis couronné."

In Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," he gives two English poems of the Duke of Orleans from Mlle. Kerallio's specimens, transcribed from a MS. in the Royal Library of Paris. The first begins

"Myn hert hath sent glad hope this message,
 Un'o comfort, pleasant joye, and speed," &c.;

the second is called "*Rondeaulx Angloys*":

"When shalt thou come glad hope y viage?
 Thou hast taryd so long manye a day," &c.

Walpole remarks upon these: "It grieves me a little to mention that the fair editor is of opinion that the Duke's English poetry is not inferior to his French, which does not inspire a very favourable opinion of the latter, though indeed, such is the poverty and want of harmony of the French tongue, that one knows how very meagre thousands of couplets are which pass for poetry in France. It is sufficient that the rhymes are legal, and if sung to any of their statutory tunes, nobody suspects that the composition is as arrant prose as ever walked abroad without stepping in cadence."

The following are from the MS. which has afforded the French specimens. The work is very beautiful, containing six splendidly illuminated miniatures prefixed to the different divisions of the volume. The text is large and clear, the copy is in high preservation, and the initial letter very finely illuminated. The three first parts consist of poems and ballads; the fourth is a translation of the epistles of Heloise, entitled "*Epistres de l'Abbesse Héloïse*"; the fifth is a treatise in prose, entitled "*Les demandes d'Amors*," and the sixth and last is a prose work, which concludes with a short poem, and is called "*La Grâce Entière, sur le Gouvernement du Prince*."

ENGLISH SONG.

Go forth my hert, with my Lady,
 Loke that ye spare no bysynes,
 To serve her with suche olynnes,
 That ye gette her of tyme pryvely,
 That she kepe truly her promes.
 Go forth, &c.

I must like a helis' body
 Abyde alone in hevynes,

* Mr. Ellis remarks that he does not understand this word: he supposes *helis body* may mean *helpless*, unclean.

And ye shal dwelle with yur mastres,
In plaisaunce glad and mery.
Go forth, &c.

SECOND ENGLISH SONG.

My hertly love is in your governans
And ever shall whill yet I live may,
I pray to God I may see that day,
That we be knyt with trouthful alyans,
Ye shall not fynd feynynge or varianns,
As in my part that wyl I trewely say.
My hertly love, &c.

Mr. Ellis observes that the Duke of Orleans is still very imperfectly known to the public; some short specimens of his poetry are published in the "Annales Poétiques," Paris, 1778, and a few more in M. de Paulmy's "Mélanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque." He has given three pieces of his English poetry. Mr. Ritson had given a previous specimen.

Mr. Ellis remarks, on the detention in England of James I., King of Scotland, who was taken prisoner by Henry IV. of England, and kept fifteen years captive: "It is singular enough that the two best poets of the age, James of Scotland, and Charles, Duke of Orleans, both of royal blood, both prisoners at the same court, both distinguished by their military as well as literary merit, both admired during their lives, and regretted after death as the brightest ornaments of their respective nations,—should have been forgotten by the world during more than three centuries, and at length restored to their reputation at the same period." Mr. Tytler published the poems of James in 1783.

The poems of the Duke of Orleans were printed in quarto by Mr. Watson Taylor, for the Roxburgh Club; a copy is in the British Museum.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

(*Ballades, chansons et complaintes*
*Sont par moi mises en oubliance.**)



no more, no more my trembling lute
Can wake for love some mournful
story,
Alike its altered chords are mute
'To gentle lays or themes of glory:
My art is lost, and all forgot
The tender strains, so sweet, so
moving;
I ponder but my hapless lot,
And start when others speak of
loving.
My soul declines in pensive thought,
A dreary gloom around me lingers,
My lips with idle words are fraught,
And wildly move my wand'ring fingers.

* "Poésies de Charles, Duc d'Orleans," éd. de Chalvet, 1809.

A cloud no sunshine can remove
 Hangs its dark shadowy pall above me ;
 I must not—cannot sing of love,
 For none are left on earth to love me !

(Reprenez ce larron souspir, &c.)*

TAKE back, take back those treacherous sighs,
 And spare me those enchanting smiles,
 Turn not on me those gentle eyes,
 Nor lure me with a thousand wiles :
 Thy beauty, source of every harm,
 Oh ! would its power I ne'er had known !
 For Heaven can tell what fatal charm
 Its magic o'er my soul has thrown !



(En regardant vers le pays de France.†)

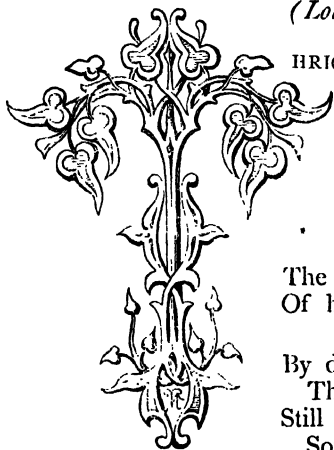
I stood upon the wild sea-shore,
 And marked the wide expanse,
 My straining eyes were turned once more
 To long-loved distant France !

* Chalvet.

† Ibid.

I saw the sea-bird hurry by
 Along the waters blue;
 I saw her wheel amid the sky,
 And mock my tearful, eager eye,
 That would her flight pursue.
 Onwards she darts, secure and free,
 And wings her rapid course to thee!
 Oh that her wing were mine, to soar,
 And reach thy lovely land once more!
 O Heaven! it were enough to die
 In my own, my native home,—
 One hour of blessed liberty
 Were worth whole years to come!*

(*Loué soit celui qui trouva.*†)



ONCE blest is he by whom the art
 Of letters first was taught!‡
 Sweet solace to the lover's heart,
 With painful memory fraught!
 When lonely, sad, and far away,
 His woes he may not tell,
 A letter can at once convey
 His secret thoughts—how well!
 The truth, the fond affection prove
 Of him, the faithful slave of love!

By doubt and anxious dread oppress,
 Though hope may be denied,
 Still to his watchful, trembling breast
 Some comfort is supplied;

And if she read with eye benign
 The tale he dares to trace,

* He was twenty-five years a prisoner in England.

† Chalvet.

‡ The similarity of these lines to those in Pope's epistle is remarkable:

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid," &c.

The duke, however, was well acquainted with the works of Heloise, having translated them, and the adoption of so natural an idea is not extraordinary in his situation.

Perchance each pleading, mournful line
 May yet obtain her grace ;
 And pity in her bosom move
 For him, the faithful slave of love !

For me, full well I know the joy
 This blissful art can give,
 And when new griefs my soul annoy,
 Its magic bids me live.
 To her I write, for whom alone
 My weary life I bear,
 To her make all my sorrows known,
 And claim her tender care.
 My chains, my bars it can remove,
 Though I be still the slave of love !

Oh that I could behold once more
 Those charms so vainly dear !
 That happy moment could restore
 The shade of many a year,
 And all my future life would prove
 How true a slave I am to love !



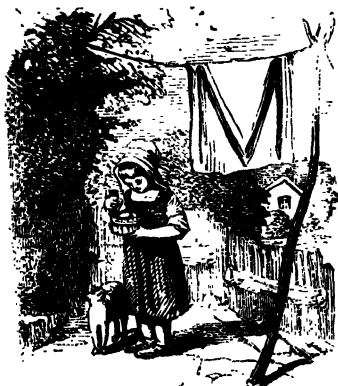
(*Amour, ne prenez desplaisir, &c.**)

FORGIVE me, Love, if I have dared
 To breathe the woes that from
 thee spring,
 If I thy name have little spared,
 And seldom sought thy praise to
 sing ;
 Forgive me that I murmured still,
 And strove to break thy flow'ry
 chain,
 Have spurned thy power with stub-
 born will,
 And would not linger in thy train.
 Thy utmost clemency I crave,
 And to thy empire humbly bow ;

The sage, the fool, each is thy slave,
And I was foolish until now.

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO HIM BY HIS
LADY.

(*Mon seul amy, mon bien, ma joye !*
 *&c.**)



My only love, my dearest, best,
Thou whom to love is all my
 care !
Be not thy heart with woe op-
 prest,
Nor yield thy thoughts to dark
 despair.
One sole design my thoughts can
 move,—
To meet, and cast our woes to
 air,
My dearest, best, and only love,
Thou whom to love is all my
 care !

Alas ! if wishes had the power
To waft me on their wings to thee,
The world could give no brighter hour,
Nor one desire be left for me,
Wert thou to this fond bosom prest,
My only love, my dearest, best !

ANSWER.

(*Je ne vous puis ne sçay amer, &c.*)

I CANNOT love thee, for my heart
Has not attained the blissful art

To love thee with the flame divine,
 Fit for a soul so pure as thine!
 Nor have I words the thanks to tell
 That in my trembling bosom swell,
 When those sweet lines, so kind, so dear,
 Make all my woes a dream appear.
 Oft to my lips those lines are prest,
 "My only love, my dearest, best!"

And yet I feel each tender word,
 Although brief comfort they afford,
 Add but new torture to my pain,
 Who have no joy to give again!
 Thou bidd'st me hope once more to see
 All that existence holds for me;
 That nought enduring love can do
 Shall be untried to join us two.
 Oh that the welcome light would gleam!
 But no! 'tis but a flatt'ring dream!

And when thy "wingéd wishes" fly
 To soothe my lone captivity,
 Ah! gentle, peerless as thou art,
 What bliss those wishes can impart!
 It is too much,—in vain I seek
 The transports of my love to speak,—
 I feel even I can yet be blest,
 My only love, my dearest, best!*

(De la regarder vous gardes, &c.†)

SHE is fair, but fatal too,
 Whom I serve with homage true;
 Turn away, and oh! beware—
 Look not on that brow so fair,
 For the heart is lost too soon,—
But to gaze is to be won.

* His wife, Bonne d'Armagnac, to whom these and many other of his verses are addressed, died before he returned from captivity.

† Chateaub.

And, if still thou wouldst be free,
 Linger not her form to view,
 Shun the snare that waits for thee,—
 She is fair and fatal too!
 Heaven has made her all divine,
 Ceaseless glories round her shine;
 Lest thy heart they should betray,
 In her presence turn away!



(*Fuyez le trait de doux regard, &c.**)

Far from Love's dang'rous glances fly,
 Thou whose weak heart no spell
 has charmed;
 And none thy valour shall decry,
 For to contend were vain, un-
 armed.
 Thou wilt be captive soon or late,
 When Love his fatal dart has
 thrown:
 Then thou must yield thyself to fate,
 But fly, ere yet he claims his own.
 Go, where Indifference waves on high
 Her banner in the temp'rate air,
 But Pleasure's tents approach not
 nigh,

Or all is lost,—in time beware!
 Unless thou walk'st in panoply.
 Far from Love's dang'rous glances fly.

L.A.V.

(*C'est fait! Il n'en fault plus parler.†*)

'Tis past!—oh, never speak again
 The word that has my peace undone:
 This the reward of years of pain,
 To be deserted—scorned—alone!

* Chalvet.

† Ibid.



No solace can my heart
obtain,
Alike all scenes, or sad
or gay,
'Tis past!—oh, never speak
again
The word that stole all
hope away!
What boots it that I would
not doubt her,
And idly sought her heart
to move?
She knew I could not live
without her,
Yet turned away and
spurned my love!
'Tis past!—my love and
her disdain—
Oh, never speak the word
again!

LAY.

*(N'est-elle de tous biens
garnie?*)*

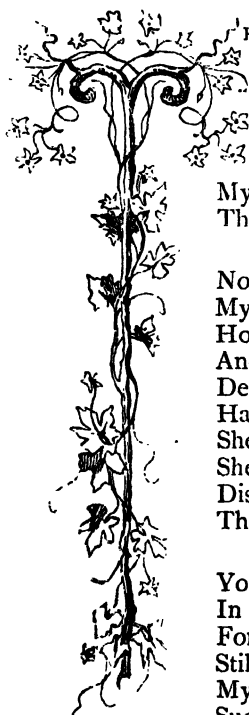
Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well?
On earth, in sea, or air,
Wheremay here equal dwell?
Oh! tell me, ye who dare
To brave her beauty's spell,
Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well?

Whether she speak or sing.
Be lively or serene,
Alike in ev'rything,
Is she not beauty's queen?

Then let the world declare,
 Let all who see her tell,
 That she is passing fair,
 She whom I love so well!

SONG OF THE MOUSE.

'Nouvelles ont couru en France.')*



HEY tell me that in France 'tis said
 "The captive Charles at length is dead."
 Small grief have they who wish me ill,
 And tears bedim their eyes who still
 Have studied vainly to forget,
 And, spite of Fate, are loyal yet.
 My friends—my foes—I greet you all,—
 The mouse still lives, although in thrall.

No sickness nor no pain have I,
 My time rolls onward cheerfully.
 Hope in my heart for ever springs,
 And to my waking vision brings
 Dear, absent Peace, whose long repose
 Has given the triumph to our foes:
 She comes to glad the world again,
 She comes with blessings in her train:
 Disgrace her enemies befall!—
 The mouse is living, though in thrall.

Youth yet may yield me many a day,
 In vain would age assert his sway,
 For from his gates my steps are far,
 Still brightly shines my beacon star;
 My eyes are yet undimmed by tears,
 Success and joy may come with years.
 Let Heaven above be thanked for all,—
 The mouse is living, though in thrall!

No mourning songs for me prepare,
 No mourning weeds shall any wear;
 Come forth in purple and in pall,—
 The mouse still lives, although in thrall.

(Le voulez-vous que vostre soye?)*

WILT thou be mine? dear love, reply—
 Sweetly consent, or else deny;
 Whisper softly, none shall know;
 Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

Spite of Fortune we may be
 Happy by one word from thee;
 Life flies swiftly,—ere it go,
 Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

*(Allez-vous-en, allez, allez!
 Soucy, soing et mélancolie, &c.)*



GONE, begone! away, away!

Thought and care and melancholy

Think not ling'ring thus to stay,—

Long enough has been my folly;

Reason now asserts her sway,

Begone, begone! away, away!

Should ye dare to come again

With your gloomy company,

May ye seek for me in vain,—

For henceforth my heart is free.

Hence! obscure no more my day,—

Begone, begone! away, away!



(*Dedans mon sein, près de mon
cœur, &c.**)

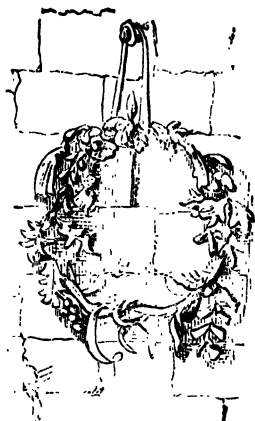
DEEP, deep within my heart concealed,
A dear, a precious treasure lies;
'Tis scarcely to myself revealed,
And cannot shine in other eyes.
There it exists, secure, alone,
And loves the home my bosom
gives;
Its life, its being are my own,
And in my breath it dies or lives.
How doubly dear that in a cell
So poor as where its beauties hide,

It would unknown for ever dwell,
Nor ask nor seek a world beside!
Oh, thou canst give this gem a name,
This life-drop in my frozen heart,
For from thy gentle lip it came,
And is of thee and love a part:
This secret charm of silent bliss
Long in my soul enshrined shall be,—
Thou know'st it is the tender kiss
That fond affection gained from thee!

(*Laissez-moi penser à mon aise—
Hélas ! donnez-m'en le loisir ! &c.†*)

OH, let me, let me think in peace!
Alas! the boon I ask is time!
My sorrows seem awhile to cease
When I may breathe the tuneful rhyme.
Unwelcome thoughts and vain regret
Amidst the busy crowd increase;
The boon I ask is to forget,
Oh, let me, let me think in peace!

For sometimes in a lonely hour
 Past happiness my dream recalls;
 And, like sweet dews, the fresh'ning shower
 Upon my heart's sad desert falls.
 Forgive me, then, the contest cease,—
 Oh, let me, let me think in peace!



(*Madame, le saurai-je jà ?**)

II ! shall I ever know if all
 The moments passed in pain,
 Since thou hast held my heart in thrall.
 Have withered thus in vain?
 If thou canst love or pity show,
 Oh ! tell me, shall I ever know?

If, when the tear swells in thine eye,
 Its source is my despair;
 If, when thy thoughts awake a sigh,
 My image may be there?

If thou canst aught but coldness show,
 Oh ! tell me, shall I ever know?

If when I mourn we should have met,
 Thou canst those words believe;
 If when I leave thee with regret,
 Our parting makes thee grieve?
 If thou canst love, canst fondness show.
 Oh ! tell me, shall I ever know?

(*Dieu ! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
 La gracieuse, bonne et belle ! &c.**)

HEAVEN ! 'tis delight to see how fair
 Is she, my gentle love !

'To serve her is my only care,
 For all her bondage prove.
 Who could be weary of her sight?
 Each day new beauties spring;
 Just Heaven, who made her fair and bright,
 Inspires me while I sing.

In any land where'er the sea
 Bathes some delicious shore,
 Where'er the sweetest clime may be
 The south wind wanders o'er,
 'Tis but an idle dream to say
 With her may aught compare,—
 The world no treasure can display
 So precious and so fair!

*(Dieu vous conduye, doux
 penser.*)*



HEAVEN conduct thee, gentle thought!
 May thy voyage happy prove;
 Come again, with comfort
 fraught,
 To the heart that faints with
 love.
 Not too long be thou away,
 Only for her pleasure stay.

I tell thee not, soft messenger,
 What I would have thee breathe to
 her,

For all the secrets of my soul
 Thou know'st are in thy own control.
 All that to her good may tend,
 All that may our sorrows end,
 All our vows so long have taught!—
 Heaven conduct thee, gentle thought.

CLEMENCE ISAURE.

Though the very existence of Clemence Isaure is disputed by the learned, yet the opinions of M. Alex. Dumège and of M. le Baron Taylor in her favour may at least excuse the introduction of her poems. The original is given in the Baron Taylor's magnificent and beautiful work, "*Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'Ancienne France*." (See Languedoc.)

Baron Taylor observes: "Clemence loved and was betrothed to a young knight, who was killed in a combat, and his faithful Clemence resolved to dedicate her remaining days to the Virgin. Her life appears to have been one tender and pious complaint."

She restored the *fêtes* of the *gai savoir*, and by her influence and her talents renewed all the glory of the Courts of Love. Her praises are sung by numerous contemporary poets.

M. Dumège thinks that this celebrated lady was born about 1450, and that her remains were translated to the ancient church of N. D. de la Daurade. He proposes to publish her poetry, with notes and a glossary, which will be extremely valuable. M. le Baron Taylor, in his peculiarly agreeable and amiable manner, playfully declines entering into the argument of the actual existence of this divinity of Toulouse, as he, in common with many of the friends of poesy, would rather believe that she is not merely a name.

The verses given as hers are at all events of the period ascribed to her, and possess much grace and feeling.

PLAINTÉ D'AMOUR.

(*Au sein des bois la colombe amoureuse.**)



THE tender dove amidst the woods all day
Murmurs in peace her long-
continued strain,
The linnet warbles his melodious
lay,
To hail bright spring and all
her flowers again!

Alas! and I—thus plaintive and
alone,
Who have no lore but love and
misery,
My only task—to joy, to hope
unknown—
Is to lament my sorrows and to
die!

(*Bella sazo, joentat de l'annada.*)

FAIR season! childhood of the year,
Verse and mirth to thee are dear,

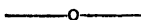
* Given by M. Dumège in modern French.

Wreaths thou hast, of old renown,
The faithful Troubadour to crown.

Let us sing the Virgin's praise,
Let her name inspire our lays,
She whose heart with woe was riven,
Mourning for the Prince of Heaven!

Bards may deem,—alas! how wrong!—
That they yet may live in song;
Well I know the hour will come
When, within the dreary tomb,
Poets will forget my fame,
And Clemence shall be but a name!

Thus may early roses blow,
When the sun of spring is bright;
But even the buds that fairest glow
Wither in the blast of night.



FRANÇOIS VILLON.

Of François Villon, Boileau, that oracle of French criticism, who appeared ignorant of the merits of the early French poets, has said:

"Villon sut le premier dans ces siècles grossiers
Débrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers."

If, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "much is due to those who first broke the way to knowledge, and left only to their successors the task of smoothing it," credit is due to Villon for what he effected; but his own works are so little pleasing, indeed, possess so little true poetry, as to be scarcely readable, and quite unworthy of translation. His language is nevertheless esteemed for the time in which he lived, his rhyme considered rich, his style easy, and his genius well suited to gay and lively compositions. Francis I. admired the works of Villon, and by his desire Clement Marot revised them: we see by his preface that he looked upon him as the best *Parisian* poet up to his own time, and made him his model in composition. It is difficult, particularly for a foreigner, to discover in what the beauties consisted which attracted such correct judges, and made them prefer him to all of the poets who had gone before, among whom were many so excellent as to make the reader not only forget the roughness of their garb, but regret that a greater polish bestowed on verse should have extinguished every spark of their delicacy, sweetness, and sublimity, to substitute a flippant, heartless, epigrammatic style, which, with few exceptions, mark French verse from this period, and render it inharmonious and uninteresting.

Villon was born in Paris in 1431. *Villon* signifying in old French the same as *fripot*, Clement Marot said of him :

"Peu de Villons en bon sçavoir,
Trop de Villons pour decevoir."

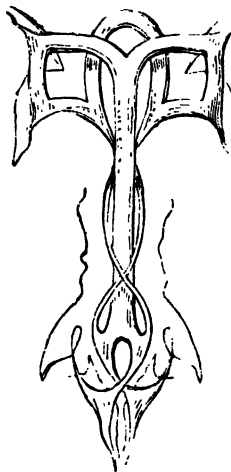
He appears to have been altogether a *mauvais sujet* : he was frequently imprisoned for those freaks of youth which in his time consisted "escamoter tout ce qui est propre à boire et à manger, et autres petites bagatelles pour s'amuser aux dépens d'autrui avec ses camarades." For one of these little *bagatelles* he was sentenced to be hanged ; * some great person interceded for him with Louis XI., and his sentence was commuted to banishment.

His work, as edited by Marot, begins with a humorous poem entitled "Le Petit Testament de Villon, ainsi intitulé sans le consentement de l'auteur," being a series of bequests principally of a ridiculous nature. The second and principal subject is called "Le Grand Testament," which Marot considers to be "plein d'érudition et de bon sçavoir : " it is not remarkable for poetical merit. Ballads and smaller pieces complete the collection. Were it not that he is regarded in some degree as the father of French verse, he would not have occupied a place in these pages.

See, for various particulars of him and his works, the Bibl. Franç., Nicéron, Moréri Barbin, &c.

BALLADE DES DAMES DU TEMPS JADIS.†

(*Mais où sont les neiges d'autan ? &c.*)



TELL me to what region flown
Is Flora the fair Roman gone?
Where lovely Thaïs' hiding-place,
Her sister in each charm and grace?
Echo, let thy voice awake
Over river, stream, and lake ;
Answer, where does beauty go?
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where is Eloïse the wise,
For whose two bewitching eyes
Hapless Abeillard was doomed
In his cell to live entombed?
Where the queen, her love who gave,
Cast in Seine a wat'ry grave?‡
Where each lovely cause of woe?
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where thy voice, O regal fair,
Sweet as is the lark's in air?

* M. Francisque Michel informs me that he has carefully perused all the registers of the Parisian Parliament at this epoch, preserved in the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, and that he has found no indication of the above sentence ; probably, therefore, the statement is a piece of gratuitous scandal.

† Edition de Paris, 1533.

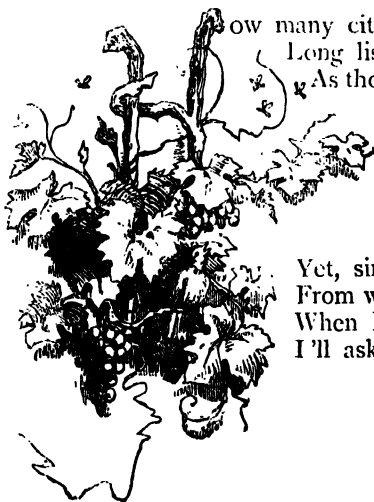
‡ See the reign of Louis X. for account of Marguerite of Burgundy and her proceedings.

Where is Bertha? Alix?—she
 Who Le Mayne held gallantly?
 Where is Joan, whom English flame
 Gave, at Rouen, death and fame?
 Where are all?—does any know?
 Where is fled the south wind's snow?

JEAN REGNIER.

Jean Regnier, Seigneur de Guerchi et Bailli d'Auxerre (where he was born), and counsellor of Phillippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, was contemporary with Villon. He must not be confounded with Mathurin Regnier, the satirist, who lived from 1573 to 1613.

(J'ai vu qu'on estoit bien joyeux.)*



How many cite with airs of pride
 Long lists of kindred well allied,
 As though they caught reflected worth!
 But what avails their vaunted
 birth?
 Though by the proverb we are
 told
 A friend is better far than
 gold,
 Yet, since my kindred sleep in peace,
 From whom I looked for some increase,
 When Fortune to my wish attends,
 I'll ask less kindred and more friends.

PIERRE MICHAULT.*

This poet was secretary of Charles the Bold. He has left two works, "*Le Doctrinal de Cour*," and "*La Danse aux Aveugles*," mingled verse and prose. The first is allegorical.

MORALITÉ.



OF, Fortune, Death, blind guides by
turns,
Teach man their dance, with
artful skill.
First, from Love's treacherous
wiles he learns
To thread the maze, where'er
he will.
Then Fortune comes, whose tune-
less measure
Bids him whirl and wind at plea-
sure,
Till, in the giddy dance, his feet
Lead him watchful Death to meet.

Thus follow all of mortal breath
The dance of Fortune, Love, and Death.

GUILLAUME ALEXIS.

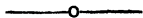
Guillaume Alexis, surnamed *Le Bon Moine de Lyre*, was a monk of that abbey, in the diocese of Evreux, and afterwards became Prior of Bussy, in Perche. He was living in 1505, but the date of his birth is not known, nor that of his death. He has left many poems *rondeaux*, ballads, and *chants royaux* in honour of the Virgin. Those which are most worthy of attention are "*Le grant Blazon des faulces amours*," and "*Le Passe-temps de tout homme et de toute femme*," from which the following is taken.

* L'Abbé Goujet.

L'AVARE.

(*L'homme convoiteux est hatif, &c.**)

HE who for selfish gain would live,
Is quick to take and slow to give,
Knows well the secret to refuse,
And can his niggard deeds excuse.
If aught he gives, will straight repent,
Holds all as lost he may have spent;
His gold counts daily o'er and o'er,
And seeks in books no other lore;
From morn to night is restless still
To watch how soon his coffers fill;
Sighs, listens breathless at a sound,
Lest lurking spies should hover round;
Cares not to pay; at each demand
Doles forth his coin with trembling hand:
He gives but that his gains may grow,
And gains not ever to bestow;
Free, if to others goods belong,
But on his own his clutch is strong:
To give his miser hand is closed,
To take his eager palm exposed.



MARTIAL DE PARIS.

Martial de Paris, *dit* d'Auvergne, was born in 1440, at Paris, where he exercised for forty years the functions of Procureur du Parlement. He died 13th May, 1508. His principal poem is entitled "*Les vigiles de la mort du Roi Charles Sept.*," and is very long, containing a faithful account, year by year, of the events of that reign.

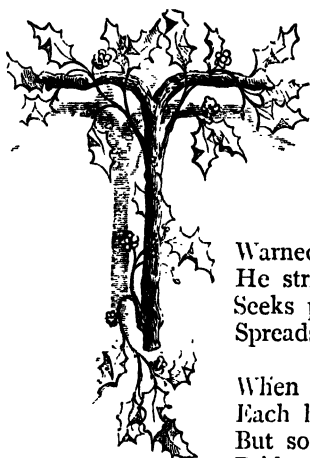
* L'Abbé Goujet.

Benoist Court says that he was an Auvergnat, and had the surname of Paris from being established there. He was one of the most celebrated writers of his time. His "Arrêts d'Amour" were very popular. His description of the lady judges of the Court of Love is curious, and exhibits a custom of the period :

"Leurs habits sentoient le cyprès
Et le musc si abondamment
Que l'on n'eust seu estre au plus près
Sans éternuer largement.
Outre plus, en lieu d'herbe vert,
Qu'on a accoustumé d'espandre,
Tout le parquet estoit couvert
De romarin et de lavandre," &c.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

(Princes qui ont de la misère.)



THE prince who fortune's falsehood
knows
With pity hears his subjects' woes,
And seeks to comfort and to heal
Those griefs the prosperous cannot
feel.

Warned by the dangers he has run,
He strives the ills of war to shun,
Seeks peace, and with a steady hand
Spreads truth and justice through the land.

When poverty the Romans knew,
Each honest heart was pure and true,
But soon as wealth assumed her reign,
Pride and ambition swelled her train.

When hardship is a monarch's share,
And his career begins in care,
'Tis sign that good will come, though late,
And blessings on the future wait.

(Mieux vaut liesse, &c.)

DEAR the felicity,
Gentle, and fair, and sweet,
Love and simplicity,
When tender shepherds meet :



Better than store of gold,
Silver and gems untold,
Manners refined and cold,
Which to our lords belong.
We, when our toil is past,
Softest delight can taste,
While summer's beauties last,
Dance, feast, and jocund song ;
And in our hearts a joy
No envy can destroy.

LEMAIRE DE BELGE.

Jean Lemaire, surnamed De Belge, was born at Bavai, a small town of Hainault (said to be the capital of the ancient province of Belgium), in 1473. He was patronized by Marguerite of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and of the heiress of Burgundy. He published verses entitled "*Regrets de la Dame infortunée*," being on occasion of the sorrow of Marguerite for the death of her brother, Philip I. of Spain.

He wrote by her desire "*Illustrations des Gaules*," a singular work on the Church, Legends of the Venetians, and a History of Ismael Sophi. Also "*La Couronne Margueritique*," in honour of his protectress, who, after having been promised to several princes, married at length Philibert, Duke of Savoy. To her he addressed his "*Letters of the Green Lover*." He attached himself to Anne de Bretagne, and called himself her "*Secrétaire Indiciare*," that is to say, historiographer. To her he dedicated the third part of his "*Illustrations*;" the second being to Mad. Claude de France, only daughter of that princess, who became the wife of François Ist. The title of his famous work is "*Epîtres de l'Amant Vert*," addressed to Madame Marguerite Auguste par son Amant Vert;" in 1510 they appeared. The first contained five hundred verses, the second four hundred, and that no mistake might arise as to their author, he signed them

"Lemaire de Belge."
"De peu assez."

He calls her "*La fleur des fleurs, le choix des marguerites*."

M. l'Abbé Sallier, and M. l'Abbé Goujet, who have both spoken much on the subject of Lemaire (in *Mém. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, et Bibliothèque Française*), conceived the "*Amant Vert*" to be really a lover who assumed a green habit, and died of grief on the departure of his lady-love. They are astonished that the delicacy and propriety of her character did not suffer from the open avowal he makes of her favours, and suppose his insignificance protected him from resentment; when the fact is, as was told them by an anonymous writer in the "*Mercur*" (and indeed which the poems themselves might have shown), that this presumptuous and daring boaster was no other than a *green parrot*, of a species very rare at that time in France and the Low Countries, though grey, red, and various coloured parrots were known. It was an Ethiopian bird presented to the Archduke Sigismond of Austria, uncle to Maximilian; Sigismond gave it to Mary of Burgundy, his nephew's wife. Mary dying, it came into possession of her daughter, Marguerite, who was much attached to it; but when she went to Germany, it is supposed the bird died of regret. By a fiction, pleasing enough, "*l'Amant Vert*" is transported after death to the Elysian Fields, where his spirit meets many other animals remarkable in history: this circumstance alone seems sufficient to explain the *nature* of the lover who has given rise to so much discussion.

Lemaire was, in his time, one of the most celebrated oratorical poets, and his language was very pure; he was a great historian and wrote a laborious work, "*Illustrations de la France et des Gaules, contenant quelques singularités de Troye*."

Ronsard is indebted to him for the finest parts "*de cette belle hymne sur la mort de la Roynne de Navarre*."—*Bibl. Franç.*

In his first work, entitled "*Temple d'honneur et de vertu*," which appeared in 1503, he calls himself in the title-page the disciple of Molinet, whose relation he was.

ADIEU OF THE GREEN LOVER.*

(*Ah! je te prie.*)

I do implore thee, O my lady dear,
When that this heart a soul no longer warms,—
Though for my sake might start the tender tear,—
To guard thy bosom from all fond alarms;—

* Edition Paris, 1519. The device by which he distinguished himself was "*De peu assez*."

I would not mar with grief those lovely eyes,
 Nor have thee heave for me distressful sighs,
 For as on earth I caused thee only joy,
 I would not prove a source of thine annoy.

EPITAPH OF THE GREEN LOVER.

(Sous ce tombel.)

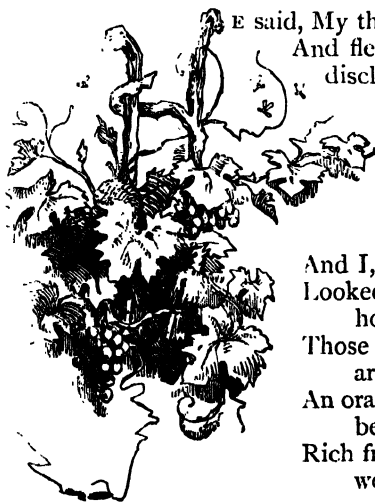
BENEATH this tomb, in gloom and darkness cast,
 Lies the Green Lover, faithful to the last ;
 Whose noble soul, when she he loved was gone,
 Could not endure to lose her and live on !

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARADISE

INTO WHICH L'AMANT VERD IS CONDUCTED BY MERCURY.

*(Ainsy dit-il, et je luy rendy graces ;
 Puis il s'en volc, &c.)*

EPITRE DE L'AMANT VERD.



He said, My thanks I duly paid ; he rose
 And fled, nor trace the yielding clouds
 disclose.

Soft was the air, as sapphires
 clear and light,

The zephyrs balmy, and the
 sunbeams bright ;

The west wind's sigh was
 never more benign,

And I, content with such a lot as mine,
 Looked round for some retreat to mark
 how gay

Those spirits wandered clothed in fair
 array :

An orange bough I chose, whose leaves
 between

Rich fruit and flowers in fragrant pomp
 were seen.

There I beheld the sparkling waters round,
 Whose clasping arms this glorious island bound ;
 Tranquil, unmoved, beneath the genial ray,
 Clear, as of purest crystal formed, they lay.
 The lofty isle rose from its wat'ry bed,
 With verdant meads and shady valleys spread ;
 But there, though warm the sun his beams had thrown,
 Was heat's excess and parching drought unknown.
 Thus all was smiling, all was blooming round,
 And divers painting* seemed to stain the ground.

While all I marked delighted o'er and o'er,
 Close by my side, though unperceived before,
 A Lucid Spirit† sat,—his plumage fair,
 Crimson and scarlet, fluttered in the air ;
 And after him, upon the orange bough,
 Came troops of birds in many a shining row,
 So rich, so gay, so bright their gorgeous dress,
 Vain were all words to tell their loveliness.

Believe me, princess, on each loaded stem,
 Whose leaves formed round an emerald diadem,
 Alighting at an instant, crowding came
 Birds of all note, all plumage, and all name :
 These flitted round about in joyous sort,
 And carolled sweet, and hailed me in their sport.
 But still the Lucid Spirit stood confest,
 His ruby wings more radiant than the rest ;
 Than roses fairer far his form appeared,
 And thus he spoke, while all attentive heard :

THE RUBY SPIRIT.‡

“Welcome, dear brother, to these valleys green,
 Thrice welcome art thou to our blissful glades ;

* *De diverse peinture.*

† *Un esprit clair.*

‡ *L'Esprit Vermil.* It appears that the Esprit Vermeil was also a paroquet, whose fate had been similar to that of l'Amant Verd, owing his death to

“Les cruelz dentz d'une fiere jennette
 Come tu as d'un levrier deshonneste.”

When introduced into Tartarus by Mercury, the Green Lover sees these two cruel animals tormented for their crimes, amidst a host of others too tedious to mention.

No greater joy my thankful mind has seen,
 Than thus to hail thy spirit in our shades,
 To find that death thy glory could not tame,
 And that thy mem'ry lives in endless fame.
 But chief I joy that from the cherished spot
 Thou com'st where once was cast my happy lot,—
 Even from that gorgeous palace, rich and bright,
 Where Burgundy and Austria's hands unite.

* * * * *

My charms the royal Mary's heart could prize,
 And thou wert dear in royal Marg'ret's eyes.

Together, then, let us for ever live,
 In all the bliss this Paradise can give,
 Nor cross again the fatal gulf, but prove
 Amidst these groves and flowers eternal love;
 The doves and turtles shall their vows renew,
 And we, with tender looks, their peace shall view;
 All fair and good are these that round thee throng,
 And to them all these ceaseless joys belong.

First on the noble Phoenix turn thy gaze,
 Whose wings with azure, gold, and purple blaze;
 The painted pheasant and the timid dove,
 And swallows, who the willow islands love;
 The lonely pelican, and nightingale,
 Who woos the ear with her melodious tale;
 The brilliant goldfinch, who to learn applies;
 Bold cocks, whose diligence with valour vies;
 The bright canary, and the sparrow light,
 The tuneful blackbird, and the swan, snow-white.
 The lively lark, the crane, who joys to rest
 High on some favourite tower beside her nest;
 The friendly stork, and royal eagle view,
 And hundreds round of various form and hue:
 All gay, and beautiful, and blest they come,
 To hail thy spirit to its native home.*

* Here a concert is performed by all the birds in honour of the new-comer, after which the *Cher Esprit* resumes his introduction.

Their chorus done, the noble parrot plumed
 In purple state, his courtesy resumed,
 And, with kind care, my rapt attention drew
 On every side where throngs appeared in view,
 Of various creatures, who, for worthy deeds,
 Had gained a place in these celestial meads.

Tripping along th' enamelled plain, my eye
 On Lesbia's sparrow glanced admiringly,
 That happy bird by beauty so adored,
 And since in strains of noblest verse deplored ;
 The goose who saved the capitol I hailed,
 The crow whose merits Pliny has detailed ;
 The snowy falcon of the Roman king*
 Flitted amongst the rest on glittering wing,
 In honour great, though bird of prey beside
 Might not within this peaceful realm abide.

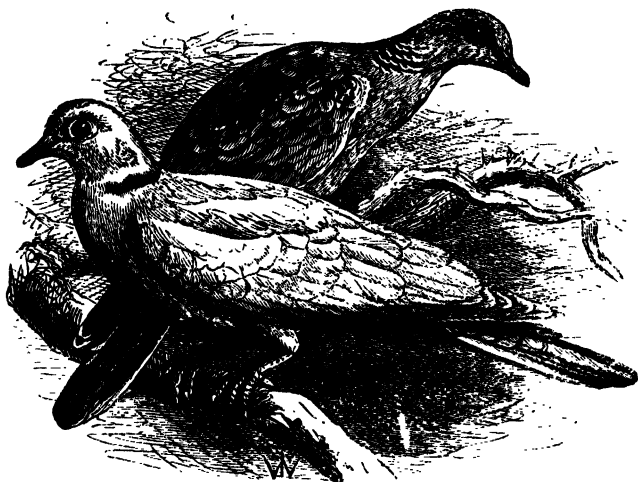
Two turtle-doves, the selfsame offered pair
 When Jesus did His circumcision bear ;
 And the good cock that bade St. Peter know
 His fault, and caused his sorrowing tears to flow ;
 The pigeon† who for shelter vainly sought,
 And back the olive-branch to Noah brought ;
 The eagle of great Charles's mighty line,
 The swan of Cleves, the Orleans' porcupine.
 All these with Bretagne's ermine‡ loved to stray,
 And waste in careless sport the livelong day ;
 While in the flowers' soft bells reposed at ease,
 Faint with their fragrant toil, those golden bees
 Which, when sweet slumbering in his cradle laid,
 Their store to Plato's infant lips conveyed.

The fly in Virgil's tuneful page enshrined,
 And, leaping 'midst the verdure unconfined,

* "Le Gerfaut blanc du haut roy des Romains."

† There is a curious medley of objects, sacred and profane, in this enumeration: a vice of the time. Heraldic animals are also pressed into the service.

‡ The order of the ermine was erected by Francis I., Duke of Bretagne. Its epigraph is the word "Amairé."—ASHMOLE. It is, however, attributed to Conan, from whom the first Dukes of Bretagne draw their origin, who, marching through Bretagne with his army, a terrified



I marked the locusts that St. John sustained,
 While he amidst the desert's wilds remained ;
 And there the camel—crowned with glory—strayed,
 Whose skin the sacred hermit's clothing made.
 The ass, who bore the Virgin's blessed form ;
 The ox, who bade his breath at midnight warm
 The holy Child within His manger bed ;
 The paschal lamb ; the sheep that Jason led
 To seek her golden fleece ; St. Vast's good bear,
 And virtuous Anthony's sage hog were there ;
 The faithful dog who brought St. Roch his food ;
 And there the bear, who reared in solitude
 The valiant Orson ; and the she-wolf blest
 Who Rome's great founder as his nurse confest.

St. Jerome's lion roved the woods among ;
 St. George's valiant horse passed swift along,

ermine took shelter under his shield, and he accordingly adopted an ermine for his device, with this motto : " *Malo mori quam fœdari.*" The same order of the ermine of Naples, instituted 1463, had this motto.

With proud Bucephalus; Montagne the strong;
 And Savoy,* erst the charger of King Charles,
 Than whom no nobler breathed from Rome to Arles;
 And Bayard† too, by Aymon's son beloved,
 Who once in Ardennes' thickest forests roved.
 St. Marg'ret's lambs played near those happy steeds,
 And all the flock she tended in the meads.
 Here, arbour'd in a flowery grove, were placed
 The two fair stags the holy huntsmen chased,
 St. Eustace and St. Hubert. Feeding near
 The gentle doe to good Sartorius dear.
 The greyhound Brutus, known by deeds of worth;
 Lusignan's serpent, whence derive their birth
 Princes and kings. Yet deem not strife nor fear
 Between these various creatures enter here:
 Though far more num'rous than my muse can tell,
 In endless peace and harmony they dwell.‡

JEAN MESCHINOT.

Jean Meschinot, ecuyer, Sieur de Mortières, was born at Nantes, and was surnamed "Le Banni de Liesse," from his having assumed this title in a *Requête* in prose, presented to Francis II., last Duke of Bretagne, who died 9th September, 1488.

The reason of this denomination was some real or supposed misfortunes of which he frequently complains, though its nature he does not explain, in his works. He says in this *Requête* that he is more than fifty years of age, or that for that number of years he was attached to the Dukes of Bretagne, for the manner in which he expresses himself leaves his

* A charger ridden by Charles VIII. at the battle of Fernoue, in 1495.

† The horse of Rinaldo of Moptalban, who, after the banishment of his master, refused to let any one mount him. The traitor Ganelon having undertaken to do so, Bayard threw him, and rushing away into the forest of Ardennes, was supposed to live there for many years afterwards.—See *Bib. Bleue*.

‡ The description of this Paradise cannot but remind the reader of the Land of Cockayne:

"Ther beth briddes mani and fale
 Throstil, thruisse, and nigtingal,
 Chalandre,* and wodwale,
 And other briddes without tale,
 That stinteth neuer bi har might
 Miri to sing dai and nig,"—MS. *Harl.* 913.

* This is explained erroneously by Warton as meaning *goldfinch*, and Ellis explains it as "woodlark;" the *Chalandre* is described by Maître Jehan Corbichon as a marvellous bird "quite white, which foretells by its looks, whether a sick man shall die or recover." See a quaint description of this bird also in BOSSWELL'S *ARMORY*.

meaning in doubt. He more clearly alludes to his having served Duke John VI., surnamed the Good and Wise, who died in 1442, from his childhood. He was his *maître d'hôtel*, and continued in this employment under three successive dukes, and finally under Anne of Bretagne, and remained in that capacity when she became Queen of France.

He died on the 12th Sept., 1509, at a very advanced age, having held the above offices upwards of sixty years.

His works consist of poems entitled "*Les Lunettes des Princes*." The author thus accounts for the singularity of his title: "*Saches, lui dit la raison, en lui présentant les lunettes allégoriques dont il s'agit, que je leur ay donné à nom 'les Lunettes des Princes,' non pour ce que tu soyes prince ne grant seigneur temporel: car trop plus que bien loin es-tu d'un tel état valeur ou dignité; mais leur ay principalement ce nom imposé pour ce que tout homme peut estre dict prince en tant qu'il a receu de Dieu gouvernement d'âme.*"

He also wrote ballads, and moral and scriptural pieces. Also "*La Plainte de la Ville de Nantes*," which was placed under an interdict by Amaury d'Acigné, Bishop of Nantes, in 1462. In general in the diverse works of Meschinot may be found examples of the most singular rhymes and verse; but two Huitains are the most peculiar in this style. One of them is thus prefaced: "*Les huit vers ci-dessous escrits se peuvent lire et retourner en trente-huit manières.*" The other thus: "*Ceste oraison se peut dire par 8 ou par 16 vers tant en rétrogradant que autrement; tellement qu'elle se peut lire en 32 manières différentes, et à chascune y aura sens et rime, et commencer toujours par mots différents qui veult.*" The Abbé Goujet excuses himself from giving these specimens, assuring the reader that, however the author may boast of rhyme, no *reason* will be found in the poems.

(*Princes, vous n'estes d'autre alloi, &c.**)



PRINCES, are ye of other clay
Than those who toil from day to day?
Be subject to the laws, for all,
Even like the meanest serf, shall fall.
Go view those dismal vaults, where piles
Of nameless bones deform the aisles;
Say, can ye tell amidst the throng
Which to the noble frame belong,
Which to the wretch who lived obscure,
Condemned each hardship to endure?
Neither can then distinction claim,—
All shall return from whence it came!

ON JOHN, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

PROUD to the proud, and gentle to the good,
Prudent in deeds, in words benign and sage,
His promise in all times unshaken stood,
Ne'er to dishonour known from youth to age;
May Heaven receive him in his proper sphere,
Who was the father of all virtues here!

JEHAN MOLINET.

Jehan Molinet was a poet contemporary with Meschinot, and a disciple of Georges Chastellain. Very little is known of his life, and only a part of his works are published. The MS. which is preserved in the library of the cathedral of Tournay is more complete than the printed edition published in Paris, 1531 (black letter). It is entitled "*Les Faits et Dictz de feu de bonne mémoire Maistre Jehan Molinet, contenant plusieurs beaulx Traictez, Oraisons et Chants Royaulx.*" The subjects are various—it begins with several orisons to the Virgin and different saints. One to St. Anne may give an idea of the absurdity of the style:

"Ton nom est Anne et en Latin *Anna*.
Dieu tout-puissant qui justement t'anna,
Veult qu'à l'anne tu soies comparée;
Quatre quartiers une très juste anne* a;
Quatre lettres en ton nom amena,
Par quoy tu as juste et bien mesurée,
Quatre vertus sont dont tu es parée."

After having made a *measure* of the saint, he converts her into a *tree*, and embarrasses himself strangely between the two comparisons.

In fine, his only merit consists in the extraordinary quantity he produced, accumulating rhyme on rhyme with incredible facility; but like a dance in fetters, though he surmounted the difficulties in which he placed himself, his performance is anything but agreeable.

But among the historical pieces of Molinet, one, the most worthy of attention, is that in which he continues the Recital "*Des Choses Merveilleuses arrivées de son Temps,*" begun by Georges Chastellain, in which many events are noticed, as the death of the Duc de Clarence, drowned in "*malvoisie*" "*to prevent his being thirsty,*" and among others the following *sight* is recorded:

"J'ay veu grant multitude
De livres imprimés,
Pour tirer en estude
Povres mal argentés;
Par ces nouvelles modes
Aura maint ecolier
Décret, Bibles et Codes
Sans grant argent bailler."

He was an intimate friend of Cretin, and also of Charles Bordigné. The only known work of the latter is "*La Légende de Maistre Pierre Faifeu ou les gestes et dictz joyeux de Maistre Pierre Faifeu Escolier d'Angers*" it is divided into forty-nine chapters, very droll, and written with spirit. He is sometimes dignified by the title of *Prebste*, but is extremely severe on the clergy. The following will give an idea of his style; they will scarcely bear translation

"De Pathelin n'oyez plus les cantiques,
De Jehan de Meun la grant jolyveté;
Ne de Villon les subtiles trafiques,
Car pour tout vrai ils n'ont que nacqueté.
Robert le Diable a la teste abolye,
Bacchus s'endort et ronfle sur la lye.
Laissez ester Caillette le folastre,
Les quatre fils d'Aymon vestuz de bleue,
Gargantua qui a cheveux de plastre;
Voyez les Faits Maistre Pierre Faifeu.
Le prince Ovide a déchiffré Baratre,

* *Anne* for *aune*, a measure.

† A similar conceit is to be found in the Spanish poet, the Visconde de Altimira, beginning thus:

"TO THE VIRGIN.
"La *M* madre te muestra,
La *A* te manda adorar," &c.—BOUTERWECK.

Du Roy Pluton tout l'énorme théâtre :
Ce n'est rien dit, mettez tout dans le feu.
Messire Virgille en plaignant sa marastre-
Voyez les Faits Maistre Pierre Faifeu !"

WILLIAM CRETIN.

The censure applicable to the v
de

ve praise. He addresses an epigram to him in which he styles him "So Poète François," and at his death wrote an epitaph lauding him to the skies as immortal by his talent, and calling him "Cretin qui tout savoit."

Jean Lemaire speaks of him in equally high terms, and Geoffrey Tory is bold enough to advance, that in his "Chronique de France" he has, by the eloquence of his style, surpassed Homer, Virgil, and Dante. But little is known of his life; all that can be collected is, that he was born at Paris, was treasurer of the Holy Chapel of Vincennes, and afterwards Chantre de la Sainte-Chapelle de Paris, and that he lived under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.; it is very probable that he died in 1525. Rabelais, however, considered his poetical claims in their true light, and ridicules him under the name of Rominagrobis, whom Panurge consults on his marriage; he introduces the following lines, which are actually to be found among the poems of Cretin.

"Prenez-la, ne la prenez pas.
Si vous la prenez, c'est bien fait.
Si ne la prenez, en effet
Ce sera ouvré pas compas.
Gallopez, mais allez le pas.
Recueillez, entrez-y de fait.
Prenez-la, ne la prenez pas.
Jusnez, prenez double repas.
Defaites ce qu'estoit refait,
Refaites ce qu'estoit desfait,
Souhaitez-lui vie et trepas,
Prenez-la, ne la prenez pas."

"MIEUX QUE PIS."*

(*Les faitz d'amour sont œuvres de faerie.*†)

LOVE is like a fairy's favour,
Bright to-day, but faded soon;
If thou lov'st and fain wouldst have her,
Think what course will speed thee on.

* His device.

† L'Abbé Goujet.

For her faults if thou reprove her,
 Frowns are ready, words as bad ;
 If thou sigh, her smiles recover,
 But be gay, and she is sad.
 If with stratagems thou try her,
 All thy wiles she soon will find ;
 The only art—unless thou fly her—
 Is to seem as thou wert blind.

JEHAN MAROT.

Jehan Marot was born near Caen, and was secretary and poet of Anne of Brittany, and afterwards *valet de chambre* of Francis I. He married at Cahors, and became father of the celebrated Clement Marot, who succeeded him as valet to the king on his death, which happened in 1517. His principal works are "La Description des deux Voiages de Louis XII. à Gènes et à Venise;" "Le Doctrinal des Princesses," twenty-four *Rondeaux*, Epistles, &c., and *Chants Royaux*.

"NE TROP NE PEU."*

(*Par faux rapport.*†)



y evil tongues how many true and
 kind

Have been a prey to grief
 and foul disgrace !

Alas ! when slander with her
 stealthy pace

Has reached the goal, more
 venomous her trace

Than adders or than toads can
 leave behind.

A ruffian's steel gives not the
 fatal wound

That in the stab of evil tongues is found ;

His device.

† Edit. de Lyon, 1537.

For slander lives on poison as her food ;
 The pure she persecutes, and lauds the ill ;
 And if in vain she seek to harm the good,
 Attacks her own vile race with artful skill ;
 Nay, rather than forego her spleen and hate,
 Even of herself will curséd slander prate !



(*Mort ou mercy.**)

Oh ! give me death, or pity show !—

I know my time is passed in vain ;
 Despair still urges me to go,

But love will linger on in pain.

Alas ! my love, thou know'st too well
 What my fond glances hourly tell ;
 My heart entreats thee, lost in woe,
 Oh ! give me death, or pity show !

If this sad heart has been to thee

Loyal and patient of thy scorn,

At length its state with mercy see,

Nor cast it forth, unmarked, forlorn ;

But if 't is false, or could betray,

Let death at once its crime repay :

Let one or other end my woe.

Oh ! give me death, or pity show !



PIERRE GRINGORE.

This poet flourished from 1500 to 1554.

ON LEARNING AND WEALTH.

(Il fut jadis une femme de nom.)*



NCE on a time a worthy dame,
 When anxious friends bade her
 decide
 Whether her son should rise to
 fame
 By wealth or learning, thus
 replied :
 " 'Tis true that knowledge has
 its worth,
 But riches give far higher state ;
 For never saw I, since my birth,
 A rich man on a wise man wait.
 But can the scholar do without

His aid who riches can bestow ?
 My son then shall, beyond all doubt,
 Be rich—if I can make him so."

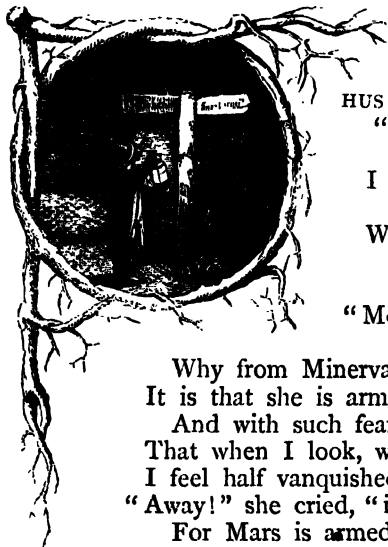
ON MARRIAGE.

THOU wilt be wed !—so let it be,—
 But ill will follow thee, 't is plain,
 For married folk, it seems to me,
 Are ever in some care or pain :
 Better to say " Shall I do thus ?"
 Than sigh " Which is the best for us ?"

JACQUES COLIN,

Abbé de St. Ambroix de Bourges, ordre de St. Augustin, born at Auxerre, reader and secretary of Francis I.

CUPID JUSTIFIED.



.. (*Venus faisant à son fils sa
complainte.**)

HUS angry Venus chid her son :

“Behold,” she said, “what ill
you do !

I am your mother, and undone,
I, most, your cruel malice rue ;
While, what to me is worst of all,
Your wrongs on Pallas never
fall.”

“Mother,” he answered, “shall I
tell

Why from Minerva’s frown I start ?

It is that she is armed so well,

And with such fear inspires my heart,
That when I look, with strange amaze,
I feel half vanquished at her gaze.”

“Away!” she cried, “it is not so !

For Mars is armed, and fiercer far,
Yet he is doomed your force to know,
And ever waged unequal war.”

“Mother,” he said, “much more my pride

Did he defy, resist my skill,
But scarcely are my arrows tried,

At once he yields him to my will.

And thou, sweet mother, since he chose thee,
Would hardly wish him to oppose me.”

* L’Abbé Goujet.

CLÉMENT MAROT.

Clément Marot was the son of Jehan Marot, and was born at Cahors in Quercy; he succeeded his father as *valet de chambre* to the king, Francis I., and having followed this prince to the battle of Pavia, was there wounded in the arm, and taken prisoner, as he himself recounts in this first elegy:

"Ià fut percé tout outre rudement
Le bras de cil qui t'aime loyaument;
Non pas ce bras dont il ha de coustume
De manier ou la lance ou la plume:
Amour encore te le garde et réserve
Et par escrits veut que de loing te serve.
Finalement avec le roi mon maistre
De là les Monts prisonnier se vid estre," &c.

Marot was called *Le Poète des Princes, et le Prince des Poètes*, and is considered to have rendered important service to the French language. Boileau thus speaks of him:

"Imitons de Marot l'élégant badinage."

The sonnet, madrigal, and *rondeau* owe him much, but in epigram he appears principally to have succeeded; his works are numerous, and discover great facility of composition.

Not only was he held in the highest esteem in his own time, but the poets of succeeding ages have looked up to him as to a master. The following lines of Charleval, written in a copy of Marot lent by him to a lady, are characteristic:

"Les œuvres de Maître Clément
Ne sont point gibier à dévoté;
Je vous les prête seulement,
Gardez bien qu'on vous les ôte:
Si quelqu'un vous les escamote,
Je le donne au diable Astarot.
Chacun est fol de sa marotte,
Moi je le suis de mon Marot."

The translation of the Psalms by Marot became so popular, that all other songs were abandoned for them; each of the royal family and nobility chose one, and arranged it to some favourite ballad tune. They seem to have superseded the customary devices, or mottoes, so prevalent at that period. The dauphin (afterwards Henry II.), who delighted in hunting, chose "Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruires" (Like as the hart, &c.), which he constantly sung in going to the chase. Diane de Poitiers chose "Du fond de ma pensée" (From the depths of my heart, O Lord). The queen, "Ne vueilles pas, O sire" (O Lord, rebuke me not, &c.). Anthony, King of Navarre, "Revenge-moy, pren ma querelle" (Stand up, O Lord, and revenge my quarrel, &c.), to the air of a dance of Poitou.

Calvin, at the same period, was framing his Church at Geneva, and adopted Marot's Psalms, which were set to simple and almost monotonous tunes by Guillaume de Franc, and they became at length a mark of the sect, spreading through all the reformed Churches. The Catholics, taking the alarm, gave up Clément's Psalms in dismay, and they were shortly forbidden under the severest penalties to sing them. In the language of the orthodox, Psalm singing and heresy were synonymous terms.

Warton remarks, relative to the rage which took possession of the gay court of Francis I. for Clément Marot's new subject of composition: "Either tired of the vanities of profane poetry, or rather tinctured privately with the principles of Lutheranism, he attempted, with the assistance of his friend, Theodore Beza, and by the encouragement of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris, a version of David's Psalms into French verse. This translation, which did not aim at any innovation in the public worship, and which received the sanction of the Sorbonne, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine, he dedicated to his master Francis I. and to the ladies of France. In addressing the latter, whom he had often before eulogized in the tenderest or most complimentary strains, he seems anxious to deprecate the raillery which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed how to find an apology for turning saint. Conscious of his apostasy from the levities of life, in a spirit of religious gallantry he declares that his design is to add to the happiness of his fair readers by substituting divine hymns in the place of *chansons d'amour*, to inspire their susceptible hearts with a passion in which there is no torment, to banish that fickle and fantastic deity, Cupid, from the world, and to fill their apartments with the praises, not of *le petit Dieu*, but of the true Jehovah.

"E voz doigts sur les espinettes
Pour dire saintes chançonnettes."

He adds that the golden age would now be restored ; we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with songs and canticles ; and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator.

These translations soon eclipsed the brilliancy of his madrigals and sonnets. They sold so rapidly that the printers could not supply the public with copies fast enough. In the festive and splendid court of Francis I. of a sudden nothing was heard but the Psalms of Clément Marot.

When Clément and his former friend, the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, quarrelled and became bitter enemies, she sought occasion to accuse him of heresy, and disclosed a confession he had made to her, of having eaten meat in Lent, for which he was imprisoned. This was the origin of his lampoon : "Prenez-le, il a mangé du lard !" Diana was as fierce a persecutor of the Huguenots as the wife of her royal lover, Catherine de Médicis.

The "bouche de corail précieux," which he had once so much praised, did not spare accusations against the unlucky poet. He could, however, boast of the regard of the greatest princes of the age ; among the most distinguished were François Premier, Charles V., Renée, Duchesse de Ferrare, and Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, in whose service he was during his youth.

He died at Turin, in 1544, aged about sixty. His epitaph by Jodelle is as follows :

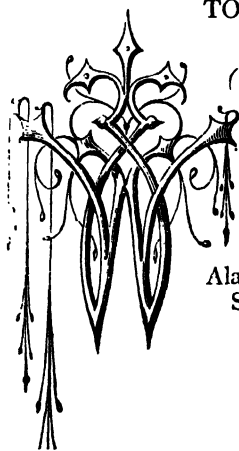
"Quercy, la Cour, Piémont, tout l'Univers,
Me fit, me tint, m'enterra, me connut,
Quercy mon los, la Cour tout mon tems eut,
Piémont mes os, et l'Univers mes vers."

That which is inscribed on his tomb in the church of St. Jean de Turin is thus expressed :

"Icy devant, au giron de sa mère,
Gist des François le Virgile et l'Homère.
Cy est couché et repose à l'envers
Le nompereil des mieux disans en vers.
Cy gist celui que peu de terre couvre,
Qui toute France enrichit de son œuvre.
Cy dort un mort, qui toujours vif sera
Tant que la France en François parlera.
Brief, gist, repose et dort en ce lieu-cy
Clément Marot de Cahors en Quercy."

TO ANNE, WHOSE ABSENCE HE REGRETS.

(*Incontinent que je te voy venue, &c.**)



WHEN thou art near to me it seems
As if the sun along the sky,
Though he awhile withheld his beams,
Burst forth in glowing majesty ;
But like a storm that lowers on high,
Thy absence clouds the scene again,—
Alas ! that from so sweet a joy
Should spring regret so full of pain !

ON THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

(Qui dort icy? &c.)

WHO slumbers here?—to ask how idly vain!—
 Behold, 'tis Venus,—spare thy queen's repose:
 Awake her not, thou may'st escape her chain,
 But thou art lost if once her eyes uncloze.

ON THE SMILE OF MADAME D'ALBERT.

DIXAIN.

*(Elle ha très bien ceste gorge
d'albâtre.)*

HOUGH clear her cheek, all
 light her eye,
 Music her voice, and snow
 her breast,
 That little smile of gaiety
 To me is dearer than the rest.
 With that sweet spell, where'er she
 goes
 She makes all pastime, all delight,
 And were I prostrate with my woes,
 And fainting life had closed in
 night,

I should' but need, existence to restore,
 That lovely smile that caused my death before.*

* This idea will remind the reader of Pope's line:

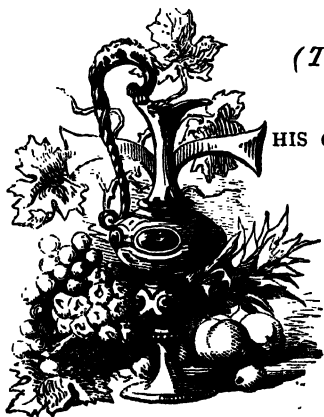
"And, at her smile, the beau revived again." ^d

These forced metaphors were the fashion of the age, and long retained their rank in French poetry, from the time that compliment took the place of real feeling.

ON THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

(Entre autres dons de grâces immortelles.)

WITH store of gifts, and num'rous graces fraught,
 While from her pen such wit and wisdom fall,
 How comes it, I have sometimes idly thought,
 That our surprise is, at her power, so small?
 But when she writes and speaks so sweetly still,
 And when her words my tranced sense enthrall,
 I can but blush that any, at her skill,
 Can be so weak as be amazed at all.

*(Tu m'as donné au vif ta face peinte,
&c.)*

HIS dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
 'Tis true, is painted with a
 master's care,
 But one far better still my heart
 can trace,
 For Love himself engraved the
 image there.
 Thy gift can make my soul blest
 visions share,
 But brighter still, dear love, my
 joys would shine,
 Were I within thy heart impressed
 as fair,
 As true, as vividly, as thou in mine !

(Dès que m'amie est un jour sans me voir, &c.)

My love, if I depart a day,
 Believes it four with little trouble ;
 But if still longer I delay,
 Makes out the time much more than double :

If I my quiet would restore,
'Twere well I never saw her more !

How different is our passion shown !—
Say, ye to whom love's cares are known,
She in my absence mourns in pain,
And I, when in her presence, die ;
Decide, ye slaves of Cupid's reign,
Which loves the better, she or I ?

DU DÉPART DE S'AMIE.

(*Elle s'en va de moy la mieux aymée, &c.*)



SHE leaves me ! she, beloved so long,
She leaves me, but her image
here
Within my heart impressed so
strong,
Shall linger till my latest tear.
Where'er she goes, on her my
heart relies,
And thus relying, is unknown
to care ;
But ah ! what space divides her
from my eyes,
And scatters all our joys in
empty air !
Farewell, sole beauty that my
eyes can view,
And oh ! farewell my heart's enjoyment too !

HUITAIN.

(*Plus ne suis ce que j'ay esté, &c.*)

I AM no more what I have been,
Nor can regret restore my prime ;
My summer years and beauty's sheen,
Are in the envious clutch of Time.

Above all gods I owned thy reign,
 O Love! and served thee to the letter;
 But, if my life were given again,
 Methinks I yet could serve thee better.

EPIGRAMME À L'IMITATION DE MARTIAL.

D'UNE QUI SE VANTE.

(Vous estes belle en bonne foye.)

YES, you are fair, 't is plain to
 see,—
 They are but blind who
 should oppose it;
 And you are rich all must
 agree,
 None can deny, for each man
 knows it;
 Virtuous you are, by ev'ry rule,—
 Who questions it is but a fool;
 But, when you praise yourself,
 you are
 Neither virtuous, rich, nor fair.

TO DIANE DE POICTIERS.

(Puisque de vous je n'ai autre visage, &c.)

FAREWELL! since vain is all my care,
 Far, in some desert rude,
 I'll hide my weakness, my despair;
 And, 'midst my solitude,
 I'll pray that, should another move thee,
 He may as fondly, truly love thee!

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven !
 Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms !
 Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
 Which love inhabits and illumes !
 Your rays have fallen but coldly on me,—
 One far less fond, perchance, had won ye !



À ANNE* POUR ESTRE EN SA
 GRACE.

(*Si jamais fust un Paradis en terre, &c.*)

H ! if on earth a Paradise may be,
 Where'er thou art methinks it may be
 found ;
 Yet he who seeks that Paradise in
 thee,
 Will find more pains than pleasures
 there abound :
 Yet will he not repent he sought the
 prize,
 For he is blest who suffers for those
 eyes :
 What fate is his, whose truth thy heart
 shall move,
 By thee admitted to that heaven of love ?

I know not—words his happiness would wrong,—
 His fate is that which I have sought so long !



* Anne de Pisseleu, Duchesse d'Etampes.

LA REINE DE NAVARRE.

Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Charles d'Orléans, Duc d'Angoulême, sister of Francis I., was born at Angoulême, 11th of April, 1492. She was celebrated for her beauty and talent, no less than for her tender attachment to her illustrious brother, Francis I., whom she attended in Spain, when he was prisoner, with the most devoted affection, and who returned her tenderness with equal fondness. She patronized letters and the arts and encouraged genius; her works are numerous and display great taste. She survived her royal brother only a year, dying in 1549, and was buried at Poissy.

The following lines were addressed by her to Clément Marot, who had complained to her of the persecution of his creditors:

"Si ceux à qui devez comme vous dites,
Vous connoissoient comme je vous connois,
Quittez seriez des debtes que vous fîtes,
Le tems passé, tant grandes que petites,
En leur payant un dixain toutefois,
Tel que le vostre qui vaut mieux mille fois
Que l'argent dû par vous en conscience:
Car estimer on peut l'argent au poids:
Mais on ne peut (et j'en donne ma voix)
Assez priser votre belle science."

Marot showed these lines to his creditors, and we may judge of the effect they produced by the following reply of the poet:

"Mes créanciers, qui de Dixain n'ont cure,
Ont leu le vostre; et sur ce leur ay dit:
'Sire Michel, sire Bonaventure,
Le seur du Roy a pour moi fait ce dit.'
Lors eux cuidans que fusse en grand crédit,
M'ont appellé monsieur, à cry et cor;
Ils m'a valu votre escript autant d'or:
Car promet-on non seulement d'attendre,
Mais d'en preter (foy de marchand) encor;
Et j'ai promis (foy de Clément) d'en prendre."

They may be thus rendered:

LINES OF MARGUERITE.

"If those to whom some sordid gold
you owe
Knew your exelling genius as I know,



They would not urge you thus, but hold you free,
 Even for one effort of your minstrelsy.
 Such lays as yours are worth far more than all
 They may your debts, however num'rous, call :
 Coin may be weighed, but who has power on earth
 To tell the measure of your muse's worth ?"

And those of Clément thus :

" My creditors, who little prize the muse,
 Could not to list your melody refuse,
 To them I said, ' Good sirs, attend, I pray,—
 The princess framed for me this flatt'ring lay.'
 They, seeing that my credit stood so high,
 With many a courteous gesture made reply.
 The magic of your lines to me is great,
 For not alone they promise now to wait,
 But, on a tradesman's word, to *lend* they proffer,
 And I, on Clément's word, accept their offer."

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER, FRANCIS THE FIRST.

(*Je n'ay plus ny père ny mère, &c.**)



is done ! a father, mother, gone,
 A sister, brother, torn away,
 My hope is now in God alone,
 Whom heaven and earth alike
 obey.
 Above, beneath, to Him is known,
 The world's wide compass is His
 own.

I love,—but in the world no more,
 Nor in gay hall or festal bower,
 Not the fair forms I prized before,
 But Him, all beauty, wisdom,
 power,
 My Saviour, who has cast a chain
 On sin and ill, and woe and pain !

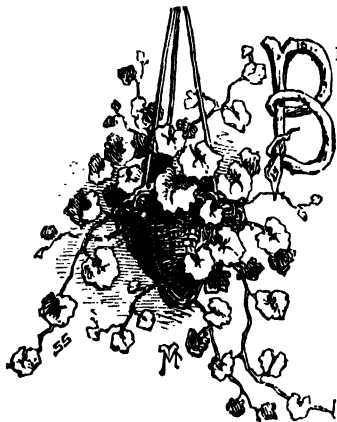
I from my mem'ry have effaced
 All former joys, all kindred, friends ;
 All honours that my station graced
 I hold but snares that fortune sends ;
 Hence ! joys by Christ at distance cast,
 That we may be His own at last !

* L'Abbé Goujet.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.*

EPITAPH ON FRANCOISE DE FOIX.†

(*Sous ce tombeau gist Françoise de
Foix.*)



NEATH this tomb De Foix's fair
Frances lies,
On whose rare worth each
tongue delights to dwell;
And none, while fame her virtue
deifies,
Can with harsh voice the meed
of praise repel.
In beauty peerless, in attractive
grace,
Of mind enlightened, and of
wit refined;
With honour, more than this weak
tongue can trace,
Th' eternal Father stored her
spotless mind.

Alas! the sum of human gifts how small!
Here *nothing* lies, that once commanded all!

ON PETRARCH'S LAURA.

(*En petit lieu.*)

A LITTLE space contains a mighty fame,—
Labour and thought, learning and verse combined,
To give immortal lustre to thy name,
Were conquered by thy lover's matchless mind:

* Auguis, "Poètes François."

† The subject of this epitaph was the unfortunate Countess de Chateaubriant, beloved by the king, and, in consequence, the victim of her husband's jealousy, who, during the captivity of Francis in Spain, caused her to be taken to his castle, and there had her bled to death, in 1526. Her tomb is in the church of the Mathurins at Chateaubriant, and bears the above inscription, with this motto round, "Prou de moins, peu de telles, point de plus." The epitaph is sometimes given to Clément Marot.

O gentle soul! so tenderly esteemed,
 We honour thee with silent, tearful gaze,
 For words can nought but empty air be deemed,
 When the bright subject is beyond all praise!

EPITAPH ON AGNÈS SOREL.*

(Ici dessoubz des belles gist l'eslite.)

HERE lies entombed the fairest of the fair:
 To her rare beauty greater praise be given
 Than holy maids in cloistered cells may share,
 Or hermits that in deserts live for heaven.
 For by her charms recovered France arose,
 Shook off her chains, and triumphed o'er her foes.

MADRIGAL.

(Le Mal d'Amour.)



LOVE! thy pain is more extreme
 Than those who know thee not may
 deem;
 What in all else were transient
 care
 Is fraught to lovers with despair:
 Complaint and sorrow, tears and
 sighs,
 A lover's restless life supplies;
 But, if a beam of joy arise,
 A moment ends his miseries.

* Agnès Soreau, or, as she is usually called, Sorel, was of Touraine. Mezeray thus describes her: "Damoiselle fort agréable, et généreuse, mais qui allant de pair avec les plus grandes princesses et faisant, tant qu'elle pouvoit, éclater sa faute, donnoit de l'envie à la cour et du scandale à toute la France."

She died in 1449, not without suspicion of poison, and the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., who was her known enemy, was strongly suspected of being the instigator of her murder. Her devotion to Charles VII., and the benefit he derived from her advice, is well known.

TO THE DUCHESS D'ESTAMPES.

(Est-il point vrai.)

Is it a dream, or but too true,
That I should fly you from this hour,
To all our fondness bid adieu?—
Alas! I would, but want the power.
What do I say?—oh, I am wrong!—
The power, but not the will, have I;
My heart has been a slave so long,
The more you give it liberty,
The more a captive at your feet it lies,
When you command what every glance denies.



HENRY THE SECOND.*

TO DIANA OF POICTIERS.

(Plus ferme foy.)

MORE constant faith none ever swore
To a new prince, O fairest fair!
Than mine to thee, whom I adore,
Which time nor death can e'er impair.
The steady fortress of my heart
Seeks not with towers secured to be;

* The famous Quatrain of Nostradamus, the astrologer, is as follows relative to the death of Henry II., who was killed in a tournament by a thrust from the lance of Montgomery through the bars of his gilt helmet. It was made four years before the event :

“ Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique par singulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crévera.
Deux plaies une, puis mourir ! mort cruelle ! ”

The lady of the hold thou art,
 For 't is of firmness worthy thee :
 No bribes o'er thee can victory obtain,
 A heart so noble treason cannot stain !*

MELLIN DE ST. GELAIS.

Mellin is said to have been the son of Octavien de St. Gelais, Sieur de Lansac, Bishop of Angoulême, who, in the reign of Louis XII., translated into tolerably elegant verse certain "Rapsodies" of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. Mellin, however, greatly surpassed his father, and has even been considered above Marot and Du Bellay in epigram. He was called l'Ovide François, and had great reputation for the neatness and grace of his style. By some he is thought to have first introduced the sonnet into France from Italy, the poetry of which country he was master of. He excelled in short pieces for music, which he executed with taste on the lute and guitar.

HUITAIN.

(*Soupirs ardens.*)



O, glowing sighs, my soul's
 expiring breath,
 Ye who alone can tell my
 cause of care ;
 If she I love behold un-
 moved my death,
 Fly up to heaven, and wait
 my coming there.
 But if her eye, as ye believe
 so fain,
 Deign with some hope our sor-
 row to supply,
 Return to me, and bring my soul
 again,
 For I no more shall have a
 wish to die.

* This poem is sometimes attributed to Joachim du Bellay, and may be found in the edition of his works, Rouen, 1597, among the "Olive de du Bellay." In August's "Poètes François" (Paris, 1825, 8vo.) it is given to Henry II.

QUATRAIN.

(Dis-moi, ami.)*

WHICH is the best to choose I'd fain be told,
Great store of learning, or great store of gold?
I know not, but the learned, all can tell,
Pay court to those whose purse is 'plenished well.

SIXAIN, ON A LITTLE LUTE.

(Pour un luth, bien petit je suis.)

I AM a little lute, 'tis true,
But if my numbers could subdue
My master's mistress' cruelty,
Methinks my rank as glorious then
Amongst the race of lutes would be,
As Alexander's amongst men.

LOUISE LABÉ.

Louise Labé, called La Belle Cordière, was born at Lyons, in 1526; at fifteen she disguised herself in male attire, and joined the army, where she particularly distinguished herself at the siege of Perpignan, in 1542; she was then known as Le Capitaine Louis. Amongst other acquirements she possessed that of managing a horse with perfect skill. A cavalier for whom she long preserved a tender regard, discovered her sex, and persuaded her to resume her proper station. According to the descriptions given of her, and the portrait at the head of her works, she must have been possessed of much beauty. On her return to Lyons her father thought of marrying her: it appears that the campaign of Perpignan, far from having injured her reputation, had gained her celebrity, and made her an object of much interest. A man who had a large trade in ropes, and was very rich, possessing several valuable houses in Lyons, proposed for her, and was accepted. They appear to have lived very happily together, but he died at the end of a few years, leaving no children. From this time till 1566, when she died, aged about forty, her life was passed in the most pleasing manner imaginable. Her fortune was large, she had a fine house in the street still called by her name, which, as she tells us in

her works, was magnificently furnished, with a beautiful garden. Here she drew together the best company in Lyons, and all the strangers of talent who passed through the city. She was mistress of Greek and Latin, Italian and Spanish, sang and played on all sorts of instruments with infinite grace. She had collected a library of the best works in various languages. Surrounded with admirers of her charms, her talents, and her knowledge, she triumphed in the midst of this circle. Her poems were printed during her life at Lyons, in 1555. She dedicated them to Clemence de Bourges, a Lyonnese lady, who was at that time her intimate friend, but with whom she afterwards disagreed. The cause was this: both were handsome and full of talent, but Clemence was the younger; the latter was in love with a young officer, whose duty obliged him frequently to quit Lyons: Clemence addressed verses to him, and communicated them to her friend, to whom she continually expressed her fondness for him. The young man returned, Louise found him very agreeable, and soon distinguished him by attentions to which he was not insensible. His infidelity was suspected by Clemence, who accused her friend of gaining his affection from her, and their friendship was suddenly broken with a violence which caused much sensation at the time. The unfortunate Clemence was unable to support the sorrow this adventure caused her, or rather, perhaps, her lover's death, which happened soon after. She died young, and the regrets of all Lyons followed her to the tomb.

There is no kind of praise, says the Abbé Goujet, which the contemporaries of Louise Labé have not given her. La Croix du Maine speaks of her as very learned, and excelling both in prose and verse; he adds that her *anagram* was "Belle à soy" (*soulait*). Paradin, who knew her, says in his History of Lyons, that "elle avoit la face plus angélique qu'humaine; mais ce n'estoit rien en comparaison de son esprit, tant chaste, tant vertueux, tant poétique, tant rare en sçavoir qu'il sembloit qu'elle estoit créée de Dieu pour estre admirée pour un grand prodige entre les humains."

Her poems consist in three elegies and twenty-four sonnets: the collection begins by an ingenious dialogue in prose, entitled "Le Débat de Folie et d'Amour." The cause is tried before Jupiter, Apollo pleads for Love, Mercury for Folly. Jupiter declines giving judgment, "pour la difficulté et importance de vos différens opinions," &c., and recommends them to make up matters as well as they can between them. The first sonnet is in Italian. She has been called a second Sappho, and was held in extraordinary esteem.

SONNET XIV.

(*Tant que mes yeux pourront larmes espandre.**)



WHILE yet these tears have power to flow

For hours for ever past away;

While yet these swelling sighs allow

My falt'ring voice to breathe a lay;

While yet my hand can touch the chords,

My tender lute, to wake thy tone;

While yet my mind no thought affords,

But one remembered dream alone,

I ask not death, whate'er my state:

But when my eyes can weep no more,

My voice is lost, my hand untrue,

And when my spirit's fire is o'er,

Nor can express the love it knew,

Come, death, and cast thy shadow o'er my
fate.



ELEGY.

(D'un tel vouloir le scrif point ne désire.)

THE captive deer pants not for freedom more,
Nor storm-beat vessel striving for the shore,
Than I thy blest return from day to day,
Counting each moment of thy long delay:
Alas! I fondly fixed my term of pain,
The day, the hour, when we should meet again:
But oh! this long, this dismal hope deferred
Has shown my trusting heart how much it erred!
O thou unkind! whom I too much adore,
What meant thy promise, dwelt on o'er and o'er?
Could all thy tenderness so quickly fade?
So soon is my devotion thus repaid?

Darest thou so soon to her be faithless grown,
Whose thoughts, whose words, whose soul is all thine own?
Amidst the heights of rocky Pau thy way
Perchance has been by fortune led astray,
Some fairy form thy wand'ring path has crost,
And I thy wavering, careless heart have lost;
And in that beautiful and distant spot,
My hopes, my love, my sorrow are forgot!

If it be so,—if I no more am prized,
Cast from thy memory like a toy despised,
I marvel not with love that pity fled,
And all that told of me and truth is dead.
Oh, how I loved thee!—how my thoughts and fears
Have dwelt on thee, and made my moments years!
Yet, let me pause,—have I not loved too well,
Far more than even this breaking heart can tell?
Have we not loved so fondly, that to change
Were most impossible, most wild, most strange?
No: all my fond reliance I renew,
And will believe thee more than mortal true:
Thou'rt sick!—thou'rt suff'ring!

—Heaven, and I away!

Thou'rt in some hostile clime condemned to stay!
Ah, no! ah, no! Heaven knows too well my care,
And how I weary every saint with prayer;
And it were hard if constancy like mine
Gained not protection from the hosts divine.
It cannot be!—thy mind, too lightly moved,
Forgets in change and absence how we loved;
While I, in whose sad heart no change can be,
Contented suffer, and implore for thee!
Oh, when I ask kind Heaven to make thee blest,
No crime, methinks, is lurking in my breast,
Save, when my soul should all be given to prayer,
I fondly pause, and find thy image there!

Twice has the moon her new-born light received
Since thy return was promised and believed;
Yet silence and oblivion shroud thee still,
Nor know I of thy fortune, good or ill.

Though for another I am dead to thee,
She scarce, methinks, can boast of fame like me,
If in my form those charms and graces shine,
Which, some have said, the world esteems as mine.
Alas! with idle praise they crowned my name;
Who can depend upon the breath of fame?
Yet not in France alone the trump is blown,—
Even to the Pyrenees and Calpe flown,
Where the loud sea washes that frowning shore,
Its echo wakes above the billows' roar;
Where the broad Rhine's majestic waters flow,
In the fair land where thou art roaming now;
And thou hast told to my too-willing ear
That gifted spirits held my glory dear.

Take thou the prize which all have sought to gain,
Stay thou where others plead to stay in vain;
And oh! believe none may with me compare,—
I say not she, my rival, is less fair,
But that so firm her passion cannot prove,
Nor thou derive such honour from her love!
For me are feasts and tourneys without end,
The noble, rich, and brave for me contend;
Yet I, regardless, turn my careless eye,
And scarce for them have words of courtesy.
In thee my good and ill alike reside,
In thee is all,—without thee, all is void!
And, having thee alone, when thou art fled,
All pleasure, all delight, all hope is dead!
And still to dream of happiness gone by,
And weep its loss, is now my sad employ!
Gloomy despair so triumphs o'er my mind,
Death seems the sole relief my woes can find,
And thou the cause!—thy absence, mourned in vain,
Thus keeps me ling'ring in unpitied pain:
Not living,—for this is not life, condemned
To the sharp torment of a love contemned!

Return! return! if still one wish remain
To see this fading form yet once again;

But if stern Death, before thee, come to claim
 This broken heart and this exhausted frame,
 At least in robes of sorrow's hue appear,*
 And follow to the grave my mournful bier;
 There on the marble, pallid as my cheek,
 These graven words my epitaph shall speak:
 "By thee love's early flame was taught to glow,
 And love consumed her heart who sleeps below:
 The secret fire her silent ashes keep,
 Till by thy tears the flame is charmed to sleep!"



SONNET VII.

(*On voit mourir toute chose animée,
 &c.*)

DOES not, alas! all nature fade away,
 If from the fragile form the soul
 depart?
 I am that body,—thou its better
 part,—
 Where art thou?—why this cruel, sad
 delay?
 Thy pity will, perchance, arrive too
 late.
 Ah! soul so prized, so fondly loved,
 beware!

Too long thou leav'st me to consuming care,
 And hast resigned my part in thee to fate.
 Return! but, O my soul, with caution come,
 Lest in our meeting danger lurk unseen;
 Return with gentle greeting to thy home,
 Nor let one frown sever thy beauty screen:
 Let me forget that sorrow has been mine,
 And see thy glories all unclouded shine!

* This resemblance to the epistle of Eloisa appears more than accidental; indeed, the whole elegy seems formed on the complaints of Eloisa and Sappho.

ISAAC HABERT.

Isaac Habert was the nephew of François Habert, who wrote under the title of *Le Bailli de Liesse*, and *Le Banni de Liesse*, of whose verses the following extract from his "*Epistres Héroïdes*" may give a general idea. He exhorts his readers to devotion and the study of the Gospel:

"Ce Testament c'est le livre accompli,
Des dons de Dieu exorné et rempli;
Livre de vie et résurrection,
Du vrai salut et de rédemption;
Livre plus beau qu'un Roman de la Rose
Et qui du sang de Jésus Christ s'arrose;
Livre plus beau que celui de Gauvain
Et Lancelot, dont le langage est vain;
Plus excellent ni que Perceforest,
Ni chevaliers errans en la forest," &c.

François Habert translated three books of "*La Chrysopée ou l'Art de faire de l'or*," a Latin poem by Aurelius Augurellus.

His comedy of "*Le Monarque*" has for its hero Sardanapalus. He published a great many poems on various events relating to the royal family, their deaths, marriages, and births, &c. He took for his motto "*Fy de soulas*."

His brother Pierre also wrote, but was less celebrated, yet his works contain little that is interesting or capable of being rendered into English.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

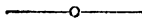


THESE pearls, this branch of coral fine,
These emeralds and rubies fair,
This liquid amber, all are thine,—
I would they were more rich and rare,
That I might give them all, and more,
And see thee smile to take my store.
Oh! I would add my heart beside,
But that thou hadst long, long ago:
Come to me, love,—my boat shall glide,
And we will search the caves below,
And draw my nets, that only wait
For thee to yield their finny freight.

Let us together live and love,
Forget thy coldness and thy pride;
The lights of heaven are bright above,
The moon is glittering o'er the tide;
The winds are low, the waves asleep,
I, only I, awake and weep!
Ye scaly people of the wave,
Ye mermaids of each sparry cave,



Ye know my sorrows, and can tell
 That I have served—how long, how well !
 But still, the deeper is my care,
 The more unnoticed is my prayer.
 O love ! my nets too much delay,
 They tremble with their finny prey ;
 The winds are low, the billows sleep,
 I, only I, awake and weep !



JACQUES TAHUREAU DU MANS.

TO ESTIENNE JODELLE.

(Quand tu naquis.)

WHEN first within our nether sphere
 Thou saw'st the light, the gods above,
 With all the demigods, that near
 The throne of regal brightness move;

With all the goddesses, whose eyes
Give light and glory to the skies,
Fraught with each influence benign,
Inscribed in characters divine
Upon the planet of thy birth,
"Behold! a poet born to earth!"

All Parnassus at the word
Round thy cradle crowding came,
Hailing thee their priest and lord,
Who in France should spread their fame:
Garlands on thy brow they flung,
And with hymns each echo rung,
Hymns of pride, of joy, and mirth,—
"Lo! a poet born to earth!"

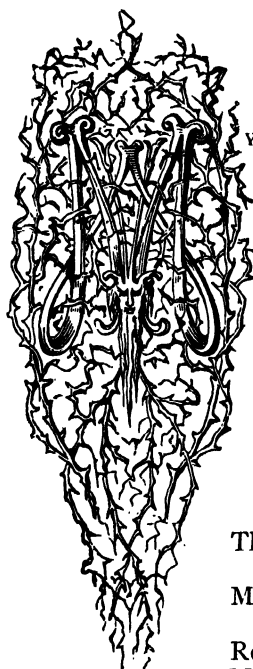
The nymphs that through the forests stray,
And in the waves delight to sport,
The wanton fauns and sylvans gay,
Who in each sunny glade resort,
Joined in the strain, till every hill,
And rock, and cave, and mountain round,
And meadow, grove, and dancing rill,
Jocund caught the cheerful sound,
And all together hailed thy birth,
"Lo! a poet born to earth!"

Even while yet thy infant lyre
Bade our bards attend with pride,
Strains, that breathed immortal fire,
Far excelling aught beside;
Straight their harps awoke thy praise,
And fair girls, with violets crowned,
Tuned the most entrancing lays,
Rich in music's sweetest sound,
To proclaim and bless thy birth,—
"Lo! a poet born to earth!"* •

* From the edition of his works, Paris, 1574, "*mises toutes ensemble et dédiées au Reverendissime Cardinal de Guise.*"

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, FRANCIS II.

(En mon triste et doux chant.)

My lute awakes a mournful strain,
 My eyes are sadly cast
 Tow'rd scenes that tell of woe and
 pain,
 Of joys too dear to last;
 And in despair and in lament
 My early years must now be spent.

Alas! has fate a pang in store
 That may with mine compare?
 Condemned to suffer and deplore,
 Though born with hopes so fair:
 My withered heart can find no room
 For aught but visions of the tomb!

Though few, my early blighted years
 An age of grief have known,
 My op'ning bud of youth in tears
 And sad regret has blown:
 Regret and hopes, both frail and vain,
 My sole variety of pain!

What once all beautiful and gay
 My cheerful heart could see,—
 What once could make a summer day
 Is wintry gloom to me;
 All that had power to please or charm
 Wears now the stamp of fear and harm.

My trembling heart and eye can trace
 One thought, one form alone,
 And in the paleness of my face
 My misery is shown.

I wear the colours of my fate,
Hopeless, abandoned, desolate!

Restless I fly from spot to spot,
But vainly may I range,
For sorrow will not be forgot,
Despair admits no change :
Alike whate'er may grieve or bless,
My mind is its own wilderness!

The morn may rise in beauty gay,
The vesper star may glow,
The woods may echo many a lay,
The murmuring waters' flow ;
But in my soul, where'er I rove,
Swells the deep pang of parted love.

Oh ! if I cast a glance aside
Where once his step has been,
I see his form, his brow, his smile,
Though clouds seem drawn between ;
My eyes, all drowned in tears, present
The image of his monument.

If sleep a short oblivion brings
To woes no time can heal,
We talk of long-accustomed things,
His fond caress I feel :
Whate'er I do, whate'er betide,
He seems still lingering by my side.

In vain on Nature's charms I gaze,
To me all dark they seem ;
Whate'er her boundless store displays
Appears an empty dream :
No talisman the world can show
To end my all-absorbing woe.



Be still, my lute, no more complain ;
 Thy theme must ever be
 Eternal love that mourns in vain
 A hapless destiny :
 Your lays, my tears, can nought restore,-
 We parted, and we meet no more !*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Joachim du Bellay, said to be a native of Angers, was related to the Cardinal du Bellay: he died of apoplexy 1st January, 1560, aged thirty-five years; he was buried in the church of Notre Dame de Paris, of which he was canon and archdeacon. Queen Marguerite esteemed him greatly, as did also Henry II., who gave him a considerable pension. He is considered the greatest poet, with Ronsard, of his time: he is compared by Scaliger to Catullus, and shares the title of the French Ovid with many others. His facility and grace in French poetry was such, that it is said he was accustomed to swear by Apollo: "Qu'Apollon ne soit jamais à mon aide, si cela n'est." His Latin compositions are also esteemed. He is one of those who were distinguished by the sounding title of "Poète de la Péciale."

SONNET IN A SERIES ENTITLED "L'OLIVE."

(*Si nostre vie.*†)

IF our life is scarce a day
 On vast Time's eternal shore,
 And each year sweeps far away
 Joys and hopes that come no more ;
 Since all perish that have birth,
 Why, my captive soul, delight
 In our dark abodes of earth,
 When a region fair and bright
 Woos thee with its ecstasies,
 And thy wings expand to rise ?

* An apology is, perhaps, necessary for introducing the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, among the poets of France. But as France was the country of her adoption, as the recollection of her happiness there was never effaced from her memory, and as she wrote in French, her claim to a place in the "Parnasse Français" may probably be not unwillingly conceded.

† Edit de Rouen, 1592.

There is rest we seek in vain ;
There all good and pleasure reign ;
There the beauty thou may'st find
 Which for ever haunts my mind !



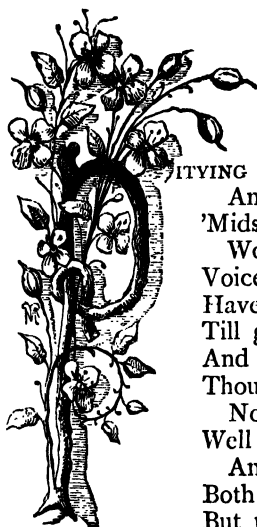
SONNET DE "L'OLIVE."

*(Qui nombré a quand l'astre qui plus beau,
 &c.)*



AY, canst thou number all the stars
 that gleam
 Along the silent air in dazzling
 light,
 And form an everlasting diadem
 For the dark tresses and clear brow
 of night ?
 Know'st thou how many flowers attend
 the Spring ?
 How many fruits fair Autumn's bounties
 bring ?
 Know'st thou each jewelled cave that
 hidden lies,
 Where the bold mariner directs his
 sail ?

Or canst thou count the vivid sparks that rise
 Where Etna and Vesuvius' fires prevail?
 How many billows rush with angry roar
 Against the barrier of the foamy shore?
 If these thou know'st, perchance thy tongue may tell
 Her charms, her virtues, whom I love so well!



TO ECHO.

(Piteuse voix, qui escoutes mes pleurs, &c.)

HEARING voice that hear'st my care,
 And so long with me hast strayed
 'Midst rocks and woods, and seem'st to share
 Woes my tears have oft betrayed;
 Voice, whose accents clear and sweet
 Have learnt "Olivia" to repeat
 Till grove and dell Olivia name,
 And our fate appears the same;
 Thou alone my heart hast found,
 Noble nymph! with pity moved,
 Well thou know'st the secret wound,
 And, like me, too much hast loved.
 Both alike in anguish pine,
 But my grief is more than thine!

IN "OLIVE."

(Rendez à l'or ceste couleur qui dore, &c.)

GIVE back the gold that tints each curl,
 Give back a thousand treasures bright;
 Give to the east those teeth of pearl,
 And to the sun those eyes of light.
 The ivory of thy hands restore,
 The marble that thy brow discloses;
 Those sighs to every opening flower,
 And of thy lips the pilfered roses;
 That glowing cheek to early morn,
 To Love the spells that from him sprung

That grace, those smiles, of Venus born,
 And to the skies that heavenly tongue.
 Thy name* yon tree proclaims its own,
 And to the rocks thy heart of stone!



THE FURIES AGAINST THE FAITHLESS.†

(*La fatale flamme.*)

THE fatal flame will burn and spread apace,
 Whilst one exists of that accursed race!

* Olive.

† This *furios* poem seems directed against the Huguenot party, and is worthy of the time when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was looked upon as a pious act. The curses yield to none ever invented in bitterness; and, in fact, the whole works from which the above passages are extracted form a curious contrast to the gentleness and elegance of the "Olive."

O thou, whom justice, virtue, wisdom claim,
 To prove thy title to a Cæsar's name,
 Thou, prince, whom as a Christian we revere,
 If that great fame thou ever held'st as dear,
 Wilt thou protect—not Mahomed's foul brood—
 But these vile Atheists of degenerate blood?
 Think'st thou to find fidelity in those
 Who, in their inmost hearts, to God^f are foes?
 Thou, by thy wisdom, hast effected more
 Than King of France has e'er performed before.
 But no one act such glorious fame could bring
 Worthy thyself, a Christian, and a king,
 Nor on the world so blest a boon bestow,
 As to destroy these vipers at a blow!

* * * * *

If Hell can hear, and well accord my prayer,
 Thus do I dedicate ye to despair,
 With vows and curses that the most appal!—
 May on your heads the darkest evil fall!
 May ye from realm to realm unpitied fly,
 Each prince, each potentate your enemy!
 Beggars and outcasts, pillaged and opprest,
 A common theme of obloquy and jest!
 May squalid poverty your steps pursue,
 Wand'ring for ever, with no home in view!
 Abundance, joy, and pleasure leave behind,
 War, plague, and famine on your pathway find;
 And may the air you breathe corrupted be,
 The earth parched up, fire quenched, and drained the
 sea;
 The sun be dark, nor warmth nor light provide,
 Withholding good he gives to all beside!

May your vile lives be to yourselves even worse
 Than others deem them through the general curse;
 Yet be ye forced in agony to live,
 Nor find a death but that your hands can give!
 May Vengeance, while her glance new fear imparts,
 Press from her toads their venom on your hearts!

Before your eyes fresh scenes of horror grow,
 No faith, no love, no truth be yours to know;
 Mistrust, and dread, and hatred haunt ye still,
 A prey to unextinguishable ill!

JEAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

Jean Antoine de Baïf was born at Venice, 1531, during the embassy of his father, Lazare de Baïf, of Anjou, who had him educated with much care, though illegitimate. He studied under Dorat, and emulated Ronsard, whom, however, he never equalled. In 1567, a comedy of his was represented before Charles IX., and was very much admired; it was called "Taillebras." Ronsard compliments him in his fourteenth ode. The judges of the Jeux Floraux of Toulouse awarded him a silver David.

Scévole de Ste. Marthe gives him the credit of having first established concerts and academies of music, and of collecting, at a pleasant house he possessed in the Faubourg St. Marcel, all the persons of merit, genius, and rank he could meet with. His fortune, however, did not appear to keep pace with his liberality, though he was much prized by the two kings Charles IX. and Henry III. He died in 1592.

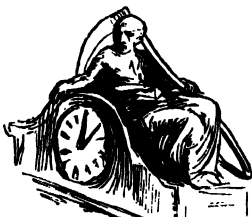
THE CALCULATION OF LIFE.

(*Tu as cent ans.*)



THOU art aged; but recount,
 Since thy early life began,
 What may be the just amount
 Thou shouldst number of thy span.
 How much to thy debts belong,
 How much when vain fancy caught thee,
 How much to the giddy throng,
 How much to the poor who sought
 thee.
 How much to thy lawyer's wiles,
 How much to thy menial crew,
 How much to thy lady's smiles,
 How much to thy sick-bed due.
 How much for thy hours of leisure,
 For thy hurrying to and fro,
 How much for each idle pleasure,
 If the list thy memory know.

Every wasted, misspent day,
 Which regret can ne'er recall,—
 If all these thou tak'st away,
 Thou wilt find thy age but small :
 That thy years were falsely told,
 And, even now, thou art not old.



THE QUEEN ON THE DEATH OF HENRY II.

(Si j'eusse eu le pouvoir.)

OH, could the power my earnest wishes crown,
 To lay at once this earthly burthen down,
 And with thee go, or fondly make for thee
 That journey, dread to all, but sweet to me ;
 How blest my lot ! But Heaven, all just, all wise,
 Rejects my vows, and Death's repose denies :
 Yet still 't is mine in tears for evermore
 Thy name to honour, and thy loss deplore !

(Chacun son heure.)*

EACH pursues as Fancy guides
 Bliss we fain would call our own ;
 But from our embrace she glides,
 Since no bounds to hope are known.

Scarce the treasure is possest,
When new dreams the mind employ;
Seeking, when we might be blest,
A future in the present joy!

EPITAPH ON RABELAIS.

(*O Pluton.*)

PLUTO, bid Rabelais welcome to thy shore,
That thou, who art the king of woe and pain,
Whose subjects never learned to laugh before,
May boast a laugh in thy grim domain.

REMY BELLEAU.

Remy Belleau, one of the *Pleïade* of the sixteenth century, was born at Nogent-le-Rotrou, a small town of Perche, and died at Paris, 6th of March, 1577, in his fiftieth year. He was chosen preceptor of Charles de Lorraine, Marquis d'Elbeuf.

His poems obtained him much celebrity, and his translations of Anacreon were greatly admired by his contemporaries. He was buried in the Church des Grands Augustins, and borne to the grave on the shoulders of his friends. Ronsard composed for the occasion the following epitaph, which was engraved on his tomb:

"Ne taillez, mains industrieuses,
Des pierres pour couvrir Belleau :
Lui mesme a bâti son tombeau
Dedans ses Pierres Précieuses."^{*}

He was called by Ronsard "*Le Peintre de la Nature*," from the spirit and grace of his descriptions, and he appears to have deserved much of the praise lavished upon him by those of his time, although his Odes of Anacreon fall very far short of their originals, according to the opinion of competent judges, notwithstanding the assertion of Scévole de Ste. Marthe to the contrary. Pasquier pronounced him the Anacreon of his age. He played the principal parts in Jodelle's dramatic pieces called "*Cléopâtre*" and "*La Rencontre*," which were represented before Henry II. at the Hôtel de Rheims, having previously been acted at the College of Boncour.

Baif consecrated to him this epitaph, expressive of his learning, mildness, prudence, probity, and the elegance of his poetical ideas:

* Alluding to his poems so entitled.

"O qualem, capsula, virum tegis!
 Probus, suavis, comis ille Bellaqueus,
 Prudensque, doctusque, elegansque.
 Hic jacet."

He is usually placed as the third in rank of the Pleiades, *i.e.*, after Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay; some, however, place him before the latter.

Like most of the poets of that time, he is zealous against the "new religion," and extremely bitter towards its supporters: half his works are, like those of Du Bellay and others, occupied in complimentary and tedious poems addressed to each of the royal family, which are not only totally uninteresting, but disgusting, when the characters are known of those whom these servile minstrels laud for mercy, piety, justice, and every human virtue! Poets appear to have been sufficiently encouraged at court at this period, if we may judge from their number; but the subjects of their muse seem confined in general to themes of adulation and affected passion.

THE FEATHERS.*

(*Volcz, pennaches bien heureux.*)



LY, ye happy plumes, and seek
 Her whose heart love knows so
 well;
 Greet her straight with homage
 meek,
 And your fond devotion tell:
 Kiss her hands, and in her breast
 Ye, perchance, awhile may rest.

'Then should conqu'ring Love illumine
 Flames within that holy shrine,
 Such as now, alas! consume
 All the soul that still is mine,
 Fan the fire so pure and bright
 With your feathers soft and light.

Think not that this gift was made,
 Fairest, from some gay bird's wing;
 Love himself the plumes displayed,
 And 'tis his own offering:
 He despoiled his wings for thee,
 Nor will struggle to be free.

Fear not lest some passing thought
 Should entice his steps to rove;

And his sojourn, frail and short,
 Like a bird of passage prove :
 All his wand'rings now are o'er,
 And he can escape no more.



LA PERLE,* FROM "THE LOVES OF THE GEMS."

DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

(Je veux de main industrieux.)

I SEEK a pearl of rarest worth,
 By the shore of some bright wave,
 Such a gem, whose wondrous birth
 Radiance to all nature gave :
 Which no change of tint can know,
 Spotless ever, pure and white,
 'Midst the rudest winds that blow
 Sparkling in its silver light.

* A favourite theme at his period.

Thou, bright pearl, excell'st each gem
In proud Nature's diadem,
Yet a captive lov'st to dwell,
Hid within thy cavern shell,
Where the sands of India lie,
Basking in the sunny sky.

Thou, fair gem, art so divine,
That thy birthplace must be heaven,
Where the stars, thy neighbours, shine ;
And thy lucid hue was given
By Aurora's rosy fingers,
When she colours herb and flower,
And, with breath of perfume, lingers
Over meadow, dell, and bower.

Lustrous shell, from whose bright womb
Does this fairy treasure come ?
If thou art the Ocean's child,
Though thy kindred crowd the deep,
Thou disdain'st the moaning wild,
Which thy foamy lovers keep ;
And in vain their vows they pour
Round thy closed and guarded door.

Thou, proud beauty, bidd'st them learn,
But a sojourner art thou ;
And their idle hopes canst spurn,
Nor may choose a mate below.

But when Spring, with treasures rife,
Calls all Nature forth to life,
Then upon the waves descending,
Transient rays of brightness lending,
Falls the dew upon thy breast,
And, thy heavenly spouse confest,
Thou admit'st within thy cave
That bright stranger of the wave.

There he dwells, and hardens there
 To the gem so pure and fair,
 Which above all else is famed,
 And the Marguerite* is named.

APRIL, FROM "LA BERGERIE."

(*Avril, l'honneur et des bois
 Et des mois, &c.*)



APRIL, season blest and dear,
 Hope of the reviving year,
 Promise of bright fruits that lie
 In their downy canopy,
 Till the nipping winds are past,
 And their veils aside are cast.
 April, who delight'st to spread
 O'er the emerald, laughing mead,
 Flowers of fresh and brilliant dyes,
 Rich in wild embroideries.
 April, who each zephyr's sigh
 Dost with perfumed breath supply,
 When they through the forest rove,
 Spreading wily nets of love,
 That, for lovely Flora made,
 May detain her in the shade.

April, by thy hand carest,
 Nature from her genial breast
 Loves her richest gifts to shower,
 And awakes her magic power,
 Till all earth and air are rife
 With delight, and hope, and life.

April, nymph for every fair,
 On my mistress' sunny hair
 Scattering wreaths of odours sweet,
 For her snowy bosom meet ;

* The French word *Marguerite*, meaning both *pearl* and *daisy*, is a constant theme for the poets of every age, and furnishes a compliment to the many princesses of that name.



April, full of smiles and grace
Drawn from Venus' dwelling-place ;
Thou, from earth's enamelled plain,
Yield'st the gods their breath again.

'Tis thy courteous hand doth bring
Back the messenger of spring;
And, his tedious exile o'er,
Hail'st the swallow's wing once more.

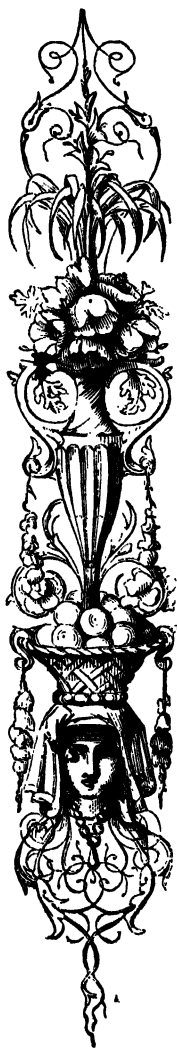
The eglantine and hawthorn bright,
The thyme, and pink, and jasmine white,
Don their purest robes, to be
Guests, fair April, worthy thee.

The nightingale—sweet hidden sound!
'Midst the clust'ring boughs around,
Charms to silence notes that wake
Soft discourse from bush and brake,
And bids every list'ning thing
Pause awhile to hear her sing!

'Tis to thy return we owe
Love's fond sighs, that learn to glow
After Winter's chilling reign
Long has bound them in her chain.
'Tis thy smile to being warms
All the busy, shining swarms,
Which, on perfumed pillage bent,
Fly from flower to flower, intent;
Till they load their golden thighs
With the treasure each supplies.

May may boast her ripened hues,
Richer fruits, and flowers, and dews,
And those glowing charms that well
All the happy world can tell;
But, sweet April! thou shalt be
Still a chosen month for me,
For thy birth to her is due,*

Who all grace and beauty gave,
When the gaze of heaven she drew,
Fresh from ocean's foamy wave.



ESTIENNE JODELLE.

Estienne Jodelle was not only celebrated in his time as a poet, but as an architect, painter, and sculptor. Some attribute to him the invention of French verse composed in the manner of Latin verse, according to the quantity of syllables; others consider Baif as entitled to the honour; which fact it is, however, of little consequence to establish, for the invention soon fell into contempt. There appears more reason to pronounce Jodelle the first who introduced into the French language tragedy and comedy, according to the rules of the ancients. He composed two tragedies, "Cleopatra" and "Dion," and two comedies, "La Rencontre" and "L'Eugène."

Jodelle was one of those who wished to change the form of the French language; but by rendering it demi-Greek, as Ronsard and Du Bartas did, they introduced a barbarous jargon, which, though it met with great success at court, could not fail to be held by the judicious in contempt. His facility appears to have been extraordinary: his "Cleopatra" is said to have cost him only the attention of ten mornings, his "Eugène" less, and he had the power of composing for a wager in one night five hundred Latin verses; he frequently produced his sonnets extempore; but the merit of any of his works is not sufficient to induce the reader to wade through them, and the trifling specimens given are all that appeared to be worth notice. He died in 1573, aged forty-one.

La Mothe, in enumerating the works of Jodelle, mentions a poem which, from its nature, one might imagine would not have been very long: "Les Discours de Jules César avant le passage du Rubicon," yet he says it consists of "*dix mille vers, pour le moins.*"

Du Bellay calls him the "Grave, doux et copieux Jodelle." Pasquier recounts his having said of himself, "Si un Ronsard avoit le dessus d'un Jodelle le matin, l'après-dîner Jodelle l'emporterait de Ronsard." The Cardinal du Perron, however, appears not to have shared his high opinion of his own powers, for he says, "Jodelle has never done anything worth mentioning," and "qu'il faisoit des vers de *Pois-pile*, et de mauvaises farces qui divertissoient la populace." The cardinal's judgment is now generally adopted; and of the sonnets which La Mothe praises as made so rapidly, "que il les a tous faicts en se promenant et s'amusant parfois à autres choses, si soudainement que, quand il nous les disoit, nous pensions qu'il ne les eust encore commencez,"—not one appears to possess any other merit than the singularity he names.

TO MADAME DE PRIMADIS.

(*Voyant, madame, en un bel œuvre, &c.**)



SAW thee weave a web with care,
Where, at thy touch, fresh
roses grew,
And marvelled they were formed
so fair,
And that thy heart such nature
knew:
Alas! how idle my surprise!
Since nought so plain can be,
Thy cheek their richest hue supplies,
And in thy breath their perfume
lies,—

Their grace, their beauty, all are drawn from thee!

JEAN DORAT.

Jean Dorat, or Daurat, called in Latin, Auratus, began his career as preceptor of the pages of the king, but exercised this employment only one year. He then established an academy at the college of Coqueret, of which he was governor, and there persons of the greatest talent flocked to receive his instructions. Ronsard was one of his principal pupils, and lauds him extremely in many of his poems. His knowledge of Greek and Latin was very extensive, and he was considered, though on what grounds it is hard to conjecture, an excellent poet in his native tongue; his chief merit, if such it can be termed, seems to have been his having first introduced *anagrams* into the language, a species of dulness much in vogue at his time. He held in such high esteem the prophecies of Nostradamus¹ as to explain them publicly to his pupils: he died at Paris, aged eighty. So worthless do his compositions appear, that, but that he was of so much consequence in his own time, one of the *Pléiades*, and looked upon as the father of literature, it would not have been deemed necessary to introduce his name at all.

TO CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, REGENT.

(*Si j'ay servy cinq rois fiddèlement.*†)

If faithful to five kings I've been,
And forty years have filled the scene,
Till learning's stream a torrent grows,
And France with knowledge overflows;
While fame is ours from shore to shore,
For ancient and for modern lore;
Methinks, if I deserve such fame,
And nations thus applaud my name,
'Twill sound but ill that men should say,
"Beneath the Regent Catherine's sway—
Patron of arts, of wits the pride—
Of want and famine Dorat died!"

¹ It may not be out of place to say something of this extraordinary person, who commanded the attention of his age, and was looked upon as an oracle. He was born at Salon, in the diocese of Arles, where he died in 1566—his tomb is still shown, of which many fables are told, and there is a tradition that he was buried alive. His verses called *Centuries* he wrote by hundreds, and they might be applied to events past, present, and to come. His first seven *Centuries* were published at Lyons, in 1555. Finding they met with great success, he published three more, and dedicated the whole to King Henry II. This monarch, and Catherine de Medicis, held them in much esteem. He received rewards from several princes, and before his death his *Centuries* amounted to twelve. The best edition of his works is that of the Elzevirs, date 1668; at the beginning are represented two of the most remarkable events predicted by him, *i.e.*, the death of Charles I. of England, in 1649, and the great Fire of London in 1666.

He foretold the death of Henry II., in 1555, and it happened in 1559; he also predicted the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurred in 1572, his death having happened six years previously. One of his predictions was, that in 1792 the Christian religion would be abolished in France, and many of the nobles and clergy put to death.

The well-known distich on his *Centuries* which follows has been attributed to Jodelle, Beze, and others:

"Nostra damus, cum falsa damus: nam fallere nostrum est;
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."—See Appendix.

† See "Le Parnasse François," edit. Paris, 1732.

FRANCOIS DE LOUVENCOURT DE VAUCHELLES.*

*(Je n'eus pas le moyen seulement de luy dire
Un adieu comme il faut, &c.)*



HAD not even time to say
The fond adieu that swelled my heart,
So quickly sped the hour away,
And brought the signal to depart.
Alas! that moment to review,
So full of sad regret and pain,
Seems all my sufferings to renew,
And makes me weep those tears again.
I thought to tell her all my care,
Yet dared not breathe a single word,
Lest she should smile at my despair,
Or but some chilling look afford.
How blissfully that hour flew by!
But ah! as transient as dear,—
Like meteors in a tranquil sky,
That in bright sparkles disappear.

JACQUES DAVY DU PERRON.

Jacques Davy du Perron was born at St. Lo, in Lower Normandy, 15th November, 1556: he died 5th September, 1618. Till the age of seventeen he was brought up by his father in the opinions of Calvin, which he afterwards renounced, and became a cardinal. He was greatly esteemed at the court of Henry III., and by all the poets of his time. An anecdote is told of his extraordinary memory: being one day with the king, to whom he was reader, a poet having recited a very long poem, Du Perron assured his majesty that he was the author of the verses, and to prove the fact, offered to repeat them word for word: this he immediately did, in a manner that left no doubt of the truth of his assertion; having gained this triumph, he restored the honour to the real author. He was very fond of reprinting his poems even after he became a cardinal, though their subjects were principally amatory. His poem on the death of the Duke de Joyeuse is esteemed, and also his funeral oration on the death of Mary Stuart.

Perrault, in his "Hommes illustres du 17^{ème} siècle," thus remarks: "It is difficult to comprehend how Du Perron, who lived at the time of Ronsard, should speak the language of the

* His poems are dedicated to the Princess Catherine d'Orléans de Longueville, edit. 1595.

present day, and that his style should have advanced to that which was not in general use till more than sixty years afterwards."

After the death of Henry IV. he retired into the country, and it is said when he was ill, so impatient was he of suffering, that, great as he was, he wished it had been possible for him to exchange all his preferment, all his knowledge, and all his reputation for the health of the Curé of Bagnolet.*

*(Quand l'infidèle usoit envers moi de ses charmes,
Son traistre cœur m'alloit de souspirs esmouvant, &c.†)*



HEN she, who made my heart
her prize,
By gentle vows that seemed
so fair,

All sighs her breath, all tears
her eyes,—

That were but water and
but air !

'T was by her eyes, false lights !
she swore,

Her aids in cruel perjury,
Our love should ne'er a change
deplore,—

But ah ! her eyes are false
as she !

Those eyes where lurk such
foes to joy,

'T were strange if they their art forgot ;—
Those eyes are hers but to destroy,
And useless if they injure not.

'T was by her eyes she vowed to prove
Still the same truth that then she knew :
Nor spoke she false—though changed her love—
For never yet that love was true !

'T was by her eyes she vowed,—and they
Gave tears that told her heart oppress ;
They seemed like founts of truth to play
Round that unshaken rock, her breast.
But how betrayed was I—how vain !

Nor marked what guile her thoughts involved,

* A village near Paris, of which Du Perron was *seigneur*.

† From "*Les Muses Françaises*," edit. 1607.

'T was but a vapour of her brain,
 That in a passing shower dissolved.
 Alas! had I adored her less,
 That fickle grace I would not blame,
 Nor mourn her falsehood's harsh excess,—
 But ah! my love deserved the name!

Learn, ye deceived, of each deceiver,
 To risk no hopes, to be unmoved,—
 To war with oaths, to trust her never,
 And only love as ye are loved.
 If real faith can e'er be found,
 Love well, nor let a care intrude;
 But those chameleon hearts, unsound,
 Give them but air, their proper food.
 Ungrateful maid, thy perfidy
 Instructs my heart this lore to know:
 The lesson taught too soon by thee
 These lines shall pay—'t is all I owe!

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

Pierre de Ronsard belonged to a noble family of the Vendomois. He was born 1524 at the Château de la Poissonnière; his father was Chevalier de l'Ordre, and *maître d'hôtel* to Francis I. He came at an early age to Paris, and studied at the college of Navarre for a time, when he became page, at twelve years old, to the dauphin, on whose death the Duke of Orleans, his brother, took him into his service, from whence he passed to James Stuart, King of Scotland, who visited Paris in order to espouse Magdalen of France. Ronsard followed him to Scotland, and there, and in England, passed two years; on his return he once more entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, who employed him in different negotiations.

He travelled to Italy, where, falling sick, he returned home, and having become rather deaf, he was induced to embrace the profession of the church, and to renew his study of the *belles lettres*, in which he made rapid progress under the auspices of Jean Dorat. Charles IX. bestowed on him the priories of Croix-Val and St. Cosme-lez-Tours, as well as the abbey of Bellozane. Auguste de Thou says that Ronsard read with so much application the works of the ancients, and so happily imitated them, that he not only equalled, but in many instances surpassed, the most famous poets of antiquity: he considers him the most accomplished poet since the reign of Augustus.

The two Scaligers, Adrien Turnèbe, Marc Antoine Muret, Estienne Pasquier, Scévole de Ste. Marthe, Pierre Pithou, Davy du Perron, and many other learned men, of his time, add to which several among those of foreign nations, as Pierre Victorius, Spero Speronius, Thomassin, Joseph Vossius, Olaus Borrichius, have ranked him as the finest of French poets, and some

have gone so far as to consider him the third of the universe, placing him immediately after Homer and Virgil. Marguerite, Duchess of Savoy, so renowned for her virtues and great knowledge, esteemed him highly, and was the cause that her brother, Henry II., appreciated and rewarded him in the manner he did.

He was the first who introduced the ode in France, and also ventured to compose an epic poem, entitled the "*Franciade*."^{*} At the Jeux Floraux of Toulouse he gained the first prize, which is a silver eglantine; this, however, was considered too mean a reward for such a poet, and the Parliament and nobles voted him a massive silver Minerva of considerable value, which they sent him, and which Ronsard immediately presented to the king, Henry II., who was highly flattered by the tribute. Ronsard was forthwith named by the Parliament of Toulouse "*Le Poëte François*" *par excellence*. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the writings of Ronsard, and sent him a diamond of great price, comparing the beauty and brilliancy of his verses to the finest gem. To the fair and unfortunate Mary Stuart his verses were a source of consolation during her confinement. To testify her sense of the poet's devotion, which so many of his verses expressed, and in acknowledgment of the praises he lavished upon her, she directed her secretary Nauson to send him a buffet worth two thousand crowns, in which was a vase in the form of a rose-tree, representing Parnassus, and a Pegasus above, on which was inscribed:

"A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la source des Muses."

Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. distinguished Ronsard by their admiration, and the benefits they conferred on him. Charles IX., in particular, had much affection for him,† and took great pleasure in conversing with him, and in writing to him in verse, in which he regarded him as his master. He ordered in all his journeys that the poet should be carefully lodged in the palace or house which he himself occupied. The following lines are more remarkable for the esteem which he appears to have felt for Ronsard than for their poetical merit:

"Ronsard, je connois bien que si tu ne me vois
Tu oublies soudain de ton grand roy la voix;
Mais pour t'en souvenir, pense que je n'oublie
Continuer toujours d'apprendre en poésie:
Et pour ce j'ai voulu t'envoyer cest escrit,
Pour enthousiasmer ton phantastique esprit.

"Donc ne t'amuser plus à faire ton message;
Maintenant n'est plus tems de faire jardinage:
Il faut suivre ton roy, qui t'aime par sus tous,
Pour les vers qui de toy coulent braves et doux;
Et crois, si tu ne viens me trouver à Amboise,
Qu'entre nous adviendra une bien grande noise."

Ronsard died at his priory of St. Cosme, 27th December, 1585, in his sixty-second year. He had suffered much from illness during several years, but preserved his faculties entire to the last, dictating, even on his death-bed, several poems, and finishing two sonnets, in which he recommends his soul to mercy. He was buried with little ceremony; but twenty-four years after his death, Joachim de la Chetardie, being Prieur Commandataire of St. Cosme, indignant that so great a poet should receive so little honour, and remain with no inscription to his memory, erected a handsome tomb of marble, with his statue executed by one of the most famous Parisian sculptors.

In 1586, 24th February, a service and "*Pompe Funèbre*" was performed for him in the chapel of the college of Boncourt, at which many exalted personages assisted. The royal band attended, and Mauduit, one of the best musicians of the time, and a friend of Ronsard's, was the composer employed. Jacques Davy du Perron, afterwards cardinal, pronounced his funeral oration in the court of the said college, which was arranged for the occasion, and so numerous was the assembly, that the Cardinal de Bourbon, and many other princes and great men, were obliged to return, being unable to penetrate the crowd.

Ronsard preserved unimpaired his great reputation till Malherbe criticised his works so severely, although he allows him great merit for imagination.

Boileau, after having praised Marot, thus speaks of Ronsard:

Ronsard, qui le suivit, par un autre méthode
Régla tout, brouilla tout, fit un art à sa mode,

* Called by Binet his "*divine work*."

† "*Bon et vertueux prince, père des bons esprits.*"—*Vie de Ronsard*.

Et toutefois long-temps eut un heureux destin ;
 Mais sa muse, en François parlant Grec et Latin,
 Vit dans l'âge suivant, par un retour grotesque,
 Tomber de ses grands mots le faste pédantesque."

Nevertheless there is much merit amidst the bombast of Ronsard, and he deserves, perhaps, more praise than has been awarded him: he, however, created a style which was servilely followed by a host of contemporary poets, many of whom possessed his defects without his genius, and France was inundated with sonnets, *amours, bergeries, à la mode de Ronsard, usque ad nauseam!*

In his life by Claude Binet, appended to his works, the following remarks occur:

"As the child was being carried from the Château de Poissonnière to the village of Coustures to be christened, the person who carried him, in crossing a meadow, accidentally let him fall on the flowery turf, which softly received him; another person hastening to take up the infant, spilt over him a vase of rose-water which she was bearing: these were considered as presages of his future fame and excellence."

He had constantly the works of some celebrated French poet in his hand, and chiefly delighted in Jehan Lemaire de Belge, the "*Romance of the Rose*," Coquillart, and Clément Marot.

After Ronsard's "*Amours*" appeared, and the four books of his odes, the swarm of petty poets which started up, because they could compose a ballad, a *chant royal*, or a *rouleau*, however insipid it might be, supposed themselves entitled to the same honours as the master poet, and from time to time caused him some annoyance: he alludes to this in one of his "*Hymnes*."

"Ecarte loin de mon chef
 Tout malheur et tout meschef;
 Préserve-moi d'infamie,
 De toute langue ennemie
 Et de tout acte malin,
 Et fay que devant mon prince
 Désormais plus ne me pince
 Le tenaille de Mellin."

He, however, afterwards altered the last line, as Mellin de St. Gelais sought his friendship. This crowd of railers and imitators continuing to attack him, ridiculing his style, accusing him of obscurity and affectation, he was induced to simplify his ideas, and, to assist the comprehension of his readers, De Muret and Remy Belleau undertook to write annotations to the first and second part of his "*Amours*," which are sometimes pleasing and learned, though, as is usual in such cases, they assist but little in making the author's meaning clear.

Binet considers that his most appropriate epitaph may be found in a line of his own:

"Je suis Ronsard, et cela te suffit."

Ronsard always expressed great contempt for *poetasters*, who, he said, esteemed their *rhymed prose* as fine verse; that poetry, being the language of gods, ought not to be lightly attempted by man, and none but the inspired ought to attempt it at all.

TO HIS LYRE.

(*Lyre dorée où Phœbus seulement.**)

OH, golden lyre, whom all the muses claim,
 And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
 My solace in all woes that Fate has sent;
 At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
 The dance springs gaily at thy jocund call,
 And with thy music echo bower and hall.

* Edit. of his poems, with commentary by Muret, Paris, 1587.

When thou art heard the lightnings cease to play,
And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away ;
Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
His eagle droops his wing, and sleeps resigned ;
As at thy power his all-pervading eye
Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.

To him may ne'er Elysian joys belong,
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song.
Pride of my youth!—I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy godlike tone ;
I tuned thee first, for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound ;
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.

Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorned of men,
Who once at monarchs' feasts, so gaily dight,
Filled all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought, Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.

Then forth through lovely France we took our way,
And Loire resounded many an early lay :
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And poured the exulting song of victory.

He who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou, my forest ! and each pleasant wood
Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
Where Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose,
Ye sacred choir, whom Braye's fair walls enclose,

Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
 That through the universe shall spread his fame ;
 His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
 And all be subject to his sounding lyre.
 Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise,
 Even now the sons of France applaud my lays :
 Me, as their bard, above the rest they choose.
 To you be thanks, O each propitious muse !
 That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
 To celebrate my country and my king !

Oh ! if I please, oh ! if my songs awake
 Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
 If I the harper of fair France may be,
 If men shall point and say, "Lo ! that is he ;"
 If mine may prove a destiny so proud
 That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
 If on my head I place a starry crown,
 To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown !*

FROM HIS "LOVES."

(Une beauté de quinze ans, enfantine.)

FIFTEEN lovely childish springs,
 Hair of gold in crispéd rings,
 Cheek and lip with roses spread,
 Smile, that to the stars can lead,
 Grace, whose every turn can please,
 Virtue worthy charms like these ;
 Breast, within whose virgin snows
 Lies a gentle heart that glows
 'Midst the sparkling thoughts of youth
 All divine with steady truth ;†

* Several parts of the above poem will remind the reader of Moore's exquisite Irish melody, "Dear Harp of my Country !" but the French poet is so well satisfied with *himself*, that it is with some difficulty we can accord to him his just meed of praise.

† These lines remind one of Lord Byron's, in his description of Zuleika ;

"The heart whose softness harmonized the whole."

Eyes, that make a day of night ;
Hands, whose touch so soft and light
Hold my soul a prisoner long ;
Voice, whose soft, entrancing song,
Now a smile, and now a sigh,
Interrupts melodiously !
These are charms, within whose spell
All my peace and reason dwell.

LOVES.

(*Ceil, qui des miens à ton vouloir dispose.*)

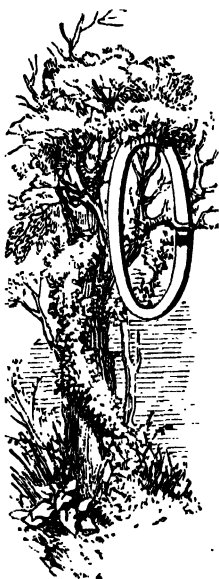
EYES, which dispose my every glance at will,
The sun that rules each planet of my sky ;
Smile, which from liberty debars me still,
And canst transform me at thy fantasy ;
Bright silver tears ! that fall like balmy dew,
And bid me hope thy pity to obtain ;
Hands, which my soul a willing captive drew,
Imprisoned ever in a rosy chain :
So much I am your own, so well has Love
Within my heart your images portrayed,
That envious time nor death can e'er remove
The glowing impress which his pencil made ;
And there shall still, through all my life of pain,
Those eyes, that smile, that hand, those tears remain !

LOVES.

(*Cesse tes pleurs.*)

My sorrowing muse, no more complain,—
'Twas not ordained for thee,
While yet the bard in life remain,
The meed of fame to see.
The poet, till the dismal gulf be past,
Knows not what honours crown his name at last.

Perchance, when years have rolled away,
 My Loire shall be a sacred stream,
 My name a dear and cherished theme,
 And those who in that region stray
 Shall marvel such a spot of earth
 Could give so great a poet birth.
 Revive, my muse, for virtue's ore
 In this vain world is counted air,
 But held a gem beyond compare
 When 't is beheld on earth no more.
 Rancour the living seeks; the dead alone
 Enjoy their fame, to envy's blights unknown.



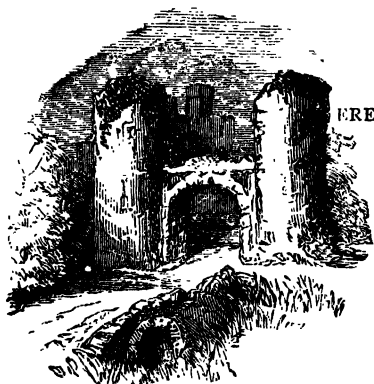
TO HIS MISTRESS'S DOG.

(*Petit Barbet ! que tu es bienheureux ! &c.*)

H, happy favourite, how blest,
 Within her arms so gently prest !
 If thou couldst know what bliss is thine
 On that dear bosom to recline !
 Whilst I endure a life of pain,
 Condemned to murmur and complain !
 For, all too well, alas ! I know
 Each fickle change from joy to woe ;
 The fatal lore I learnt too soon,
 And lost my day before its noon.
 Oh that I were a village clown,
 Senseless, unfeeling, stupid grown,
 A labourer, whose only care
 His daily food is to prepare !
 My reason only sorrow brings,
 And all my pain from knowledge springs !



EPITAPH DE MARIE.*



*(Cy reposent les os de la belle
Marie, Qui ne fist pour Anjou
quitter mon Vandômois, &c.)*

HERE lies my Mary! she who lured
me first
From fair Vendôme in An-
jou's meads to rove,
She who my fond, my early
passion nurst,
Who was my hope, my being,
and my love.
Honour and gentleness with
her lie low,
That tender beauty, now my
soul's despair!

The torch of Love, his arrows and his bow,
My heart, my thoughts, my life are buried there.
Thou art, fair spirit, starred amidst the skies,
And angels gaze enraptured on those eyes;
Earth sadly mourns her richest jewel fled,
But thou still livest, and 'tis I am dead!
Ah, wretch! whom too much trust, alas! betrayed,
Whose heart three friends a ruined shrine have made.
Ah, Mary! sad the lot reserved for me,
Deceived by love, and by the world, and thee!

TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

ALL beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compared to hers is void, and Nature's care
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn;

* See concerning this lady "*les mélanges tirés d'une petite bibliothèque*," by M. Charles Nodier.

And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint :
With all his richest store Love decked her eyes ;
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

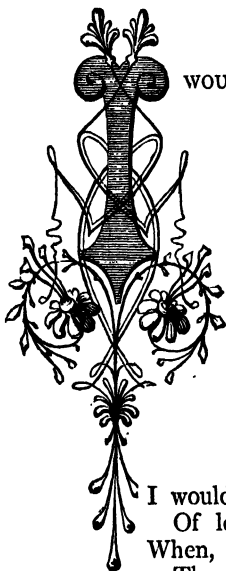
The day that was to bear her far away,—
Why was I mortal to behold that day?
Oh, had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen,
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,
That I might weep, as weep amidst their bowers
The nymphs, when winter winds have cropt their flowers ;
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,
Or when the trees are riven by the storm ;
Or rather, would that I some bird had been,
Still to be near her in each changing scene,
Still on the highest mast to watch all day,
And like a star to mark her vessel's way ;
The dangerous billows past, on shore, on sea,
Near that dear face it still were mine to be.

O France ! where are thy ancient champions gone,
Roland, Rinaldo ? is there living none
Her steps to follow and her safety guard,
And deem her lovely looks their best reward ?
Which might subdue the pride of mighty Jove
To leave his heaven, and languish for her love !
No fault is hers, but in her royal state,
For simple love dreads to approach the great ;
He flies from regal pomp, that treacherous snare,
Where truth unmarked may wither in despair.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,
The tempest check its fury at her sight,
The sea be calm ; her beauty to behold,
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold,
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(*Je n'ay voulu, Madame, que ce livre
Passast la mer, &c.*)



WOULD not, lady, that this book of mine
Should pass the seas by thee unseen,
unknown,
Whose presence yields all that we deem
divine,
All Heaven can give, or Nature calls
her own!

I would it followed wheresoe'er thou art,
In solitude, or 'midst a nation's gaze,
Where, as they hail thee, each devoted
heart
Swell with their sovereign's honour and
her praise.

I would it followed thee, when from the throng
Of loyal subjects thou, retired, may'st muse,
When, free from cares that still to state belong,
Thou wilt not to thy lute a lay refuse.

And mine, perchance, the happy verse may prove
Destined to soothe thee,—chosen the rest above;
Oh! all the honour of the world to me
Is nought compared to that of pleasing thee!

My book, 'twere hard if England claimed thee all,
And thou from Scotland shouldst too long delay,
Where, ready at thy mistress' slightest call,
Thou may'st thy tender, duteous homage pay.

Then shalt thou, happy far beyond thy race,
Behold two queens whom the same seas enclose,
Whose fame their billows would in vain oppose,
Which fills the universe and boundless space!

'Tis meet that, since for both I frame these lays,
 They should each separate beauty fitly praise;
 That each should at her feet the gift survey,
 Which shall the bard's devoted zeal display.

Oh, happier than thy master's is thy lot,—
 Thou goest, my verse, where I so fain would be;
 Oft in my dreams I reach that bless'd spot,
 But waking, lo! between us roars the sea.
 Oh! could I pass even as my thoughts have done,
 Soon would the dear, the envied goal be won!
 And I should gaze on eyes whose radiant light
 Can make eternal day of darkest night!

There, throned in that celestial place of earth,
 Virtue, and courtesy, and honour dwell,
 And beauty, which from heaven derived its birth,
 And by its dazzling splendour seems to tell
 How fair the angels are, for ever blest,
 Since, by a part, we judge of all the rest.

She, peerless lady, will with joyous air
 Welcome thee, happy page, with many a smile;
 With her soft hand receive thee to her care,
 And bid thee speak of Ronsard's fate the while:
 Where dwells he now, what does he, how he fares?
 And thou shalt answer, that he lives in woe,
 That life is tasteless—that no bliss he shares,
 Weary, alone, the woods his sorrow know;
 And, with no hope of solace, evermore
 A prince, two kings, his tears in vain deplore!

TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(Encores que la mer de bien loin nous sépare, &c.)

ALTHOUGH the envious seas divide us far,
 Thine eye, heaven's brightest, most immortal star,
 Will not consent that time nor space should sever
 From thee the heart that is thine own for ever.

O queen! who hold'st in bonds so rare a queen,
 Thy counsels change, assuage thy bitter ire!
 The sun in all his course has never seen
 A deed so foul, so vengeful, and so dire!

Degenerate race! what mean those shining arms
 Which Renault, Launcelot, Orlando bore?
 The helpless sex they should protect from harms,
 But lo! they can oppose, defend, no more!
 Rust, ye vain trophies, idle, useless all,—
 France has no sons to win a queen from thrall!

MOTIN.*

*(Qui retarde tes pas enserrez d'une chaîne,
 Sans à moy revenir, infidele trompeur? &c.)*



HY linger thus,—what heavy chain
 Can absence round thee throw?
 Hast thou some pleasure in my
 pain?—

Think'st thou Love's food is woe?
 And I—alas! what idle dream
 Made thy false heart all fondness
 seem?

If faith that heart has ever known,
 'Tis constancy to change alone.

No more for his return I pray,
 Who smiles content to view my pain;
 My doubts, my hopes are past away,
 My fears and his untruth remain.

* See "Le Parnasse des plus Excellens Poètes de ce tems," edit. 1607, Paris.

Still-glitt'ring gem, why break'st thou not?
A pledge he gave in early days;
Since all his passion is forgot,
What boots thy unextinguished blaze?
Thou still art bright and pure, but he
In hardness only is like thee.

I gaze on thee with sad regret,
I strive to think on him no more;
Oh! could I but as soon forget
As I, too soon, believed before!
Had I foreseen my lonely state,
Oh, had I not been wise too late,
Or learnt from him the happy art
To hide each feeling of my heart!

Ye letters that his love record,
True portraits of his fickle mind,
How have I dwelt on each fond word,
Like him, how false—like him, how kind!
Oh that my hand and heart had power
To bid the flames your lines devour,
Or cease to read them, and deplore,
Or, reading, could believe no more!
But no, I dwell upon ye still,
And with vain hope my cares amuse,
My thoughts with treacherous memories fill,
And in a dream existence lose!



MAYNARD.*

*(Bien que vos yeux brûlent mon
ame, &c.)*



ALTHOUGH thine eyes consume my
soul,
Yet, by their power I swear,
None shall perceive their strong
control,
Nor guess my secret care.
My tongue shall guard the truth
so well
In all my misery,
That not a struggling sigh shall
tell
What I endure for thee.
No, none shall hear, no, none
record
How all my hopes decay;
And fear not thou a single word
My passion should betray.

The only cause thou hast for fear
Is that, when I am cold,
Those who upon the mournful bier
My senseless form behold,
May find, in characters of flame,
Graved on my breast thy cherished name!

* See *Parnasse*.

PHILIPPE DESPORTES.

Philippe Desportes was born at Chartres, and died in 1606. He was canon of the Sainte-Chapelle at Paris, Abbé of Tiron of Josaphat, Vaux-Cernay, Aurillac and Bon Port. His modesty induced him to refuse several bishoprics, among others even that of Bourdeaux.

His family was respectable but poor, and in his youth he entered the service of a bishop, who took him to Rome, where he studied the Italian language, and formed his taste on the model of Italian poetry. He afterwards accompanied Henry III. to Poland, and became a great favourite with that prince, "son bien aimé et favory poëte," and also with the Duke de Joyeuse, who was all-powerful with his doting master. Desportes distinguished himself as much as a good citizen under Henry IV. as a good poet: he appears to have been a very amiable man, and to have preferred literary quiet to ambition. His ample fortune he devoted to encouraging men of letters, and in collecting a fine library.

His style is simple and natural, and he reformed much of the pedantic style which Ronsard and his followers had introduced into the French language.

Boileau considers that he profited by the faults of Ronsard; he says:

"La chute de Ronsard, trébuché de si haut,
Rendit plus retenus Desportes et Bertaut."

He was liberally rewarded for his poems by Charles IX. and Henry III. Claude Garnier thus mentions his good fortune:

"Et toutefois Desportes
(Charles de Valois étant bien jeune encor)
Eut pour son Rodomont huit cent couronnes d'or:
Je le tiens de lui même; et qu'il eut de Henri
Dont il étoit nommé le poëte favory,
Dix mille écus pour faire
Que ses premiers labeurs honorassent le jour."

DIANE.

(*Si la foy plus certaine en une âme non feinte, &c.**)

IF stainless faith and fondness tried,
If hopes, and looks that softness tell,
If sighs whose tender whispers hide
Deep feelings that I would not quell,
Swift blushes that like clouds appear,
A trembling voice, a mournful gaze,
The timid step, the sudden fear,
The pallid hue that grief betrays,
If self-neglect to live for one,
If countless tears, and sighs untold,
If sorrow, to a habit grown,—
When absent warm, when present cold,—
If these can speak, and thou unmoved canst see,
The blame be thine,—the ruin falls on me!

DIANE, LIVRE I.

JE me laisse brûler d'une flamme couverte,
 Sans pleurer, sans gémir, sans en fair semblant ;
 Quant je suis tout en feu, je feins d'estre tremblant,
 Et de peur du péril je consens à ma perte.
 Ma bouche, incessamment aux cris d'amour ouverte,
 N'ose plaindre le mal qui mes sens va troublant ;
 Bien que ma passion, sans cesser redoublant,
 Passe toute douleur qu'autrefois j'ay soufferte.
 Amans, qui vous plaiguez de vostre ardant vouloir
 D'amer en lieu trop haut, de n'oser vous douloir,
 N'égalez vostre cendre à ma flamme incognüe ;
 Car je suis tant, par force, ennemy de mon bien,
 Que je cache ma peine à celle qui me tuë,
 Et, quand elle me plaint, je dy que ce n'est rien !



PERISH with concealed desire,
 No tears, no sighs the truth betray ;
 I tremble with a heart all fire,
 And in my terror pine away.
 My lips no sound but sorrow's know,
 Yet dare not whisper my regret ;
 Though deeper now my secret woe
 Than ever pierced my bosom yet.
 O ye who mourn the fatal spell
 That bade ye love above your sphere,
 Who fain your hidden thoughts would
 tell,
 Though bitter may your lot appear,
 Far worse is mine, whose ev'ry word
 Is to myself with misery fraught,—
 Avoids the balm her looks afford,
 And when she pities, says—'t is nought !



DIANE.

(O Lict, s'il est ainsi que tu sois inventé, &c.)



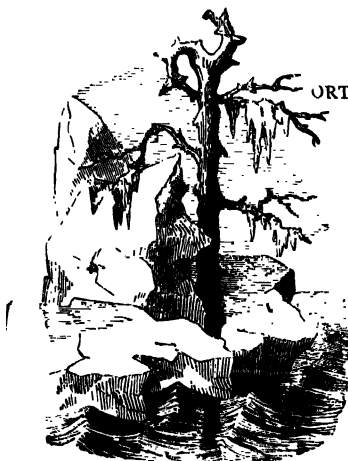
H, gentle couch! if thou wert made
 For soft repose when night descends,
 Whence comes it, on thy bosom laid,
 New grief thy lone retreat attends?
 I find no calm,—from side to side
 Disturbed and sad I turn in vain,
 And restless as the troubled tide,
 My heart recalls past shades of pain.
 I close my throbbing lids, and strive
 To lose the memory of care,
 But still those dark regrets revive,
 And slumber comes not to my prayer.
 One comfort thou canst yield to me,—

In thee each hope I may confide,
 May tell those mournful thoughts to thee
 I dare not breathe to aught beside!

JEAN BERTAUT.

Jean Bertaut was born at Caen, where he pursued his studies. Afterwards, coming to Paris, he was much esteemed by Henry III., and also by Henry IV. He became almoner to Catherine de Medicis, Abbé of Aunay, Bishop of Seez, and died in 1611.

His works consist of *Pièces Galantes*, and poems on pious subjects, Translations of the Psalms, and Hymns.



(*Les cieux inexorables, &c.**)

ORTUNE, to me unkind,
So scoffs at my distress,
Each wretch his lot would find
Compared to mine a life of hap-
piness.

My pillow every night
Is watered by my tears;
Slumber yields no delight,
Nor with her gentle hand my
sorrow cheers.

For every fleeting dream
But fills me with alarm;
And still my visions seem
Too like the waking truth, preg-
nant with harm.

Justice and mercy's grace,
With faith and constancy,
To guile and wrong give place,
And every virtue seems from me to fly.
Amidst a stormy sea
I perish in despair;
Men come the wreck to see,
And talk of pity while I perish there.
Ye joys, too dearly bought,
Which time can ne'er renew,
Dear torments of my thought,
Why, when ye fled, fled not your memory too?
Alas! of hopes bereft,
The dreams that once they were,
Is all that now is left,
And memory thus but turns them all to care!

RENAISSANCE D'AMOUR.



*(Quand je revis ce que j'ai tant
aimé,
Peu s'en fallut que mon feu ral-
lumé, &c.)*

HEN I met her once more whom
so fondly I loved,
My heart with its former emotion
was moved ;
And I felt like the slave who had
wandered in vain,
And fortune had led to his
master again.

What words to delight me—what fears
to annoy!

What tender ideas that each other de-
stroy!

And oh! what regrets that for freedom
I strove,

Nor strayed undisturbed in the mazes of love!
Alas! how I sighed for the shades that were past,
And turned from the wisdom that crowned me at last!
Oh, chains so delicious! why could I not bear
Those bonds which 't is joy, 't is enchantment to wear?
Too happy is he whom thy fetters adorn;
Why left I the rose for the dread of its thorn?



AMADIS JAMYN.

The poems of Jamyn, like too many of those of all the poets of this period, are principally dedicated to the royal family, in a strain of exaggerated flattery. Words seem inadequate to express the perfections of that constellation of virtues, the offspring of the Queen-Mother Catherine de Medicis. It is annoying to find that nothing more can be said in praise of Francis I. or Henry IV. than has been lavished on characters so opposite, and who, with all their weaknesses, cruelties, and crimes, are held up by this servile race of adulators as models of piety, bravery, wisdom, and goodness!

CALLIRÉE.

*(Combien que mon âme alors
Quand ta beauté j'abandonne, &c.*)*



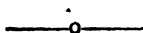
ALTHOUGH when I depart,
My soul that moment flies,
And in Death's chill my heart
Without sensation lies,
Yet still content am I
Once more to tempt my pain,
So pleasant 't is to die,
To have my life again.
Even thus I seek my woe,
My happiness to learn;
It is so blest to go,
So happy to return!

ARTEMIS.

*(Pource que les mortels sont coustumiers de voir
Flamboyer à tous coups les estoiles nuytales, &c.)*

BECAUSE each night we may behold
The stars in all their beauty gleam,
And the sun's rays of living gold,
To us but common things they seem.
Far more we prize the gems of earth,
Rubies, and pearls, and diamonds bright,
But little are those treasures worth
Compared to Heaven, who gave their light.

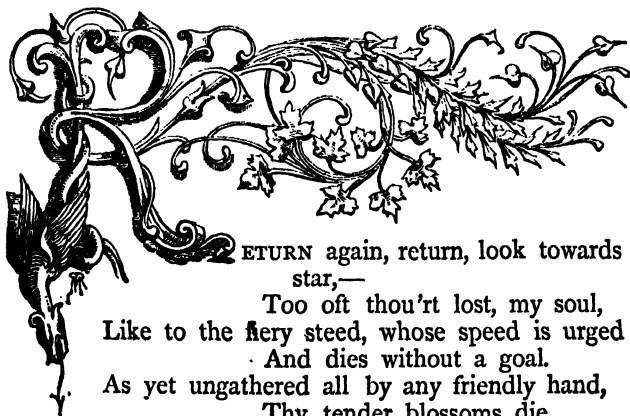
But when I gaze, enrapt, on thee,
 I know the miracle thou art;
 Whether thy mind or form it be
 That charms each feeling of my heart,
 The more I see thee, yet the more
 Thy bright perfections I adore.



D'HUXATTIME.*

LE REPENTIR DU REPENTIR.

*(Revien, mon cœur, revien, regarde au ciel ton ourse,
 Tu te pers trop souvent,
 Tu sembles au cheval qui se tue en sa course
 Pour attraper du vent, &c.)*



RETURN again, return, look towards thy polar
 star,—
 Too oft thou'rt lost, my soul,
 Like to the fiery steed, whose speed is urged too far,
 And dies without a goal.
 As yet ungathered all by any friendly hand,
 Thy tender blossoms die,
 Like bending, fruitful trees that on the wayside stand,
 But for the passer-by.

* * * * *

* From "Parnasse des Muses Françaises," edit. 1607, Paris.

The lively flame that once within me burned so high
 Is now extinct and fled,
 I feel another fire its former place supply,
 More holy and more dread :
 My heart with other love has taught its pulse to glow,
 My prison gates uncloze ;
 My laws I frame myself, no lord but reason now
 My rescued bosom knows.
 Upon a sea of love the raging storms I braved,
 And 'scaped the vengeful main :
 Wretched, alas ! is he who, from the wreck once saved,
 Trusts to the winds again.

* * * * *

If I should ever love, my flame shall flourish well
 More secret than confest,
 And in my thought alone shall be content to dwell
 More soul than body's guest.
 If I should ever love, an angel's love be mine,
 And in the mind endure ;
 Love is a son of Heaven, nor will he e'er combine
 With elements less pure.
 If I should ever love, 'twill be in paths unknown,
 Where virtue may be tried ;
 I ask no beaten way, too wide, too common grown
 To every foot beside.
 If I should ever love, 'twill be a heart unstained,
 Which boldly struggles still,
 And with a hermit's strength has, unsubdued, maintained
 A ceaseless war with ill.
 If I should ever love, a pure, chaste heart 'twill be,
 And not a wingéd thing,
 Which like the swallow lives, and flits from tree to tree,
 And can but love in spring.
 It shall be you, bright eyes, blest stars that gild my night,
 Centre of all desire,
 In the immortal blaze and splendour of whose light
 Fain would my life expire !
 Eyes which shine purely thus in love and majesty,
 Who ever saw ye glow,
 Nor worshipped at your shrine, an infidel must be,
 Or can no transport know.

Bright eyes ! which well can teach what force is in a ray,
 What dread in looks so dear ;
 Alas ! I languish near, I perish when away,
 And while I hope I fear !
 Bright eyes ! round whom the stars in jealous crowds appear,
 In envy of your light,
 Rather than see no more your splendour, soft and clear,
 I'd sleep in endless night.
 Blest eyes ! who gazes rapt sees all the boundless store
 Of love and fond desire,
 Where vanquished Love himself has graven all his lore
 In characters of fire !
 Bright eyes—ah ! is't not true your promises are fair ?
 Without a voice ye sigh,
 Love asks from ye no sound, for words are only air
 That idly wanders by.
 Ha ! thus my soul at once all thy sage visions fly,
 Thou tempt'st again the flood :
 Thou canst not fix but to inconstancy,
 And but repent'st of good !

HENRY THE FOURTH.

SONG.*

{ *Charmante Gabrielle !* }

My charming Gabrielle !
 My heart is pierced with woe,
 When glory sounds her knell,
 And forth to war I go :

* Anthologie Française, éd. de 1765.



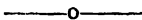
Parting—perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove!
Oh that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love!

Bright star, whose light I lose—
Oh, fatal memory!—
My grief each thought renews . .
We meet again, or die!
Parting, &c.

Oh, share and bless the crown
By valour given to me;

War made the prize my own,
 My love awards it thee!
 Parting, &c.

Let all my trumpets swell,
 And every echo round
 The words of my farewell
 Repeat with mournful sound.
 Parting, &c.



DE PORCHÈRES.*

REGRETS SUR UN DEPART.

*(Quand premier je la veids, cette âme de mon âme,
 Amour ! pour la brusler que n'avois-je la flamme ! &c.)*

SOUL of my soul ! when first I saw her face,
 Why, to inspire her, had I not Love's flame?
 Or else his blindness, not to see her grace,
 Since, to escape, his wings I could not claim.
 After sweet hours of joy she leaves me now,
 And to my soul leaves but its mournful part,
 The memory of bliss, my source of woe.—
 O Fate ! since absence must divide each heart,
 Be cold indifference o'er the present cast,
 Or dim oblivion o'er my pleasures past !

* From "Parnasse des Muses Françaises."

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

MARIE DE FRANCE.

(Page 316.)

In the work on Natural Magic by John Baptista Porta (called by Sir Thomas Browne "that famous philosopher of Naples") occurs the following passage :

"Homini sic lupi visus est noxius, ut quem prius contemplatus fuerit, vocem adimat, et anticipatus obtutu nocentis, licet clamare desideret, vocis ministerio careat ; si se præuisum senserit, conticescit, et, ferocitate torpescente, gravem virium iacturam facit. Unde natum prouerbum : *Lupus est in fabula*, à Platone in Politis traditum."

Magie Natur. Liber I. De Causis Rerum.

"The *were-wolves* are certaine sorcerers who, havyng annoynted their bodyes with an oymntment which they make by the instinct of the devill ; and putting on a certayne enchanted girdel, do not only unto the view of others seeme as wolves, but to their owne thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they weare the said girdel. And they doe dispose themselves as very wolves, in wurring and killing, and moste of humaine creatures. Of such sundry have been taken and executed in sundry partes of Germany and the Netherlands. One Peeter Stump for beeing a *were-wolf*, and having killed thirteen children, two women, and one man ; was at Bedbur, not far from Cullen, in the yeare 1589, put unto a very terrible death. The *were-wolf* (so called in Germanie) is in France *Loup-garou*."

—VERSTEGAN'S *Antiquities*.

In Mr. Algernon Herbert's letters, prefixed to Sir Frederick Madden's edition of William and the Werwolf (London, Nicol, 1832), are to be found many interesting particulars relative to the subject. He observes :

"The earliest and most remarkable notice of the superstition is given by Herodotus of the Neurians. Neuris was divided from Scythia proper by the river Tyres. They were said every year for a few days to be turned into wolves. This belief found its way into the most learned and civilized parts of Italy and Greece. See Pliny, who mentions a tribe descended from a certain Anthus, who chose one man by lot out of each family, who was led to the shores of a lake in that country (Arcadia), where he took off his clothes and hung them on an oak ; then swam across, betook himself to the wilderness, was turned into a wolf, and so remained for nine years, associating with a herd similar to himself. If, during that period, he abstained from human flesh, he might recover his original form by swimming back again, and resuming his clothes."

Plautus, more ancient than Pliny, mentions the same family of Anthus.

In Solinus' work, "The Wonders of the World," he follows Herodotus in relating many wonders of the Neurians. He describes them as worshipping Mars under the form of a sword, and says that during winter they feed their fires with human and animal bones.

In Drayton's "Moon-Calf" is a story of a War-Wolf, or Woolfe, whose depredations are much enlarged on. The change in his appearance is effected by his plunging into a well.—See *Dame Howlet's Tale*.

Page 324. Of The Lay of Eglantine. The following is from the romance of Tristan and Yseult :

LAIE DE MORT DE TRISTAN DE LEONNOIS

(WHEN WANDERING IN THE FOREST DISTRACTED).

(Je fis jadis chansons et laies.)

FREE TRANSLATION.

TIME was this harp could softly swell,
Love tuned its strings in sweet accord,
But now they only wake to tell
The sorrow of their lord.

O Love! a vassal true and tried
This faithful heart has been to thee;
Why giv'st thou life to all beside,
And only death to me?

Thy promised joys but sorrow bring,
Like morning skies whose glories call
The flowers to bloom, the birds to sing,
Then cast a cloud o'er all:

The lover all his danger knows,
Yet shrinks not from the dread of ill;
We know that thorns surround the rose,
Yet seek her beauties still.

Like one who nursed a sleeping snake,
Enchanted with each glittering die,
I watched the hour that bade thee wake,
To find thy treachery.

Yseult, O thou my lovely foe!*
When closed at length is all my care,
Come to the tomb where I lie low,
And read engraven there:

* A similar expression occurs in Mr. Lockart's beautiful translation of the Spanish ballad of Don Rodrigo, "*Amada enemiga mia!*"

"Here rests a knight in arms renowned,
Blush not a passing tear to shed :
No peer in faithful love he found,
And yet by love is dead!"

* * * * *

The account of the "miracle" attending the tombs of Tristan and Yseult, who were buried near together, is very poetical, and may have suggested to Lord Byron his beautiful lines on the undying rose on the tomb of Zuleika: Gouvernail, the faithful tutor of Tristan, goes to visit the tomb, and there finds his favourite hound, Hudan, guarding it. "Ores veit il que de la tumbé de Tristan yssoit une belle ronce verte et feuillée qui alloit par la chapelle et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tumbé d'Yseult et entroit dedans." Mark, the King of Cornouailles, had it cut three times in vain: "le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme elle avoit ci-devant été et ce miracle étoit sur Tristan et sur Yseult a tout jamais advenir."

Rom. De Tristan.

I have been informed by M. Francisque Michel that the above passage does not exist in the original romance of Tristan, of which he is preparing an authentic version, which will doubtless be most valuable. The legend, however, is so pleasing that I cannot resolve to leave it unmentioned, if only for the association with Lord Byron's exquisite poem. It may take its place, probably, in the opinion of competent judges, with the spurious poems of Clotilde de Surville, which lately created so much interest in France, although it required little knowledge to reject them altogether as fabrications.

Warton says that Marie's was not the only collection of British (Armorican) lays, as appears not only from the Earl of Toulouse, but by the romance of "Emare," a translation from the French, which has this similar passage:

"Thys ys on of Brytayne layes
That was used of olde dayes."

Chaucer, in his "Dreme," has copied the lay of Eliduc by Marie.

Brangian, the favourite attendant of Yseult, is frequently mentioned in the romance: in Gower's "Confessio Amantis" her name occurs:

"In every man's mouthe it is
How Trystram was of love dronke
With Beal Isowde, when they dronke
The drynk whiche *Brangueyn* him bytoke,
Er that king Mark," &c.

—Fol. Caxton, 1493, lib. vi. fol. c. xxxix.

Robert de Brunne, speaking of the romance of Sir Tristram, says that

"Over gestes it has th' esteem :
Over all that is or was,
If men it said, as made Thomas."*
See ELLIS.

ALAIN CHARTIER.

(Page 354.)

The following lines are in illustration of the exclamation of the beautiful and wretched queen:

* Supposed to be Thomas of Ercildoune, the Rhymer.

OH ! speak to me of life no more !
Its lurid star will soon decline,
Soon will its miseries be o'er,
Its pleasures never have been mine.

Out upon life ! oh, if to live
As I so long have done,
Is all this niggard world can give,
'T is well my sand is run.

Why should I shrink, or why delay ?
The future cannot show
Aught that can charm my soul to stay,
Or bid me sigh to go.

Out upon life ! it might have given
A lot from sorrow free—
It might have shone with hues of heaven,
But they were not for me !

This heart was fond, this heart was true,
But withered, torn, opprest,
It could not now its pulse renew,
Or warm this tortured breast.

What has it now with life to do,
So changed from what it was of yore ?
The world is fading from my view,
Oh ! speak to me of life no more !

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

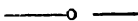
(Page 451.)

Her claim to be ranked amongst the poets of France is, however, admitted by M. Monet, the editor of the *Anthologie Française* (3 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1765), who published those beautiful lines, set to music, which she is said to have composed when leaving the shores of France.

They possess so much grace and feeling, that the English reader will pardon their introduction here :

“ Adieu, plaisant pays de France !
 Oh ma patrie
 La plus chérie,
 Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance !
 Adieu, France ! adieu mes beaux jours !
 La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
 N'a eu de moi que la moitié ;
 Une part te reste, elle est tienne ;
 Je la fie à ton amitié,
 Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.” **MARIE STUART.**

In the same collection are also the verses of Thibaut de Champagne, Charles, Duke of Orleans, Villon, Clement Marot, François Premier, Henri Quatre, &c., with the music to each.



(Page 441.)

The famous Quatrain of Nostradamus relating to Henry II.'s death, by the spear of Montgomery entering the bars of his gilt helmet, and piercing his eye, is as follows :

“Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera
 En champ bellique par singulier duel,
 Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crévera.
 Deux plaies une, puis mourir ! mort cruelle !”

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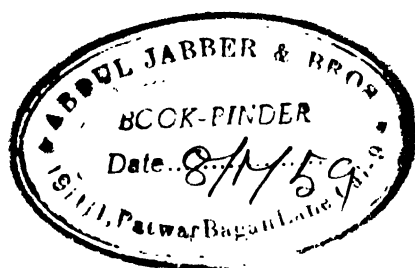
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